The Saturday Evening
POST
June 9, 1956 — 15¢

JUN 5 '56
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BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

Have You Seen This Baby?

A Mother's Tragic Story of How Her Infant Son Vanished Without a Trace

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BEREA OHIO
25-56
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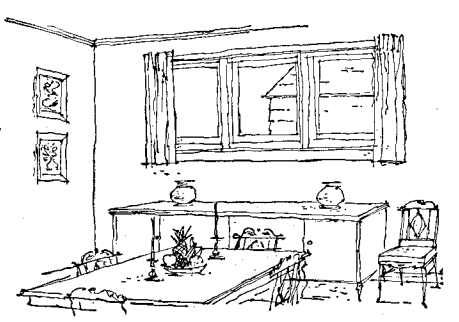
Plastic floor is Armstrong Terrazzo* Corlon, Style No. 6208.

new outlook for an old dining room

This remodeling job started as a plan to hide an unsightly view. But one good idea led to another, and soon the whole dining room took on a new look. A big window opens up the view into the tiny classical fountain garden. A striking charcoal gray floor, inlaid with pink chips of color, helps blend room and garden into one. The lovely floor is Armstrong Terrazzo Corlon—a fine example of the wonderful new materials science is developing for your home. Its smooth, plastic surface is delightfully easy to take care of. And Terrazzo Corlon has no cracks where dirt can hide. The floor in this room does have one seam—but it's so closely fitted you'll never guess where! Terrazzo Corlon is available now in 15 of the smartest color combinations you've ever seen—to go with any decorative scheme. Before you build or remodel, be sure to see Armstrong Terrazzo Corlon, the modern plastic floor for every room in your house.

Send for free book, "Plastic Floors of Armstrong Corlon." It includes a sketch plan and list of furnishings for this dining room. Just write Armstrong Cork Company, 5606 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

*Trade-Mark



Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

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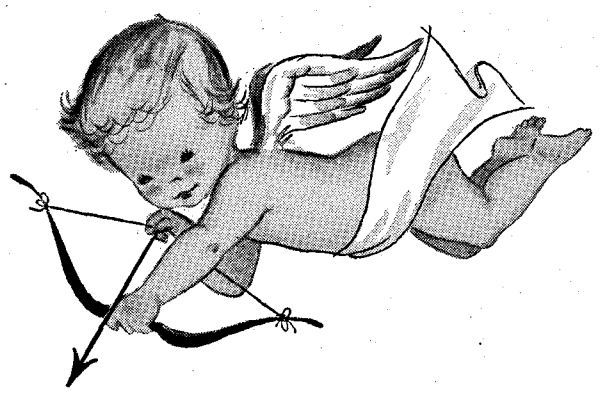

Opportunity no longer knocks

. . . IT TELEPHONES!

Telephones ring wedding bells and cash registers. They get people acquainted. Make business run smoother.

In social life or business, the calls you make are only part of the value of the telephone. Often the calls you receive are even more important.

A date for Judy for Saturday night. An invitation to a luncheon for Mother. A neighbor inviting Jimmy over for a birthday party. A call for Dad, with good news about a job or a business order.

So in looking at your telephone bill, be sure to count the calls you get as well as those you make. Often it means the bill covers about twice as much service as you usually figure.

Day and night, every day in the year, few things give you so much for so little as the telephone. It takes you to people and it brings people to you.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

NEW TV SHOW . . . "TELEPHONE TIME" . . . with John Nesbitt's real life stories the whole family can enjoy together . . . EVERY SUNDAY OVER CBS . . . See your local newspapers for time and channel

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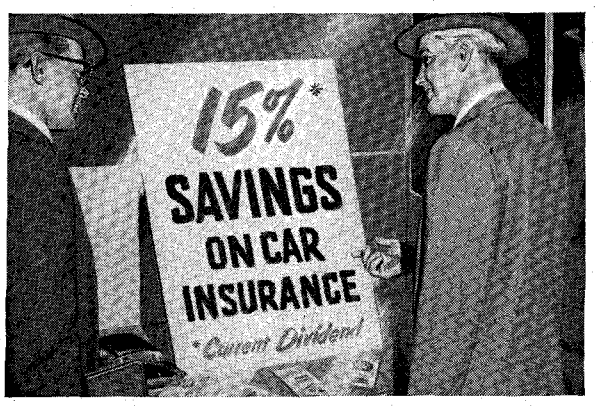

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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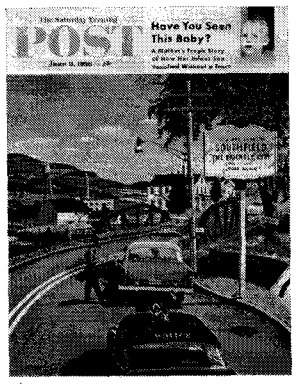

THE COVER

See the sociable traffic officer of Friendly City chatting warmly with strangers from a distant clime. The amiable man has even got out of his car to ask them their names and where they may be from. Will he hospitably invite them to pause awhile and be personally greeted by an official of the municipality? What is he writing for them—a complimentary ticket to the policemen's ball? In any event, the travelers in Ben Prins' genial scene will always carry an emotion in their hearts for Southfield, and if they ever return, will pass through at greatly reduced speed, the better to enjoy the changing beauty of its traffic lights and the curving artistry of the paintings on its pavements—and, to be sure, the better to see whether their old friend in blue is still there.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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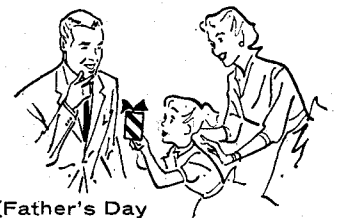
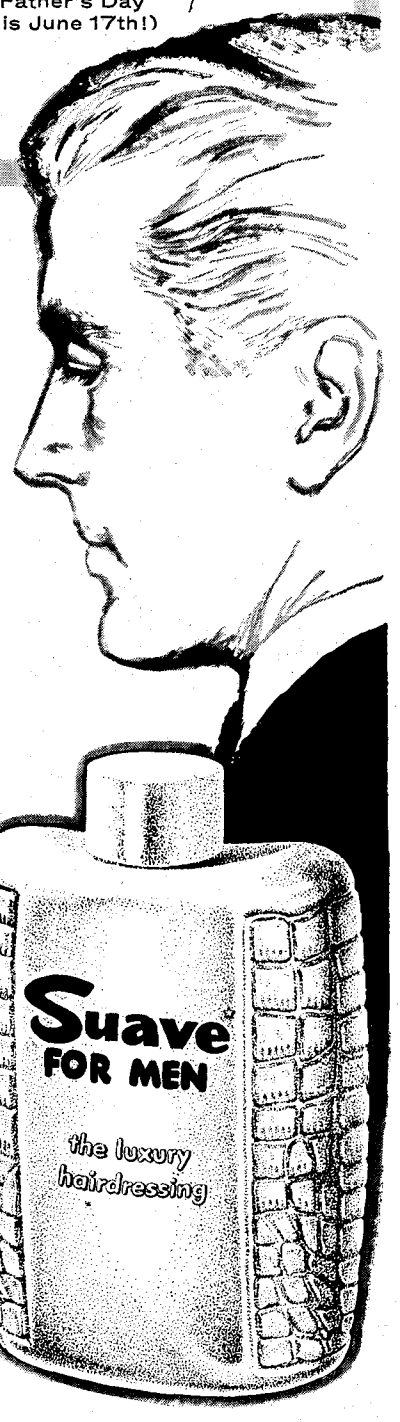
in the handsome squeeze flask



(Father's Day is June 17th!)



Dad will love the way this luxury hairdressing keeps him perfectly groomed all day. Suave for Men is greaseless . . . so it can't stain hatbands or pillows. Doesn't he *deserve* the finest? Give him Suave for Men!

Alligator-Grained squeeze flask **$1.00** (plus tax)

Travel-size squeeze flask, 60¢

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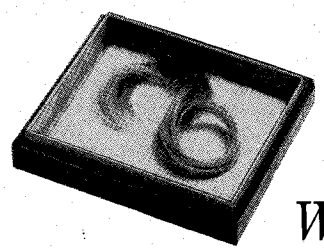

With one of his curls?

Or with

living DeJUR home movies

It's his first step to manhood. And he seems to know it. The look on his face, half-way between tears and triumph, will make this a moment to hold on to forever. It's a cinch with this easy-to-use DeJUR movie equipment:

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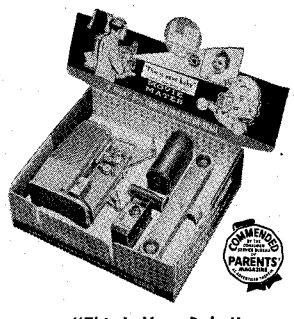

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Letters

Our Next President?

Dear Sirs:

Walter T. Ridder's article on Averell Harriman [THE CASE OF THE UNLIKELY CANDIDATE, April 28] says Harriman "has never yet been beaten in an election."

Other than the Washington, D.C., primary (1952) and the New York State gubernatorial (1954), how many elections has he won?

WILLIAM J. EMBLER
Albany, N.Y.

● *None.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In my book Harriman is a cinch to win the nomination. The Democratic National Committee is broke—Harriman is in the chips and can toss a bundle into the campaign—can also call in contributions from wealthy friends and business associates. . . .

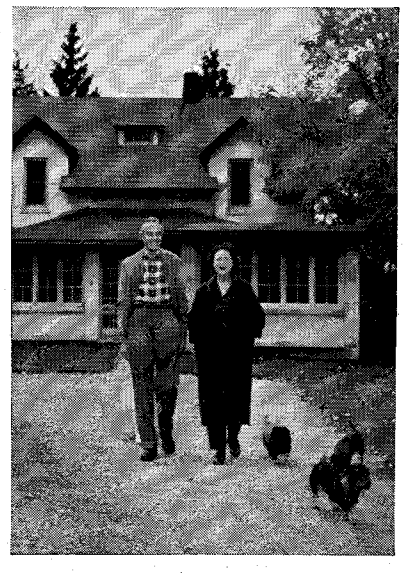
The next campaign will lean heavily on TV—some radio. This calls for plenty of moola—and that spells Harriman. . . .

Harriman is your next President.

HARRY K. MC CLINTOCK
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

It has been many years since Governor Harriman has lived in the family home at Arden which is pictured in your issue of April 28th. . . .



During the war the Governor lent this house to the Navy and it was used as a Navy Rehabilitation Hospital. Later, when General Eisenhower was President of Columbia University, the Governor gave this house to Columbia to be used as a meeting place for the American Assembly and other University activities.

Enclosed is a picture of what was formerly the gardener's cottage at Arden, which is now the home of the Governor and Mrs. Harriman.

RUSSELL W. HART
Arden, N.Y.

Turnpike Driving

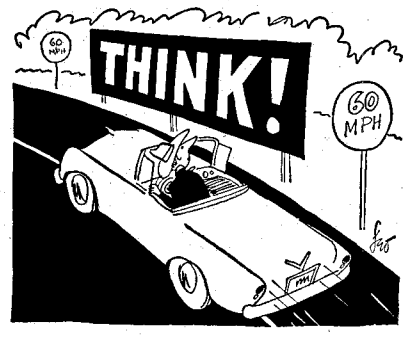
Dear Sirs:

Re: I DRIVE THE TURNPIKES . . . AND SURVIVE (by Paul W. Kearney), May 5th issue—I thoroughly enjoyed the article and heartily agree on all points, but despite Mr. Kearney's good advice on drivers "staying at least six car lengths behind the car in front," I find that when I allow such a distance, the cars behind me pass and usurp it—and I'm right back where I started!

MRS. JOANNE A. BRADY
Scranton, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

It is a physical impossibility for any normal person to keep his mind constantly on his driving. That is why we read of so many tragic accidents caused by some person who was driving to or from his mother's funeral. In the quiet



of a modern car at high speed no man driving to the bedside of a sick mother can be expected to keep his mind on his driving. Nine out of ten businessmen compose all kinds of business letters while taking long business drives. . . . In making long, hard drives of upward of 500 miles in a day, I lose all track of towns passed through. Sometimes I even have to stop at filling stations to ask what state I am in.

FRANK BRYAN
Groesbeck, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Science is a wonderful thing. Engineers are getting paid handsomely to build better cars and highways, but they just can't keep ahead of the experts—the drivers. No matter how many improvements they dream up to make traveling safer, people can always find the answer to the challenge. Maybe some far-off day, the slide-rule boys will beat them. It almost seems inevitable—it must be getting harder all the time for the poor drivers to outwit them and kill themselves. The day might even come when people bent on suicide will give up trying it with a car and go back to jumping off bridges and out of high windows.

CLYDE KNAUERT
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Paul W. Kearney . . . has saved at least a few dozens of lives because of that wonderful article. . . .

My only advice to the driver . . . is to read that article the second time. It positively is 100 per cent right in every way.

ARTHUR J. LAY
Ridgeville, Ind.

Fluorescent Lamps

Dear Sirs:

In your article, The Tales Dead Men Tell, [Part III of My Life in Bellevue, by Salvatore R. Cutolo, as told to Barbara and Arthur Gelb, April 14—May 12] which appeared in the April 28 Post you discuss a case of beryllium granulomatosis in a manner which leaves several erroneous impressions and which we would like to correct. . . .

There are no recorded instances of beryllium granulomatosis having been contracted by (Continued on Page 6)

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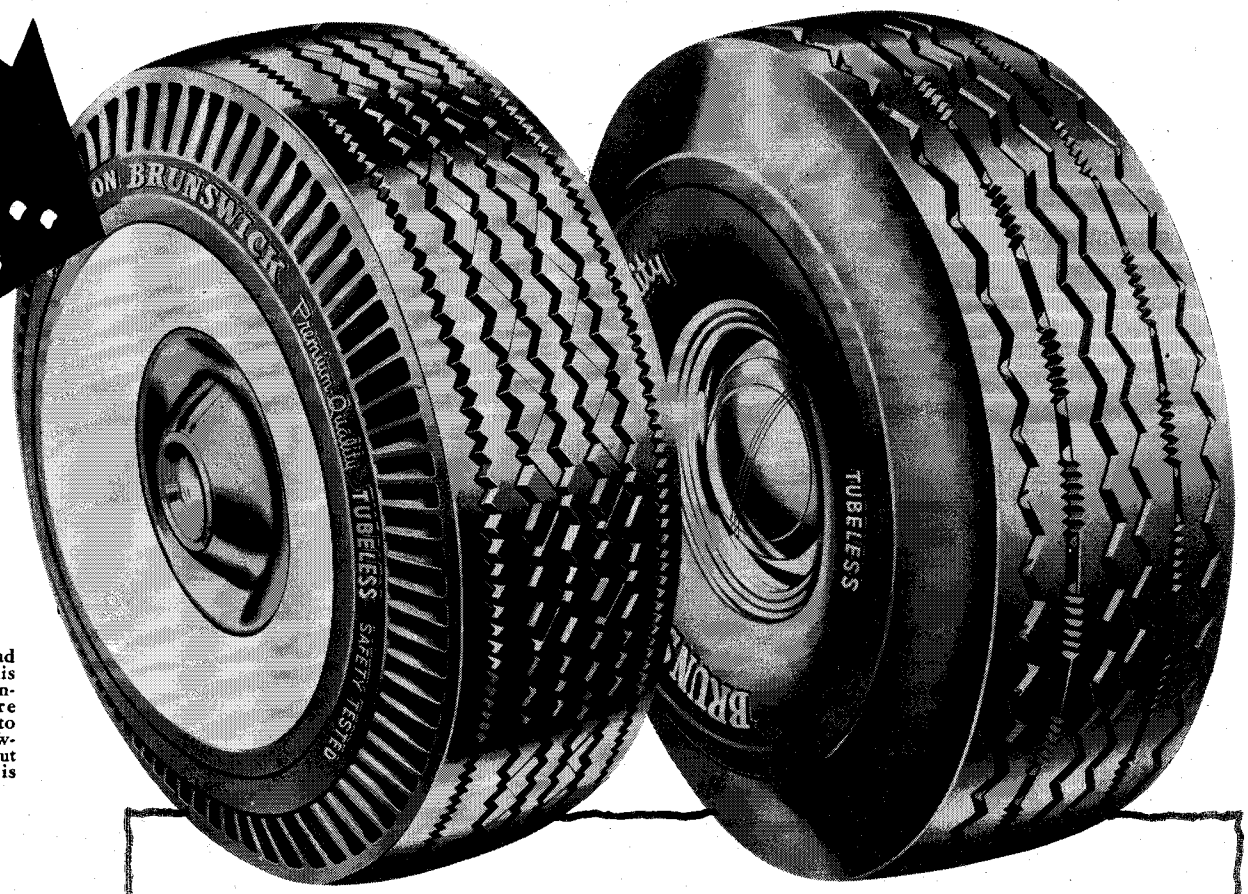
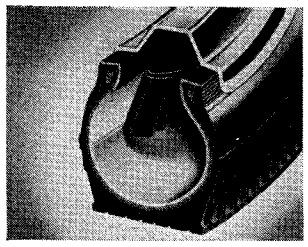
Buy 3 tires at regular list price... Get a 4th tire for 1¢



Brunswick *Premium Quality* Tubeless

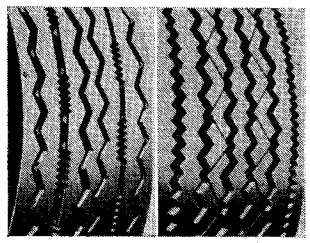
Brunswick *Super Quality* Tubeless

NOW GET BETTER PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS, SKIDS, FLATS



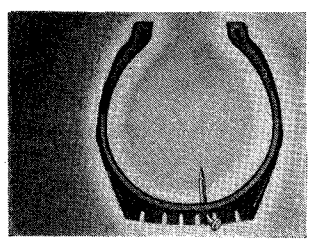
Protection Against
BLOWOUTS

Never before have you had blowout protection like this for such low cost. Double inner liner built into the tire serves as a Blowout Guard to protect against bruise blowouts. It lets air only *seep* out instead of *blow* out if the tire is damaged.



Protection Against
SKIDDING

Look at the tread and see for yourself the thousands of sharp edges that grip the road to produce sure-footed traction for fast starts and safe, skid-free stops. Also note the full, husky depth that means long mileage.



Protection Against
SUDDEN FLATS

Here's also new protection against sudden flats caused by punctures. What would be dangerous sudden flats in tube-type tires become only slow leaks in Brunswick Tubeless Tires. That's because the double inner liner grips puncturing objects and makes it difficult for air to escape.

Now take your choice of these two great tires...and Save!

Not just one but TWO great new Brunswick Tires are on sale! Choose either the Premium Quality for premium service at no premium in price or the Super Quality for safety and long mileage with amazing economy. See your Brunswick Retailer. He will advise you on the tire that best suits your driving needs. White or black sidewalls. No trade-in required. Add federal excise tax to 1¢ sale prices. Sale also applies to conventional Brunswick Super Quality Tires with tubes.

FULLY GUARANTEED

PAY AS YOU RIDE

1¢ Sale Ends July 3 . . . Buy and save at these *Dealers now!

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Blakely Service Stations
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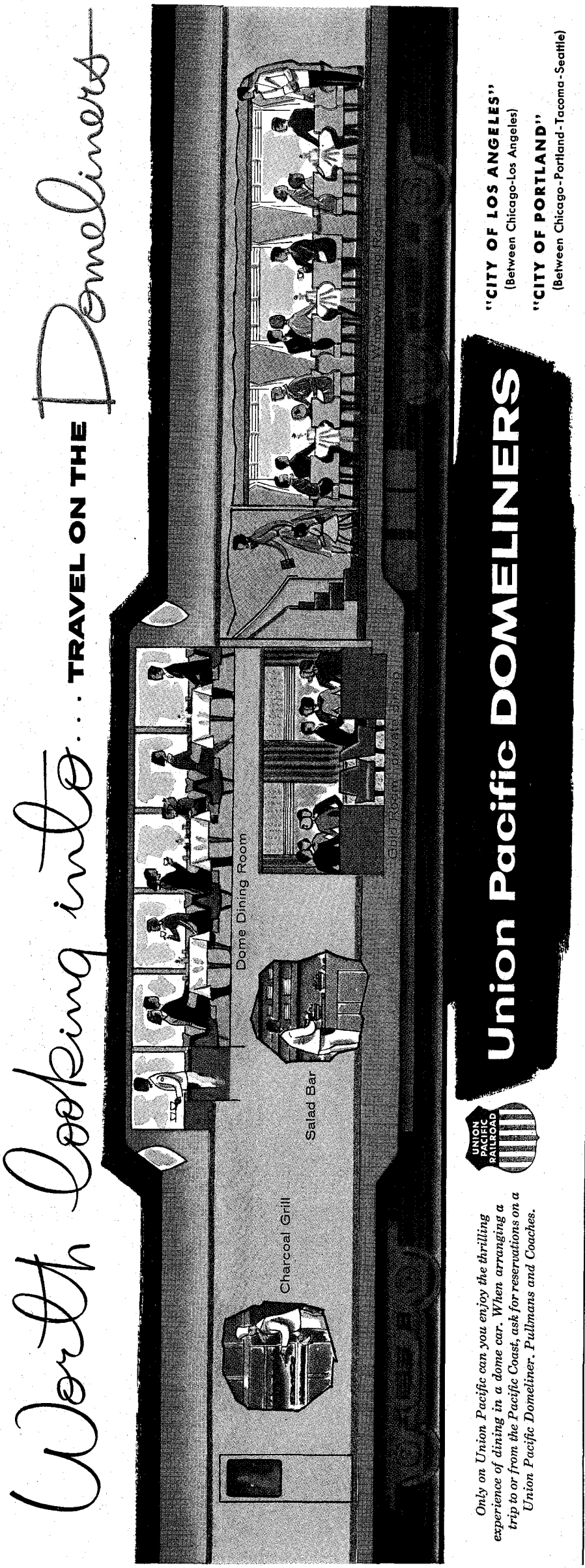

Worth looking into . . . TRAVEL ON THE Domeliners

DOMELINERS

Union Pacific

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Only on Union Pacific can you enjoy the thrilling experience of dining in a dome car. When arranging a trip to or from the Pacific Coast, ask for reservations on a Union Pacific Domeliner. Pullmans and Coaches.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

proximity to fluorescent lamps or by persons who handle fluorescent lamps in a normal manner.

A few individuals, who were employed as maintenance men and regularly broke up large numbers of lamps under improper conditions did contract the disease. The lamps involved were manufactured prior to 6-30-49, and did contain beryllium. The only others to get the disease were workers engaged in the manufacture of the product.

There may still be a few of the pre-June 30, 1949, lamps in use, and, therefore, care should be exercised in destroying all fluorescent lamps.

DR. E. M. KLINE
Medical Advisor
General Electric Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

● *The patient in question was a maintenance worker whose job was to break up fluorescent lamps. He became sick in 1947. "Our facts are correct as far as the individual was concerned," says Doctor Cutolo. But, he adds, "the possibility of contracting beryllium poisoning does not exist in the present manufacture of fluorescent lamps."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

We hope you will let your readers know that they do not need to worry about fluorescent lamps today.

E. W. BEGGS
Westinghouse Electric Corporation
Bloomfield, N.J.

Race With Russia

Dear Sirs:

If one takes the article as written [THE RACE WE ARE LOSING TO RUSSIA, by Joseph and Stewart Alsop, April 28] it presents an alarming picture. However, if one analyses the data of the article one comes to the conclusion that, rather than falling behind the Russians, we are actually widening the gap between us in industrial output. . . .

The total production is the important figure, since it is what determines the given limit on weapons or anything else. And as long as we increase our total production of basic materials by more pounds per year than the Soviets do, they cannot hope to overtake us. . . .

ERNEST H. WOOD
Westfield, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Unadulterated drivel.

CARROLL H. SHAW
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I will agree wholeheartedly that we Americans could easily cut down the vast amount of luxuries that we enjoy, but to do it just so we can build up more armaments is like saying any means justifies the ends and is completely losing sight of everything we as a Christian country have always stood for.

The idea, it seems to me, is to show Russia and its peoples that our way of life is the better. The day we start imitating them is the day we *really* lose that race.

HELEN MARKLEW
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The Alsops unduly dwarf the great present growth of American industry and present in their article a picture considerably darker than reality.

PEDRO LUIS VIVAS
Ponce, Puerto Rico

Dear Sirs:

In a few years the Soviets will be flooding the markets of the world with capital and consumer goods of high quality at a price the Western nations cannot compete with. Want to bet?

MRS. RALPH W. MEYERS
Long Beach, Cal.

● *Any takers?—ED.*

Good Morning, Gorgeous

Dear Sirs:

I think the cartoon by Don Tobin . . . in the May fifth issue is one of the funniest I have ever seen. It should be posted on the bulletin board of all marriage counselors. My husband and I are making a regular game out of catching each

"Hold it there a minute, darling, and let me drink you in."

other looking as unglamorous as possible and repeating the caption under that cartoon to each other. Our friends, too, say they chortled as much as we did.

MRS. MARY D. CINKOSKY
Auburndale, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I'd never allow myself to appear before my lord and master in such unsightly state. That's why he cooks his own breakfast. I sleep.

MRS. STANISLAWA KRAKOWSKI
Newark, N.J.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

23–Newsday. • 24–Newsday, Marilyn Damman, New York Daily Mirror (International). • 25–Ollie Atkins, Jacob Lofman. • 26, 27–Edwin Georgi. • 28–Frank Ross. 29–Dominican Order, National Headquarters Holy Name Society, three by Eric Schaal. • 30–Lynn Buckham. • 31–Ollie Atkins. • 32–Two from U. S. Navy. • 33–Wide World, U. S. Navy, George Tames (New York Times), Wide World. • 34, 35–Stan Galli. • 36–Hans Knopf, two from Wide World. • 37–Ray Prohaska. • 38, 39–H. Landshoff. • 40, 41–Robert Moore. • 42, 43–Gus Pasquarella. • 44, 45–Ivan Dmitri. 49–Two by Jacob Lofman, National Geographic Society. • 51–Hy Rubin. • 57–H. Landshoff. • 100–Wide World. • 132–Gus Pasquarella. • 148–Jacob Lofman, Pearl G. Roedel, anonymous, Jack Smith, Ollie Atkins.

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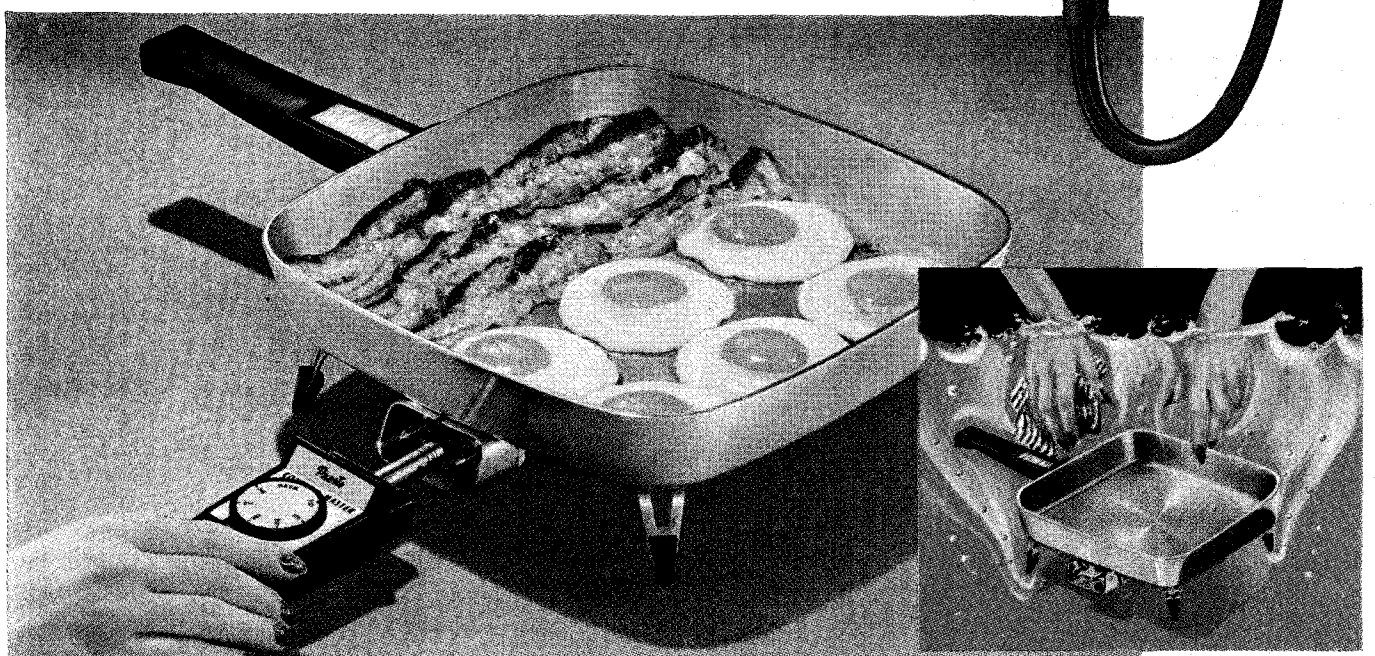
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presto® Control-Master®

Makes the new Presto Fry Pan AUTOMATIC . . . detaches so you can wash entire pan safely under water!

Now . . . a removable electric cooking "brain"!

Look for these exciting new Presto Control Master products at the finest stores in your town.



PLUGS IN to cook by controlled heat!

DETACHES so pan can be washed under water . . . handle and all!

ONE CONTROL-MASTER OPERATES A FAMILY OF APPLIANCES, SAVES $6.95 ON EACH ONE YOU ADD

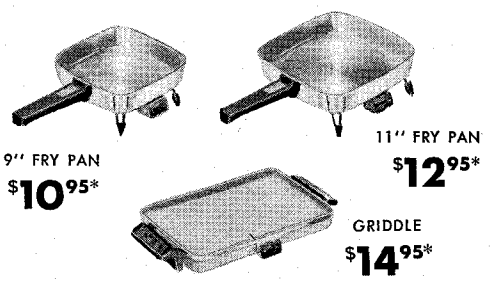
Get just one Presto Control-Master and you're all set . . . for the future, and for now. You've never known controlled heat cooking like this!

Your Presto Electric Fry Pan keeps delicate eggs from burning. Your Presto Electric Griddle fixes pancakes for a whole troop of Boy Scouts . . . with never a flop. And yet these appliances are so trouble-free, not even water can hurt them. The interchangeable control makes it all possible.

Just plug in the Control-Master and select the proper controlled heat setting for any food according to the Menu Guide on the handle. Control-Master turns heat up or down, automatically. You become the most confident cook in town!

At cleaning time, pull out the Control-Master and wash the pan without worry or extra care. This is what you've waited for! Control-Master . . . at your Presto dealer's now.

THESE THREE ELECTRIC HELPERS ARE OPERATED BY THE SAME "CONTROL-MASTER" BRAIN



9" FRY PAN $10.95*

11" FRY PAN $12.95*

GRIDDLE $14.95*

*Manufacturer's recommended Retail or Fair Trade Price. Fed. Tax included.

$6.95* buys the Control-Master. $6.95 is what you save on each additional appliance you buy

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or a Refund of Money if not as advertised therein

Presto Control-Master® Appliances

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, INC.
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Makers of Presto Electric Pressure Cookers, Steam Irons, Deep Fry Cookers, and Coffeemakers. Presto Cookers and Canners.

ALBANY, NEW YORK, John G. Meyers
ATLANTA, GEORGIA, Davison-Paxon
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
Hochschild Kohn & Co., Stewarts & Co.
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, Loveman's
BOISE, IDAHO, C. C. Anderson Co.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Jorden Marsch & Co.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK, J. N. Adam Co.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Mandel Brothers
CINCINNATI, OHIO, Shillito's
CLEVELAND, OHIO, The May Company
DALLAS, TEXAS, Titche-Goettinger Co.
DENVER, COLORADO
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DES MOINES, IOWA, Younkers
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FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA
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KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, Miller's
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, Gold Co.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Broadway Department Stores, Bullock's Downtown, May Co.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
Stewart Dry Goods Co.
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, B. Lowenstein's
MIAMI, FLORIDA, Burdine's
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, Schuster's
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, Dayton's
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
Maison Blanche
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OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, Capwell's
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PHOENIX, ARIZONA, Korrick's
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA, Gimbels
PORTLAND, OREGON, Lipman Wolf & Co.
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, Thalheimer's
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Sibley, Lindsay Curr & Co.
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Famous-Barr Co., Stix, Baer & Fuller
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, The Golden Rule
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Z.C.M.I.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
The Emporium
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
The Bon Marche
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON
The Crescent
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Hecht Co., Woodward & Lothrop
WICHITA, KANSAS, Innes

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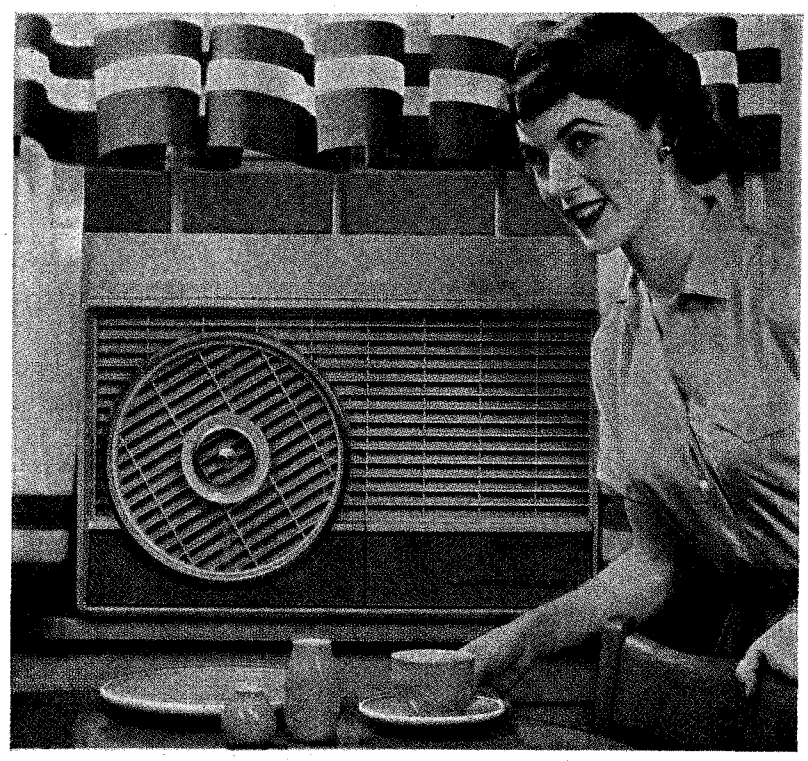
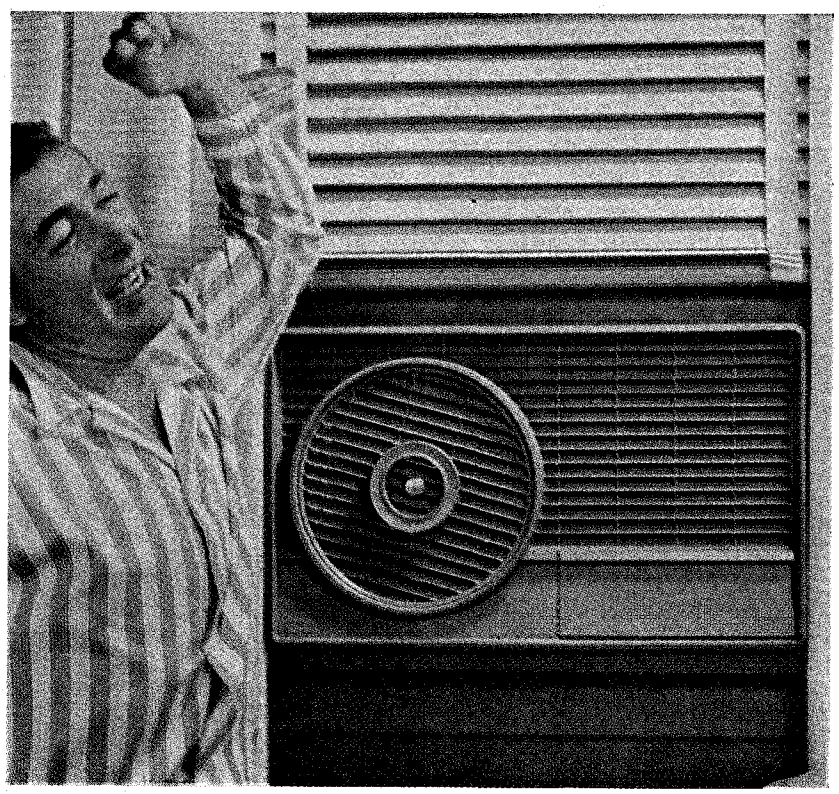
FEDDERS WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS, asks:

"Are pickles worth more

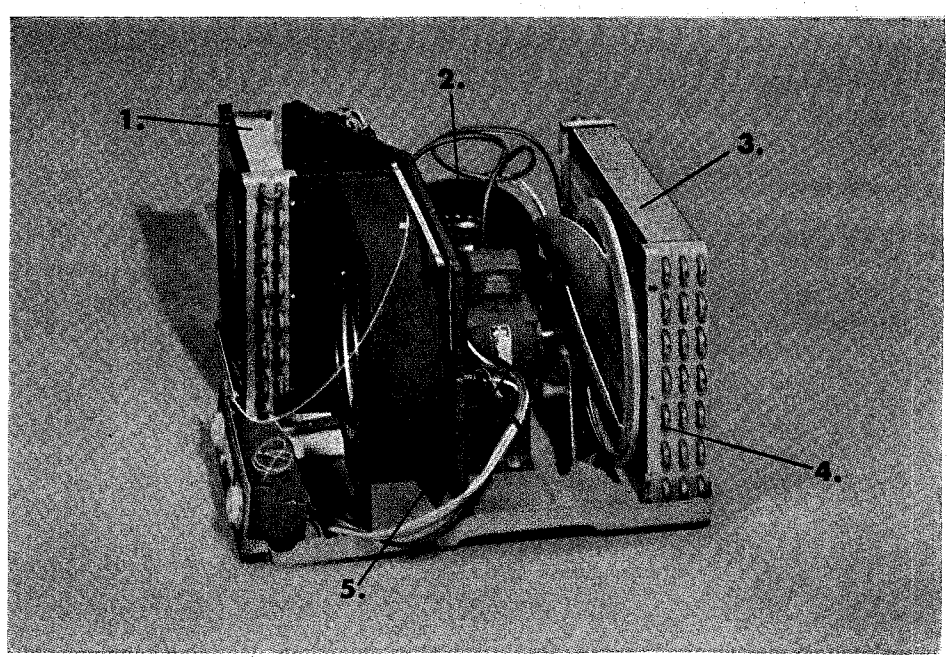


Colors for every room. The new Fedders decorator colors blend beautifully with every room in your house—bedroom, living room, dining room or den. There's a model, size and color for every home and every budget. Check with your Fedders dealer for full information about the latest models. Up to three years to pay!

No special wiring needed! For '56, Fedders introduces the *Supreme* 7½ ampere ¾ hp air conditioner that requires 40% less current than other air conditioners. Needs only normal house wiring . . . plugs into any outlet.



New Electronic Air Purifier. Here's important news for anyone who suffers from hay fever or other airborne allergies. Fedders' new Electronic Air Purifier traps dust and pollens by a proven filtering system previously available only on expensive hospital equipment.



Why Fedders ¾ hp Supreme uses less electricity than a toaster!

1. Oversize, 28-tube evaporator
2. Special Fedders-engineered *Supreme* compressor with extra displacement
3. Three-row, 42-tube condenser (usually found in 1½-2 hp air conditioners)
4. 50% more "Freon" for maximum cooling performance
5. High-efficiency split capacitor blower motor

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than people?"

Don't laugh! Most people keep pickles fresh and cool in a refrigerator costing hundreds of dollars more than a Fedders Air Conditioner —while they themselves swelter in humid, unhealthy summer heat.

You don't have to be a doctor to know how much a spell of hot, sticky, sleep-destroying weather can take out of you. With a Fedders Air Conditioner in your home supplying clean, cool air, you not only live more comfortably —but you give yourself the most modern health protection. Heat, excess humidity, irritating dust and pollens never bother you.

With a Fedders you will have this protection year after year after year. Fedders units are quality-made and guaranteed by the world's largest manufacturer of room air conditioners. The exclusive Super "F" Cooling System is built to last—gives greater cooling power—is the finest system you'll find in any room air conditioner.

This year Fedders also introduces the world's first full-size ¾ hp air conditioner to run on normal house current *without special wiring*. Called the *Supreme*, this revolutionary new 7½ amp. air conditioner gives full ¾ hp cooling—yet uses 40% less electricity than other units of equal size. It actually needs less electricity than a toaster, and so in most cases should not require landlord approval. And the *Supreme* gives 50% more cooling than ½ hp air conditioners.

Good news for allergy sufferers! Some Fedders models are available with hospital-proved Electronic Air Purifiers that are 300% more effective than mechanical-type filters.

There's a Fedders dealer near you. Ask him to show you the 1956 Fedders models. There's a size and color to fit your home . . . a price and terms to fit your budget. Remember, you buy better health, better living when you buy a Fedders Air Conditioner.

Your
FEDDERS
IS AN INVESTMENT that pays dividends in Comfort, Health and Vitality year after year

GUARANTEED BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS

FEDDERS

FEDDERS
AIR CONDITIONERS

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Editorials

Now We're Back to That "Popular Front" Again!

If you wonder why the Cominform has been dissolved, you can find a hint of the answer in the tactics of some innocent-looking communists who may soon be seeping into some organizations you belong to. For one of the Kremlin's chief motives in scrapping the Cominform is to promote a united front of the Reds with other groups, all over the world.

In our own country, the Communist Party puts the matter almost frankly: "The dissolution of the Cominform reflects a growing trend toward socialist-communist-liberal unity." Who is trending that way? Well, some noncommunists are. But, more importantly, the Reds are determined to stimulate such a trend. They will soft-pedal their communist ideas and work hard and eagerly, their faces shining with virtue, in order to win friends and influence people for the creation of a united front.

Although they are wooing the out-and-out socialist groups in this country, their main infiltration will be in labor unions, the "liberals" and miscellaneous welfare organizations. Among their targets are trade unions, the Democratic Party in most of the country—but also the Republican Party in a few spots—churches, peace leagues, racial and "national" societies, lodges, civil-liberty committees, women's and youth organizations, campus clubs, parent-teacher associations, and even neighborhood groups for clean streets and child welfare.

In dissolving itself, the Cominform boasts of its huge successes. But it says it has outlived its usefulness, chiefly because world communism is so powerful now. It promises that Communist Parties in various countries "will find new useful methods of establishing links with each other." You can bet they will.

The Cominform's good-by message also predicts that these Red parties "will examine the problems of collaboration with parties with tendencies toward socialism, and also with other organizations." In short, they will work everywhere for a united front with Socialists, trade-unionists and liberals.

Delightedly the Communist Party of the United States quotes a speech by a veteran Socialist, Camille Huysmans, president of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, who recently visited Soviet Russia. Huysmans wants the Socialist Parties of Europe to unite with the communists. Tito, the independent Red dictator of Yugoslavia, is working toward the same goal. He favors the creation of a new Socialist International, which would include Socialist and Communist parties.

Stalin, almost thirty years ago, denounced and forbade any tendency toward what was called "American exceptionalism"—the theory that social and economic conditions in America are a striking exception to those in the rest of the world, and therefore the communists must sing a different tune to win the workers to their side. A decade ago Earl Browder, head of the party, was deposed and expelled because he planned a diluted application of the same opportunist idea in the postwar period.

But now Khrushchev & Co. have given the Communist Party of the United States the green light to go ahead and adapt itself to American conditions in order to bring about a united front. Thus the Reds here are now free to repudiate much of their own past and to say almost anything that soothes labor and the liberals. So unions and many other organizations will find the communists boring in, snuggling up, and swarming all over, unless special methods as effective as Geiger counters are used to ferret them out. And once infiltrated, the group in question will find that its supposed "innocent objectives" have been forgotten and that it has become just another communist front.

Turkey Also Has a Stake in a Cyprus Settlement

The Cyprus affair is obviously one of those cases in diplomacy in which there is a conflict, not of right and wrong, but of different rights. To award the island to Greece by applying blindly a "right of self-determination" might create more problems than it would solve.

Cyprus is a key point in the present Middle Eastern crisis. Its population is 80 per cent Greek; its language and religion and historic culture are more Greek than anything else. There is little doubt that a plebiscite would approve union with Greece. Self-determination, on the Versailles pattern, might dictate yielding by Britain and Turkey on this issue.

Yet there are other aspects to consider. Cyprus is 683 miles from the nearest point on the Greek mainland. It is only forty-four miles from the Turkish coast. Its economic ties—that is, the way it makes its living—are with Turkey and Great Britain, the present occupying power. Strategically, it is of no direct importance to Greece, but it is vital for Turkey and for the position of strength which the West must maintain in the Middle East.

Against the abstract "right of self-determination," therefore, must be set very serious objections on grounds that cannot be ignored with safety. Turkey has no complaint about continuance of British sovereignty on Cyprus. As one of the anticommunist nations directly under Soviet guns, it takes a realistic view of the value of a strong allied base on its offshore island. The vagaries of Greek politics, with its present tendency toward a united front, do not seem to present as strong a guarantee in what may develop into a matter of life or death. The recent acts of violence, despite the emotions behind them, do little to add to the case for "self-determination" as applied to Cyprus.

It may also be remembered with profit that there is a difference between self-government and self-determination. That the Cypriots should desire a large measure of home rule is natural, and the British Government has gone a long way toward satisfying that aspiration. But Turkey has a strong case, and so has Great Britain, when they deny, at this time of international tensions, the right of 400,000 Cypriots, who have not been Greek subjects for several hundred years, to put themselves completely under the control of an unstable government 683 miles away.

But, Adlai, That 1953 Girl Scout Manual Needed Pruning!

Speaking of the late "reign of terror"—that is to say, "the first two years of the present administration"—Adlai Stevenson, in a recent speech, said this: "Those were the days when some American citizens demanded that the Girl Scouts rewrite their manual and denounced the tale of Robin Hood as communist propaganda."

On that Girl Scout deal, Adlai ought to have finished the story. The truth is that the 1953 Girl Scout Handbook did contain some oddly uncharacteristic material, including a description of the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights as "very much like our own Bill of Rights"—which it isn't. There was also a line describing Langston Hughes, the left-wing Negro author of Good-by Christ as "a distinguished man of letters." These passages, and a rather worshipful and unrealistic attitude toward the United Nations, attracted the attention of Robert Le Fevre, then a Florida radio newscaster, who started sounding off about it. The roof fell in, and the upshot was that the Girl Scout manual was re-edited in some of the more sensitive places. The Scouts were then attacked by one-worlders for "a sad betrayal of a high ideal."

To us it looks like poor politics to peddle the stale fiction about a wave of "hate and hysteria among us," when you are talking about 1953 and 1954, when everybody knows there wasn't any. But the customers are entitled to all the details. Incidentally, why shouldn't a candidate for President applaud, instead of sneer, when an alert citizen discovers that somebody has slipped some dubious propaganda into the manual of a patriotic organization for young people?

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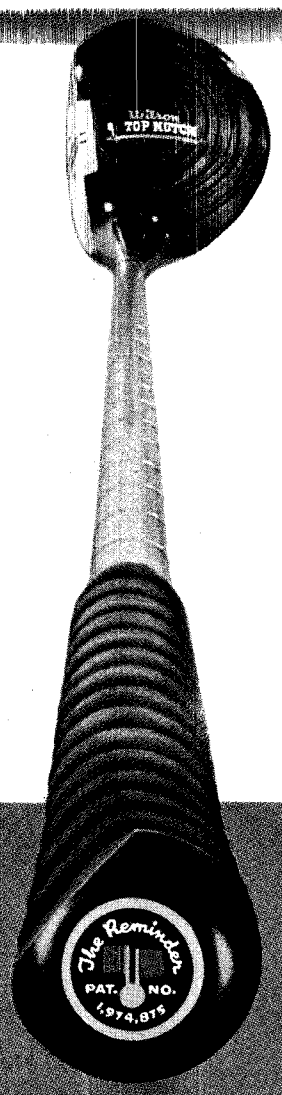


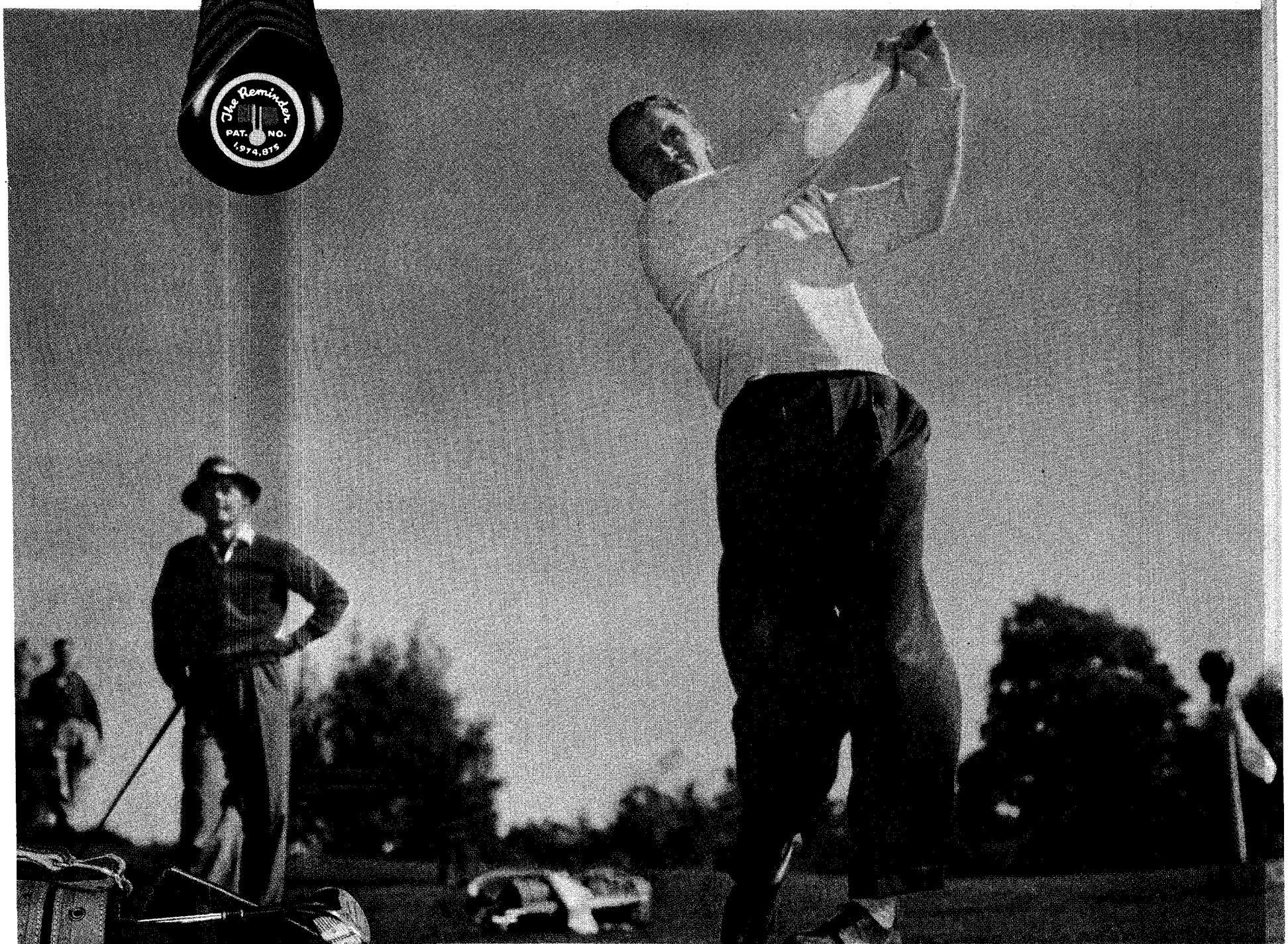
The minute you take hold of a 1956 Wilson Strata-Bloc wood or a brand new Dyna-Powered iron, you know something important has happened to golf clubs. It's not only that a new power standard has been set. It's in the professional feel they give you. You can tell these clubs have it! You can sense that magic day *must* come soon . . .

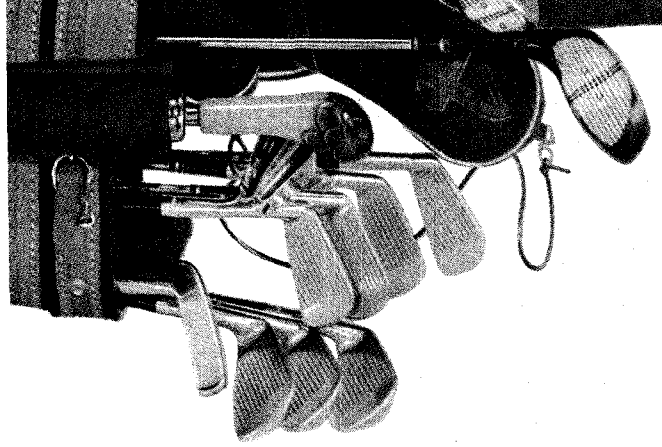
The day you become the man to beat

Same old foursome. Same old first tee. Same tight first fairway pinched by trees for 420 honest yards. Yet nothing is the same, for your hands are merged with the calfskin grip of your brand new Wilson wood.

You remember Sam Snead uses clubs like these. And Cary Middlecoff and Julius Boros. The whole world is your fairway! You start the Strata-Bloc head back slowly, almost pausing at the top. Now, as your lashing hand-action arcs the Rocket shaft, your clubhead roars into the ball.*

While the good feel is still in your hands and the ball is still in the air, your partner howls, "Keep your crying towels handy, boys. It's only the beginning!"





Like to be boss? Handle any 1956 Wilson wood. There's power to burn in its sleek Strata-Bloc head, yet it's so finely balanced your control is complete. Or hit a few shots with new Wilson Dyna-Powered irons. Here—due to a remarkable redistribution of head weight—is effortless, new-car power coupled with gun barrel accuracy.

This is the year to get rid of your old clubs. See your golf professional soon. He's *the* man to tell you which 1956 Wilson professional models are right for you.

Wilson

The Wilson name is part of the game

*Members of Wilson Advisory Staff

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago • Fastest nationwide service from 32 branch offices • (A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

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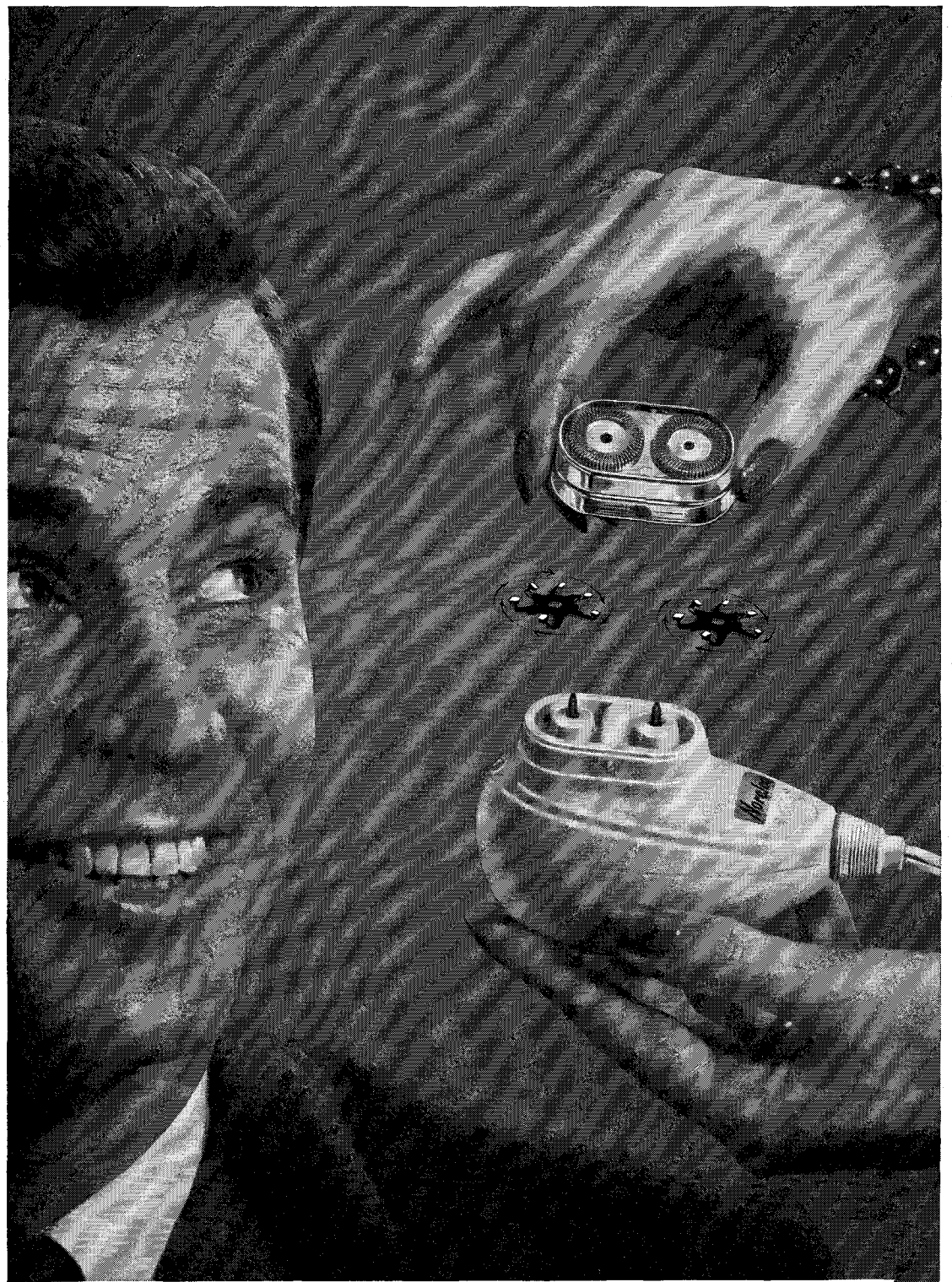
FOR FATHER'S DAY.....
you've got to hand it to DAD!



Only *Norelco*® has *ROTARY BLADES*

Electric shaving's first basic improvement in 22 years!

1. **BUILT TO SHAVE** according to your beard's natural growth —rotary blades make short work of clumps and whorls.
2. **NO WHISKER PULL.** No soap and water fuss. Norelco's 12 revolving blades shave off whiskers with the same smooth stroke as a barber's blade.
3. **NO SKIN IRRITATION,** no painful nicks, no matter how heavy your shaving touch. Norelco's silver-steel alloy blades g-i-v-e as you bear down.
4. **NO BREAK-IN PERIOD.** Exclusive skin-stretcher upends each whisker. Great shaves from the start.
5. **NO REPAIR-SHOP BLUES.** Lubricated for life. Self-sharpening blades. Self-starting brush motor.
6. **DESIGNED TO FIT THE HAND.** Quietest of all 4 leading shavers. Cleans in a jiffy.

Ask about 15 DAY FREE HOME TRIAL
Offered by most dealers. Norelco makes a great gift, too!

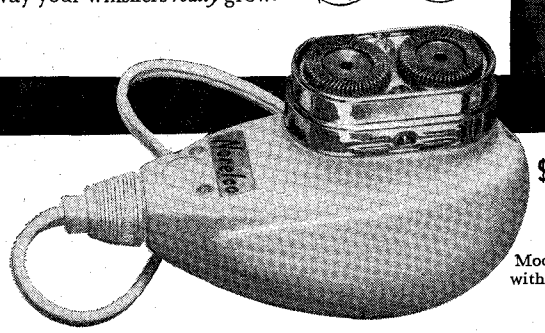
FOR OUTDOOR MEN—Norelco Sportsman Electric Shaver runs on flashlight batteries or car lighter. (Model SC7750).

FOR FEMININE GROOMING—Lady Norelco Electric Razor. Dainty, safe, easy to use. In Nassau pink. (Model SC7767).

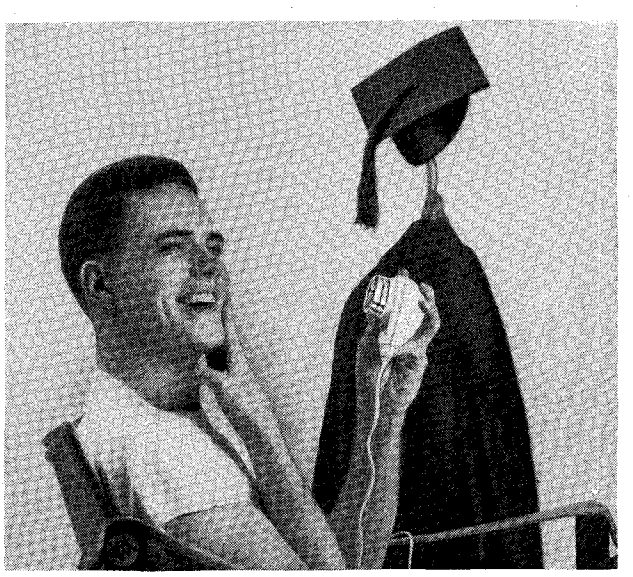
Here's why Rotary Blades have made Norelco* the largest-selling electric shaver in the world—and the fastest-growing shaver in the U. S. today.

All other electric shavers shave you like this: as if your whiskers grew in rows like corn.

Only NORELCO shaves you like this: its rotary blades, set beneath stationary skin guards, shave you the way your whiskers *really* grow.



$24.95
AC/DC
Model SC7759
with travel case



A GREAT GIFT FOR GRADS, TOO!

Known as* **PHILISHAVE *in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world.* **NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.,** *100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Other products: High Fidelity Radio-Phonographs, Research and Control Instruments, Electron Microscopes, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.*

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A NEW PRODUCT
OF THE
QUAKER OATS CO.

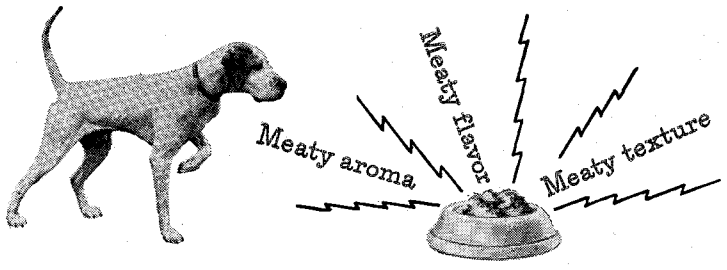
It's a new kind of dog food! A dry dog food mix that absorbs liquid the moment you add it. Turns instantly and magically into a crumbly-moist, hamburger-like texture dogs can really wrap their teeth around. Never turns mushy, cakes, or sticks to the dish (or your dog's mouth). No wasteful, messy leftovers to clean up.

For the first time—a complete, quick mix for dogs. A homogenized mix of 16 nourishing ingredients, new Quick Ken-L-Meal provides higher nourishment value than fresh raw meat (at much lower cost). It contains all vitamins, minerals and other healthful ingredients known to be essential to dog health. Real meat meal packs an extra bonus of meat aroma, flavor and protein into every crumbly-moist bite.

Jury of dogs casts landslide vote for Quick Ken-L-Meal. In carefully controlled free-choice tests, 9 out of 10 dogs—regardless of breed—chose Quick Ken-L-Meal and turned their backs on other dry dog foods. It's easier for you . . . best for your dog . . . and he'll love it. Get new Quick Ken-L-Meal today.

NEW INSTANT DOG FOOD MIX SENDS OUT STRONG "MEAT SIGNALS"

DOGS CAN'T RESIST ...*the instant you add water!*



There's no thriftier way to give your dog what he needs . . . *and loves!*

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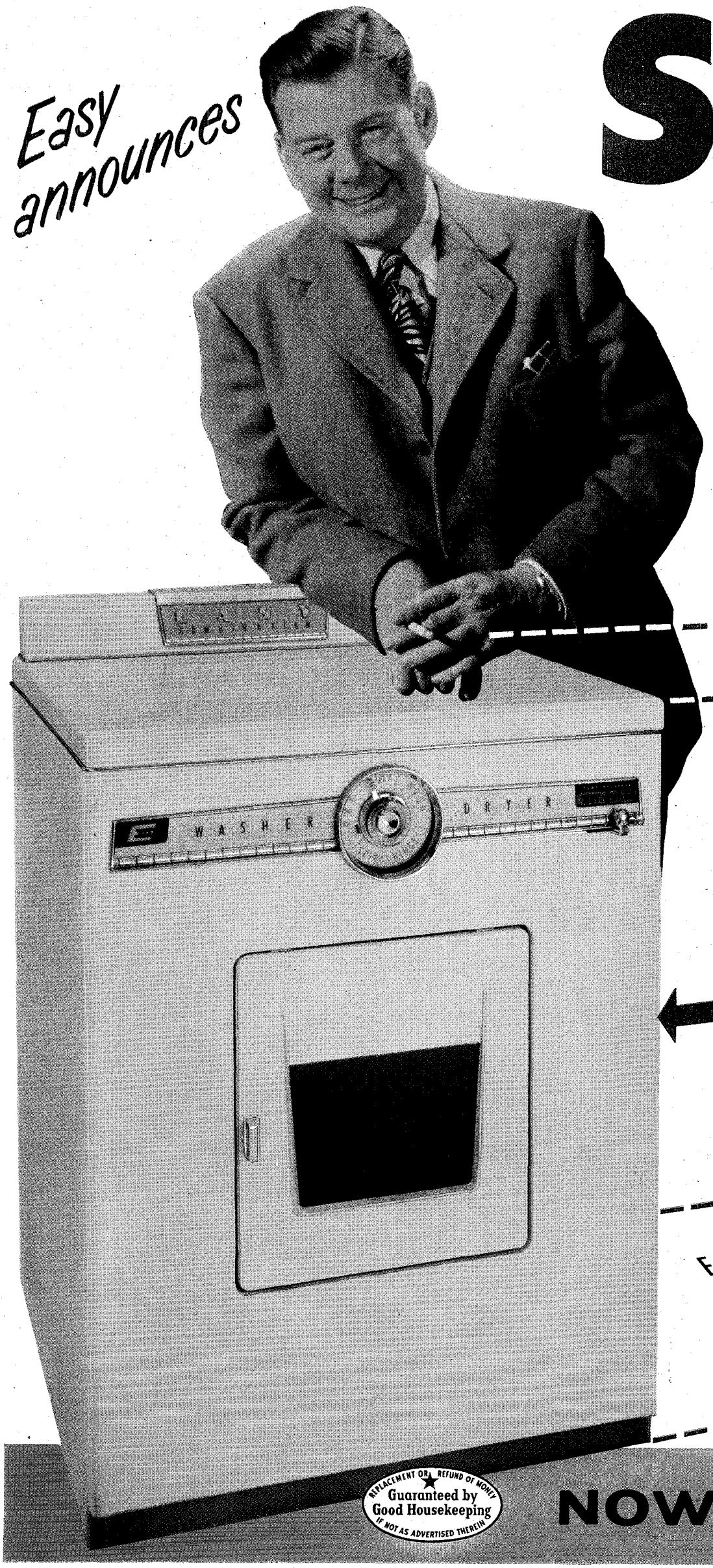
Easy announces

SPACE WAS



Easy brings you
ARTHUR GODFREY TIME
Mondays and Wednesdays,
10:30 a. m. CBS TV & Radio

SEE
THE SPACE
YOU SAVE

Easy takes less than half
the space you'd need for a
separate washer and dryer

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

NOW ONE WILL D

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·SAVINGEST

ıER COMBINATION DRYER

A full-size washer and a full-size dryer—all in one unit only 27 inches wide! Completely automatic! You put clothes in dirty—take them out clean and dry!

gest home laundry news in 20 years! New Easy nbination washes *and* dries clothes in one con- ıous automatic operation in smallest space ever! A ıplete home laundry at a price that can't be beat.

ne-Minute" washday! Your wash is "done" the ıute you put in clothes and soıp and push a but- . Easy does the whole job *faster* than any other t! Let Easy wash and dry while you work or shop. ı'll need fewer changes of clothes with Easy keep- ing everything clean!

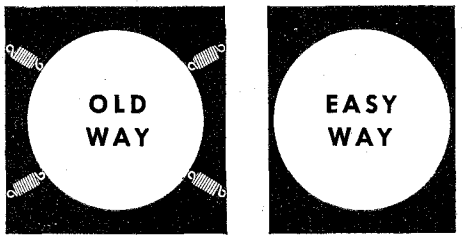
Just push a button! Then, Easy "delivers" your wash the way you ordered it . . . washed, rinsed, and *dried*, ready to iron or put away. use it as a separate washer or dryer.)

new Tilt Tub, exclusive with Easy, gives you all- Tumb-l-ator washing action. Clothes high-dive a *deep well* of foaming suds. Every piece gets hed individually. You've never seen a washing on so thorough yet so *gentle!*

ıp-Spinaway Rinse whirls out more soap and than any other rinsing action. Clothes spin . . . then surge a dozen times through two spray and two deep well rinses. Dirty water can't drain through clothes!

Uses less water, less soap than other washers (without ever re-using dirty sudsy water) thanks to Tilt Tub. Each load "chooses" the amount of water it needs.

FULL SIZE TUB IN SMALLEST CABINET!



Exclusive new construction principle practically eliminates vibration . . . gives you a big 4 cubic foot tub in the smallest cabinet ever! No bulky springs or shock absorbers needed.

Built-in Water Saver saves you up to 10 gallons of water on small loads.

Faster, gentler drying with *twice* the air circulation of ordinary dryers. And Easy turns on *safety pre-heat* while clothes are still wet and spinning. No guesswork — Easy shuts off automatically when clothes are dry. Clothes "choose" their own drying time! Has a *separate* low-heat cycle from start to finish . . . safest for delicate fabrics!

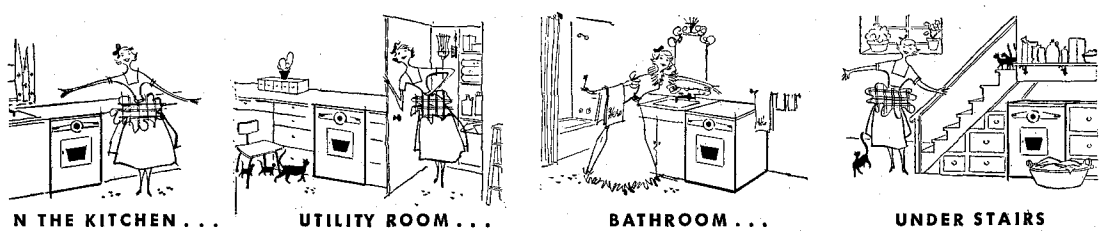
Clothes come out fluffy . . . smell sweet! No sun-fading. No more heavy wet clothes to hang up . . . ever! Exclusive self-cleaning lint screen keeps all lint off clothes. No steam! *No venting!*

Full-size capacity yet fits anywhere! Takes only 27 inches of wall space. 36 inches high from floor to porcelain top! Under-counter model also available.

Quiet! No noisy transmission to get out of order. Fewer parts than other combinations! Easy will give you years of dependable service.

You pay for only one machine instead of two! See the all-new Easy Combination Washer-Dryer at your dealer's now. Let him show you how surprisingly little it costs to own America's finest complete home laundry.

ENOUGH FOR BIGGEST WASH . . . SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT MOST ANYWHERE!



N THE KITCHEN . . . UTILITY ROOM . . . BATHROOM . . . UNDER STAIRS

SY WASHING MACHINE DIVISION OF THE MURRAY CORP. OF AMERICA, SYRACUSE 1, N. Y.

COMBINATION WASHER-DRYERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • AUTOMATIC DRYERS • SPINDRIERS • WRINGER WASHERS

HE WORK OF TWO!

NEW AUTOMATIC EASY COMBINATION WASHER-DRYER

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If you're saving for a big event . . .

Where you save <u>does</u> make a difference

Big events like weddings are worth saving for. And as over 15 *million* Americans know, saving in an insured Savings and Loan Association offers *important advantages.*

Excellent returns from your money is one advantage.

Another is modern, efficient, forward-looking service.

And, of course, your money is safe because in insured Associations your savings are protected by sound management and substantial reserves. They are insured up to $10,000 by the FSLIC—an agency of the U. S. Government.

These are the reasons why Americans are putting more of their savings account dollars into insured Savings and Loan Associations than anywhere else!

Whatever event you're saving for, start right now to enjoy the *worthwhile advantages* offered by your nearby insured Association.

With over $34 billion of assets (an increase of 6 *billion* last year, alone!) insured Savings and Loan Associations are a great force in encouraging thrift and home ownership. Today nearly *40% of all homes* in the nation are financed by these Associations!

The nation's most popular place to put savings account dollars is in insured Savings and Loan Associations. Not only do you get excellent returns here, but your money *works* for your community and helps it to prosper. ©1956, TS&LFI

SAVINGS AND LOAN FOUNDATION

This sign identifies members of the Savings and Loan Foundation Inc., a nationwide organization of insured Savings and Loan, Building and Loan and Homestead Associations which sponsors this message. Address: **1111 E Street, N. W., Washington 4, D.C.**

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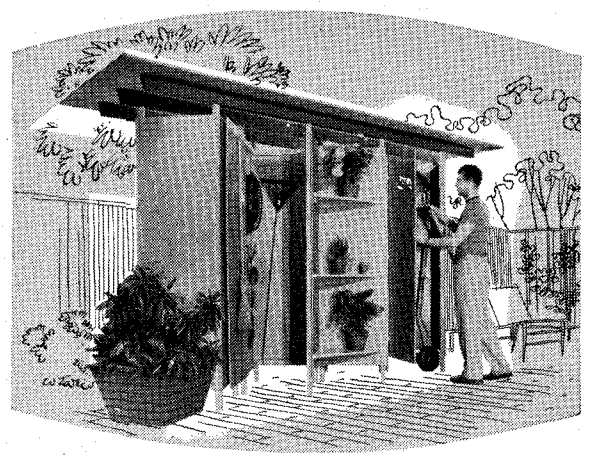
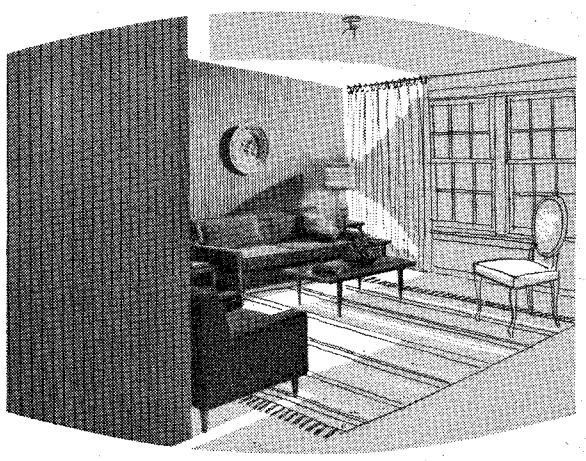


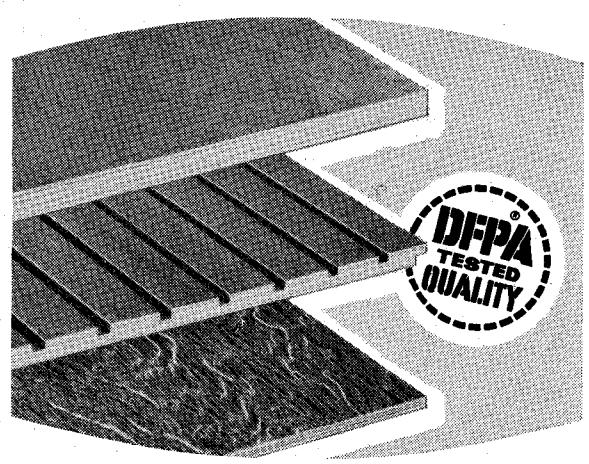
Fir Plywood compliments your good taste....fits your plans and your budget

Give your home new charm and convenience with fir plywood built-ins. This smart *Cooking Center** is easy to build, a joy to own. Custom beauty at low cost.

If you can saw and nail, you can make handsome modern fir plywood furniture like this *Platform Sofa** and *Coffee Table** in a few easy evenings. For free plans, see your lumber dealer or mail coupon.

No place for garden storage? Build this handy outdoor *Garden Cabinet** with light, strong, waterproof Exterior fir plywood. It's a cinch to make, has storage galore for garden tools and patio equipment.





Make home improvements family-fun jobs! Do-it-together with easy-to-use Fir Plywood

Fir plywood's made to order for modern young-at-heart families who plan and work together. Helps take the work out of woodworking, makes experts of amateurs.

Remodel quickly, easily, inexpensively with *Texture One-Eleven**. New grooved panels have smart vertical shadow line, natural wood texture. Use for dramatic feature walls, decorative accent paneling.

Fir plywood is real wood in large, light, easy-to-handle panels. Sizes and grades for every job—inside and out—plus smart textured panels. Always look for the DFPA-Industry quality grademark.

on NBC-TV HOME *Arlene Francis and Hugh Downs* **show why**

You can Afford Expensive Ideas with Fir Plywood

SEE YOUR LUMBER DEALER or mail coupon for FREE FIR PLYWOOD "Do-it-together" PLANS

IDEAS FOR YOUR HOME FROM NBC-TV HOME

* Every lumber dealer now has these three new illustrated plans folders. Complete plans, easy step-by-step instruction for making all items shown above—plus scores of other building and remodeling plans and ideas. All are architect-designed and planned for easy building with inexpensive fir plywood.

DOUGLAS FIR PLYWOOD ASSOCIATION
Dept. SEP, Tacoma 2, Washington, (Good U.S.A. Only)

Please send me FREE Fir Plywood "Do-It-Together" Plans Folders checked below.

☐ *Ideas for* Built-Ins ☐ *Ideas for Furniture* and Decorations ☐ *Ideas for* Outdoor Living

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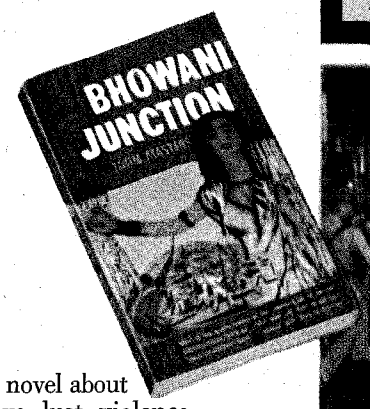
BHOWANI JUNCTION



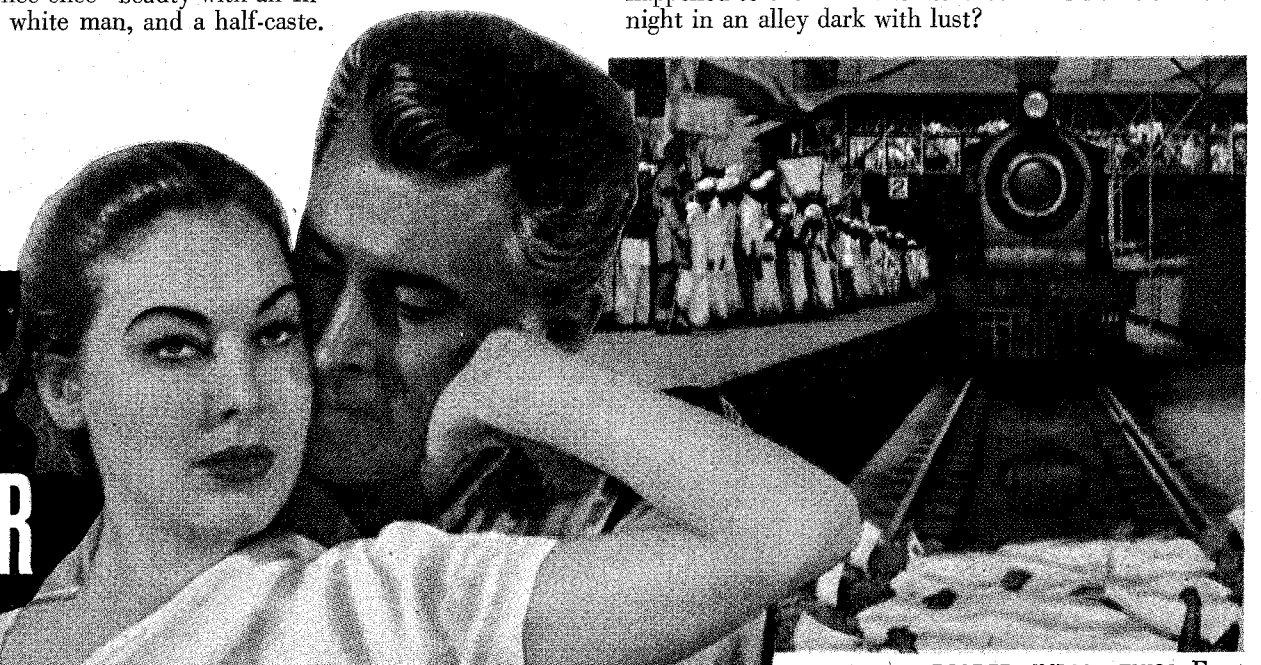
"A novel about love, lust, violence and conspiracy... Three men and a girl in a relationship of wonderful intricacy ... Railroad strikes, train derailments, party demonstrations, animosities and the unpredictable ways of love—or of sex."
—*New York Times*

A LAND—AND THREE LOVERS—of violent contrasts! Turbulent India is mirrored in the stormy love affairs of a "chee chee" beauty with an Indian, a white man, and a half-caste.

HER HOT-BLOODED "CHEE CHEE" SWEETHEART proves to be heroic in disaster, but dare she tell him what happened to the man who attacked her on that terrible night in an alley dark with lust?

A powerful love story filmed by M-G-M in Pakistan against an exotic background of turmoil and revolt!

Starring
AVA GARDNER
STEWART GRANGER
CINEMASCOPE AND COLOR



NO TRAVEL-FOLDER INDIA, THIS! Far from the Taj Mahal is this suspense-tense town where men daily bet their lives to stop a British train or terrorist bomb!

"GET UP! GET DRESSED!" A pre-dawn invader of her bedroom forces her to aid him in his last chance to escape!

POUNDING PULSES RACE a smouldering dynamite fuse to save 2000 lives in the mile-long Mayni Tunnel of terror.

WITH **BILL TRAVERS** ABRAHAM SOFAER SCREEN PLAY BY SONYA LEVIEN and IVAN MOFFAT
BASED ON THE NOVEL BY JOHN MASTERS
PHOTOGRAPHED IN EASTMAN COLOR DIRECTED BY GEORGE CUKOR PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN An M-G-M Picture

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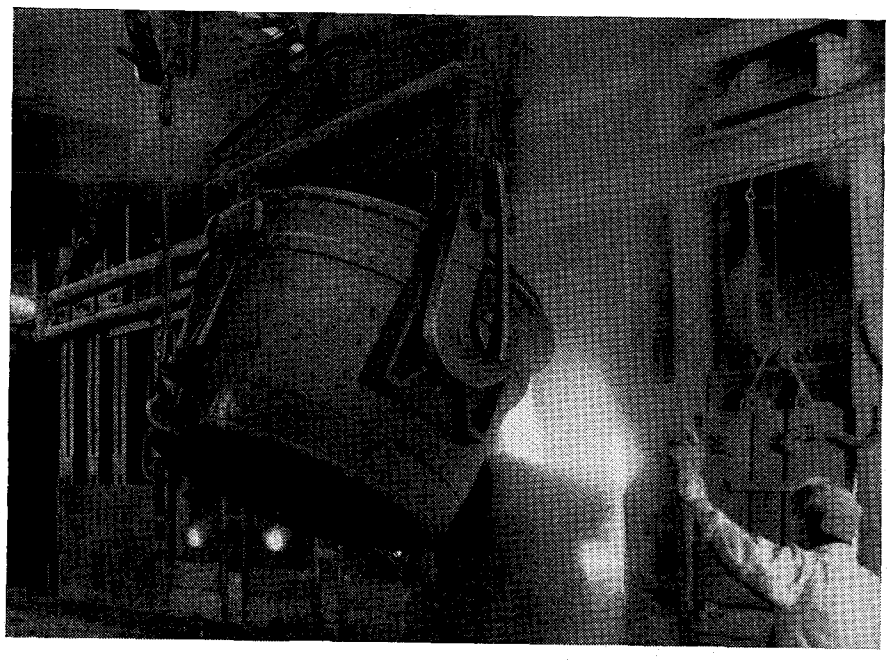
Coming—another million tons of Armco Steel

...and here's how you will benefit



Another Armco expansion program under way. To help give you plenty of steel for every need, Armco is adding a million tons of steel-making capacity. Armco is building *today* so there will be ample steel *tomorrow* for cars you will drive, homes you will build, for the offices, shops or farms where you work.

Greater security for America. Armco Steels, in ever greater quantities, will stand guard along America's first line of defense — in supersonic aircraft, radar systems, rockets, missiles, and scores of other uses. And Armco Research is constantly at work developing *new* steels to serve the nation's security needs.

More steel in their future. Four million babies will be born this year. Armco Steel will help give them a better life. Steel in cribs and car beds will serve them during the first few years. Then bicycles and other toys made of Armco Steel. Eventually, steel appliances and equipment for a home of their own.

Better living for your family. Armco Steels add beauty, convenience and longer life to your home. Sparkling porcelain enameled appliances will bring new color to your kitchen. Armco Stainless Steel in ranges, utensils, sinks, counter tops and other equipment in your home stays lustrous year after year.

ARMCO STEEL CORPORATION

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

SHEFFIELD STEEL DIVISION • ARMCO DRAINAGE & METAL PRODUCTS, INC. • THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

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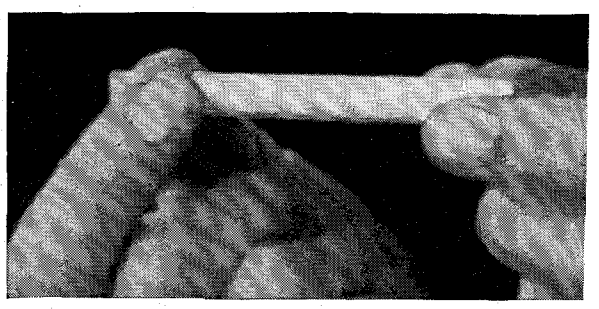

TO THE TOUCH...

CHESTERFIELD PA

because it's More Perfect

© LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

MILD, YET THE

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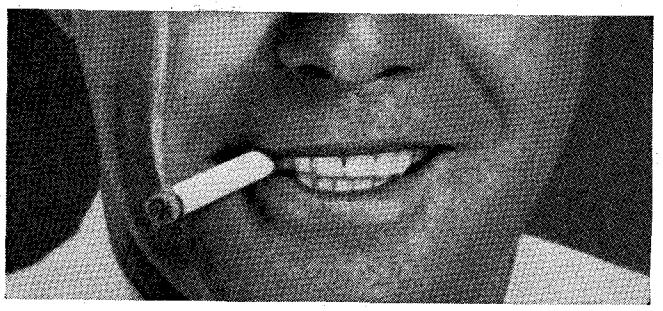
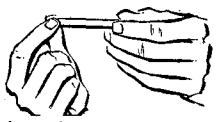
TO THE TASTE...



KS MORE PLEASURE

acked—by AccuRay!

A TOUCH PROVES WHAT AccuRay DOES . . . gives you a cigarette firm and packed full — no soft spots, no hard spots. You can feel the difference.

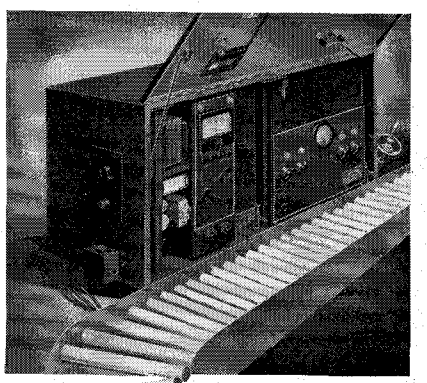


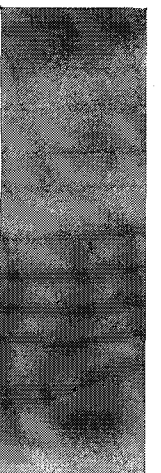
YOUR TASTE TELLS YOU...
No other cigarette has *ever* satisfied like this

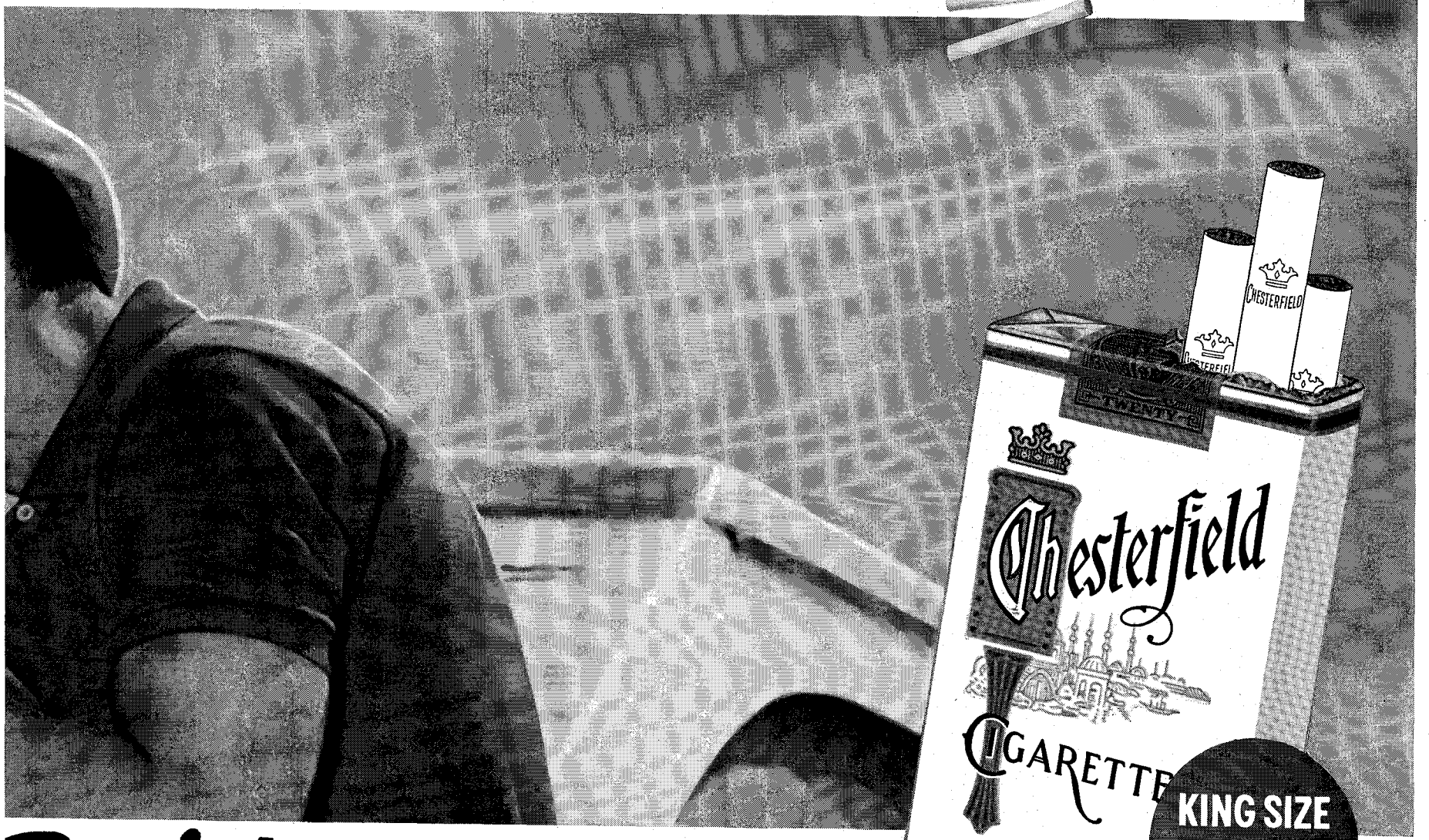
—with "full-time flavor" from the first cool puff to the last.

Remember—it stands to reason, a cigarette made better and packed better—smokes better, tastes better...

AND ONLY CHESTERFIELD IS PLEASURE-PACKED BY AccuRay







Satisfy...THE MOST

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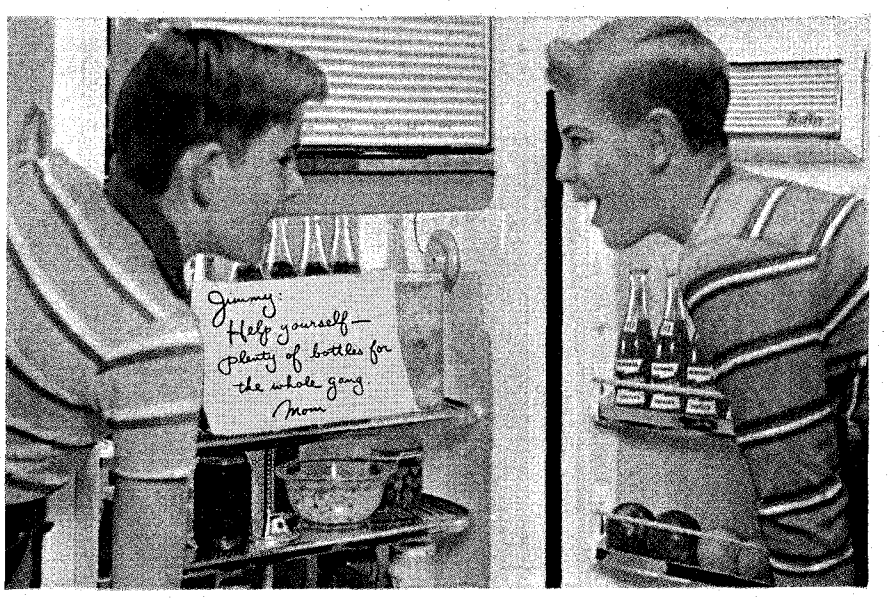
Nothing brings 'em **home** so fast



Nothing **refreshes** and cools 'em off, like . . .

pure **soft drinks** . . . kept pure, served pure *anywhere* by glass bottles

Ever notice how bottled soft drinks act just like a magnet? No worry about the kids straying far when they know this kind of welcome is in the refrigerator. The "juvenile problems" you read about don't come from wholesome fun and relaxation at *home.*

Bottled beverages are one of the best illustrations of how "know-how" and modern distribution can make a fine product inexpensively available *every* day, *every*where, and the same *every* time.

The glass bottle with its unique versatility and protectiveness—tasteless, odorless, impervious—is one of the basic ingredients of this "commonplace miracle." New *types* of glass containers, including Duraglas family size bottles and Duraglas no-deposit "One-Way" bottles, are keeping pace with the varied needs of the dynamic beverage industry.

The same research, engineering, and marketing experience that serve thousands of soft drink bottlers stand behind the entire family of Owens-Illinois products.

Duraglas containers • Metal and plastic closures
Kimble laboratory glassware • Libbey Safedge glassware
Plastic containers and fitments • Glass block
Kimble television bulbs • Plywood
Kaylo insulation • Kimble vials and ampuls
Kimble and Hemingray insulators

**The tumblers in this picture are Libbey's beautiful GRANADA*

DURAGLAS CONTAINERS
AN (O) PRODUCT

OWENS-ILLINOIS
GENERAL OFFICES · TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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The Saturday Evening POST

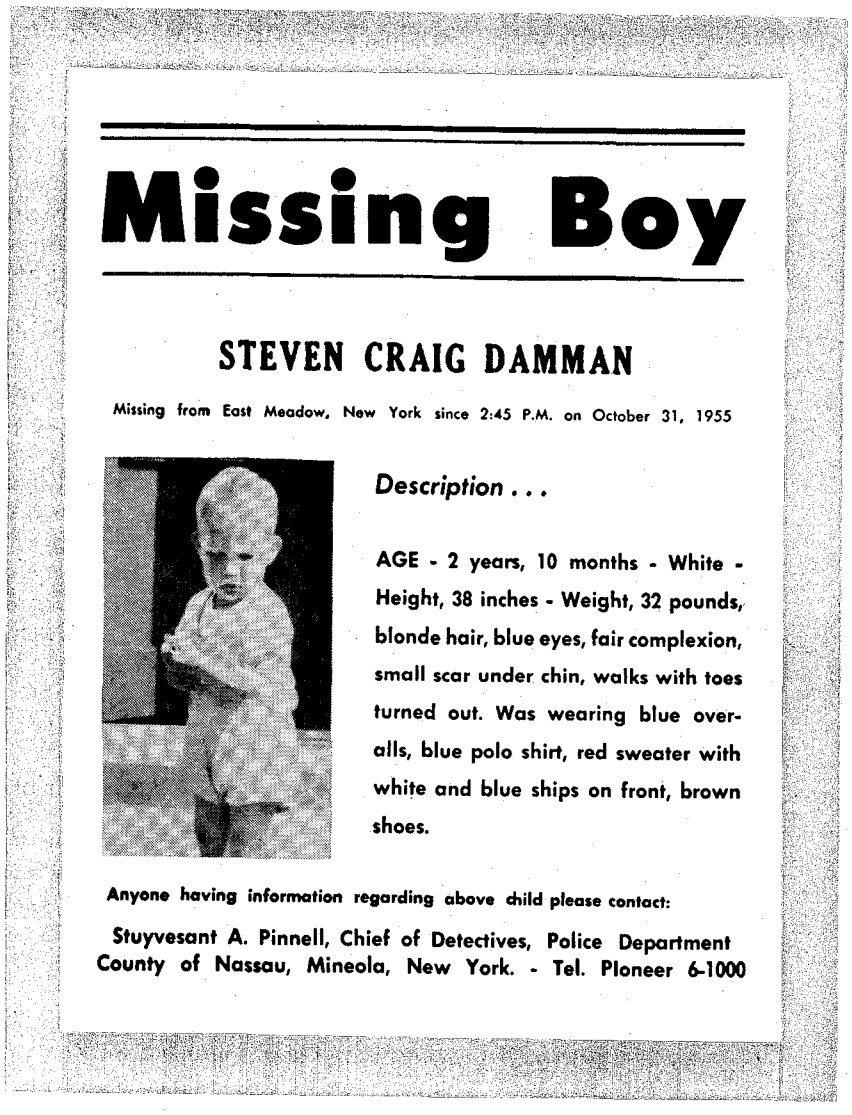
Last Halloween, little Steven Damman disappeared from in front of a Long Island supermarket. He's still missing. This is his mother's own heart-rending story.

Who's Got My Baby?

By MARILYN DAMMAN, as told to Jimmy Breslin

For me, a housewife with two children, it was like any other day. The date—October 31, 1955—was only a number on the calendar we had hanging on the kitchen wall. What was important was the loaf of bread I needed for dinner. So, at a little after 2:30 in the afternoon, I wrestled blond, funny-talking Steven into his red sweater, strapped Pamela into the carriage and set out for the supermarket, a block and a half away from our apartment. We were living in East Meadow, Long Island, a well-populated suburb forty minutes from downtown New York City.

Steven was two years and ten months old, and whenever I took him to the supermarket, the routine was the same. He would latch his hand onto the carriage and peer in at Pam, who was then seven months old. I'd park the carriage alongside several other carriages in front of the store's big, plate-glass front windows, and duck inside. Steven always would wait patiently.


Missing Boy
STEVEN CRAIG DAMMAN
Missing from East Meadow, New York since 2:45 P.M. on October 31, 1955
Description . . .
AGE - 2 years, 10 months - White - Height, 38 inches - Weight, 32 pounds, blonde hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, small scar under chin, walks with toes turned out. Was wearing blue overalls, blue polo shirt, red sweater with white and blue ships on front, brown shoes.
Anyone having information regarding above child please contact:
Stuyvesant A. Pinnell, Chief of Detectives, Police Department County of Nassau, Mineola, New York. - Tel. Ploneer 6-1000

Grief-stricken Marilyn Damman on her way to the hospital the morning after her small son vanished without a trace. She was treated for shock, but refused to be hospitalized.

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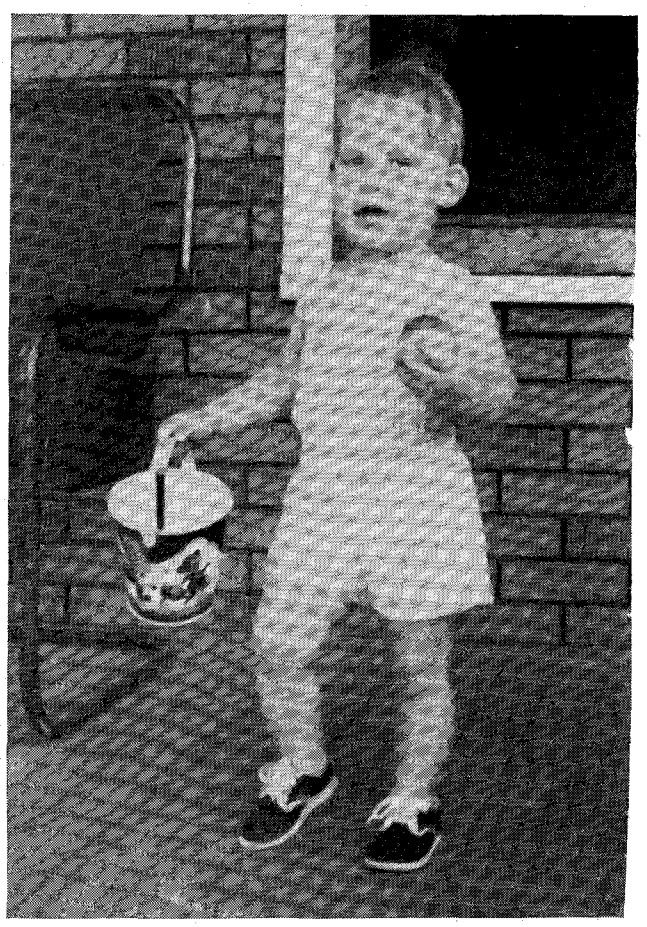
The day after little Steven Damman disappeared, a search party of more than 1500 combed the entire neighborhood for him. Two weeks later the Long Island police (above) were still keeping up the fruitless search.



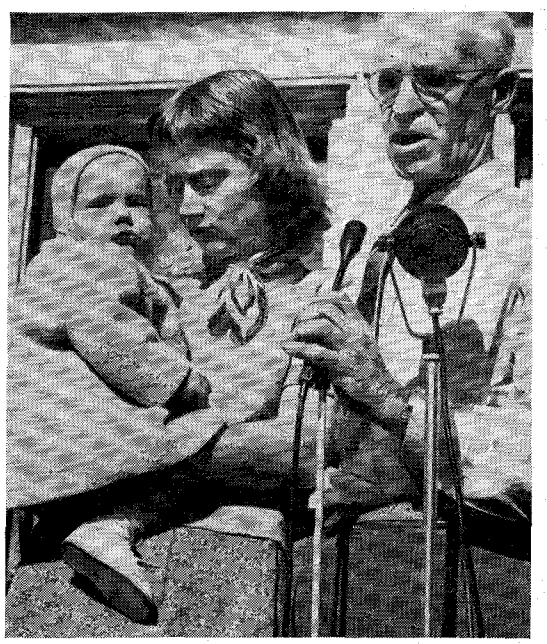
Steven at 18 months. "I know in my heart that a woman who lost a child of her own took my son to replace him."

It was the same on this day. When I arrived, there were three or four other carriages, with babies in them, outside the store. I told Steven to be good, that mamma would be right back, and went in. The bread shelves are at the rear of the supermarket and it took me ten minutes to pick up the loaf and wait in line to pay. It was something which I had done a thousand times, and other women still do. It is as common to a housewife as cooking eggs for breakfast.

But when I came out of the supermarket this time my son was missing. Steven was taken out of my life in a matter of moments, from a spot less than forty yards away from where I picked up the loaf of bread. Since that day, my husband, Jerry, and I have not been able to come up with one definite fact on why he was taken or where he is now. The police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation have checked spots as far away as Hawaii, but they always wind up in a blind alley. Detectives on Long Island say it is the only case of its kind they can recall. There is nothing Jerry and I can do about it. That's what makes it so hard. We don't know where to begin and we don't know why it happened to us.

I know Steven isn't dead—I know that above everything. An elderly woman told police she saw two Negro men and four women take Steven by the hand and walk him to a car around the corner. Her story has been discounted by police and myself. But I know in my heart—by mother's intuition, perhaps—that a woman who lost a child of her own took my son to replace him. When you consider all the other possibilities, this is the brightest hope I can have, and I cling to it.

There could be no other reason. Jerry and I are not the kind of people to whom these things happen. We are just another young couple who have been married four years. Jerry is twenty-five, I am twenty-two and we worry about bills and chicken pox and new dining-room furniture. We have nothing to set us apart from thousands of other couples. At the time Steven was taken, Jerry was an Airman, First Class, stationed at Mitchel Air Force Base, a few minutes from our four-room East Meadow apartment. We have since returned home to Newton, Iowa, where Jerry works a livestock farm with his father and I help by feeding the chickens, when I'm not taking care of Pamela or performing household duties. Yet someone chose to kidnap our son. We don't know why this happened to us.



Marilyn went on television with her father and younger child to appeal to the kidnaper for little Steven.

There was nothing different about Steven—nothing, except that he was my child. Looking at him, you'd say he was just another pleasant-faced boy. He was three feet, two inches tall and weighed thirty-two pounds at the time he was taken. He had blond hair and blue eyes and a small scar under his chin. He was a good-looking child, but there are countless others just like him around the country. We wonder why somebody picked Steven.

He was a good boy, by any mother's standards. My memories of him probably sound familiar to nearly everybody with children his age. For example, Steven always was playing grown-up with his sister. He'd watch me feed her and then, when I'd leave the room, he would go to the pantry and grab a fistful of breakfast cereal. Then he'd feed it to Pam. I'd always find her carriage littered with corn flakes. Or he'd stand and watch me cooking; then walk up to the stove and turn on a gas jet. I'd tell him "No!" with a stern face, and he would glare back and say, "You bad boy."

For the seven months since Steven was taken, my husband and I have been trying to reason the whole thing out. And we hope and pray for his return. But it is becoming a little harder to hope as each day passes. I'm afraid to think of the time when we lose nearly all our hope. Right now it is the one thing that keeps us going. There is nothing we can do but wait for somebody to return our son. It is as simple and as frightening as that. Just as simple as the way I lost Steven.

When I came out of the supermarket, it was about 2:45 on a bright fall afternoon. Steven, Pamela and the carriage were not there. I looked around quickly. A little bit of fright ran through me, but it subsided. People were walking past me, unconcerned with anything

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but their own business. The supermarket is one of a string of seventeen stores which stretch for a block along busy Front Street. It is the shopping center for about 3500 people. The parking lot always is filled. It is not the kind of place where anything more serious than a bumped fender or lost package occurs.

But it wasn't like Steven to wander. He always stayed put. Sometimes he would sit down on the sidewalk when I'd leave him, but that was the extent of his movements. There was, however, the possibility that he picked this day to start moving, so I started to look into other stores. A luncheonette, hardware store, fabric house and two delicatessens flanked the supermarket. I searched each of them. Then I went to one end of the supermarket, where an alley led to a parking lot in the rear. I looked, but Steven and Pamela were not there either.

My breath started to come quickly. I was worried now and I began to run toward our apartment. I found it hard to make myself move. Something seemed to be holding my legs stiff. But I ran home. I hopped up the two steps leading to the front door and looked in. The apartment was empty. I turned and went two doors down to the apartment of a neighbor, Marge Brown. She and I are close friends. "Did you see Steven and Pamela?" I yelled at her. "I left them in front of the supermarket and I can't find them!"

Marge said, "Why, no," with a puzzled look. But when she saw my face, she came out to me. "I'll go back with you and help you find them," she said. "It'll be all right. Don't worry. They're around someplace."

We ran back to the supermarket and started to look into each store. Marge took one, I'd take another. As I was coming out of one, a large five-and-ten, I saw Marge pushing Pamela and the carriage toward me.

"Marilyn, here's Pam," she said, "but I can't find Steven." She had found the carriage around the corner from the string of stores, a full block and a half away from where I had left Steven and Pamela.

I looked at Pamela and she seemed just as I had left her. But then I noticed the right strap on her harness had been opened. Steven never could have done that—the metal snap attachment was too stiff for him. And a bag of candy I had put in the carriage for him was missing too. Whoever took Steven must have used the candy to keep him happy. And the person also must have tried to take Pamela too.

This never entered my mind at this stage. Pamela looked fine, so Steven was the big worry. We ran up to a policeman who was standing on the corner and I sputtered to him that I had lost my boy.

"I'll keep my eyes open for him," he said. "He must have wandered into one of the stores. You'll find him."

How many times, I wondered, had he listened to the same story from other mothers?

By this time it was after three o'clock and I was shaking (Continued on Page 126)

Today, back home in Newton, Iowa, Steven's parents continue to wait for news of their missing baby boy. "We hope and pray for his return, but," they confess, "it is becoming a little harder to hope as each day passes."

Marge Brown, the author's Long Island neighbor and friend, and her son, Donald, stand on the spot from which Steven was abducted.

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You're married," Edie answered coldly. "And you're ambitious," Paul retorted with a thin smile.

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"I've worked like a savage to get where I am," she said.

And now she had to pay for her success . . .

The Fall of Edie Markham

Beginning the story of a woman who was too ambitious . . .

By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

One architect had died, one had torn up two full years of plans and quit, two had sued and one had met his match. It had gone up the way Edie Markham wanted it to. In sunlight and shadow you saw it—a mass of glass and girders shoving up into the New York sky line. Afterwards a picture magazine photographed it and called it: "Brazen, beautiful and brilliant." The stockholders of Harrington's protested to the president. They called it "conspicuous consumption"; they said it was a fish bowl; but Edie Markham, inured against protest by years of getting her own way, merely smiled and said, "Good. If it's a fish bowl, they'll be able to see in. They'll know we're here. Working!"

Her friends called it "Markham's monument"; her enemies—there were more of those—called it "the snake pit." By friend or foe, when the lights burned late at night, they could be seen from lower Manhattan to New Jersey. They were probing lights, angry lights; they made the staff of Harrington's look old before their time.

The staff of Harrington's, known far and wide as Markham's Minions, gathered at eight o'clock on a cold night long after the five-o'clock drink had ceased to warm them, the prospect of going home to comfort them. Naked to the night and to Edie Markham's long, chilling appraisal of their Christmas business, they sat and listened. In good chairs—Swedish design—with soft rugs under their feet and the smell of out-of-season flowers in their nostrils, they sat and wished, variously, that they were dead. Edie dealt out a little bit of death to each, impartially, in a low, controlled voice. She probed gently, feeling the nerves jump all around her.

"Maybe you people are satisfied with a gross two million under our weakest competitors," she said calmly. "Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe the ads drew. Maybe the buying was on the ball. Maybe the promotion got to the public. If I'm wrong, I'm ready to be told."

She looked around the room. They were ranged in an uneasy half circle, grotesquely like that of children around a campfire; only this flame was burning them. She watched them passively, anticipating their reactions.

Billy Ecland's ulcer prodded him viciously. He folded his hands prayerfully over his stomach and kept his peace. He couldn't take the infighting any more. Besides, no one would ever take a decision from Edie. She won them all. He wished he had a glass of milk. He thought about it passionately, trying to blot out the waves of panic beating against his insides.

Nanny Gray stared dreamily out of the window. Lately she had been seeking spirituality. First she had tried Scotch, then Yoga, then hormones. If she couldn't turn the other cheek where Edie was concerned, then God help her.

Marty Graham thought about his bills—eighteen thousand lousy dollars' worth. Sylvia, his wife, with her tight, loud mouth, had to have a new fur coat every six months, like some kind of a molting animal. No babies, but two maids and the house on Long Island and one of those funny little foreign cars. If it weren't for Sylvia, he'd tell Edie Markham, the broad, exactly what he thought of her.

Pete Williams—he who knew how to handle women—rose to the occasion. Edie could be handled. You couldn't crowd her, that's all. Otherwise she could be rough. Really rough.

"Edie, dear," he began smoothly, "you couldn't be righter. We've goofed. We've all goofed." He looked severely around the room. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he said. "I'm going to speak for the whole gang. Anybody mind?"

They remained silent. Let him go out on a limb.

"O.K.," he said pompously. "Then this is what I think we all feel. We've goofed and you have every right to chew us out. Business was off—unnecessarily off. However"—here he looked at Edie as if his blood hadn't turned to water—"this is the important point. From here on—we get in and do the job! We advertise, we merchandise, we relate to our public the way you want it done. We relate—or we resign." He sat down and closed his eyes, hoping the faint dew of sweat across his forehead would dry.

Edie swung around in her chair so that her back was to them. She couldn't look at them. They should be fighting her, shouting at her, resenting her out loud. Instead they sat there bleeding (Continued on Page 105)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

Edie probed gently, feeling the nerves jump all around her. "If I'm wrong, I'm ready to be told," she said.

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Adventures of the Freewheeling Priests

A Post editor reports on one of the Catholic Church's most dynamic and controversial orders.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

ROME.

Dominicans don't like it if you refer to them as monks. They are friars. Unlike such cloistered orders as the Trappists and Carthusians, whose life is spent in contemplation, theirs is a mobile and dynamic troop whose major aims are the improvement of the mind and the dissemination of the word. Dominicans, or Friars Preachers, form the intellectual *avant-garde* of Roman Catholic Christianity.

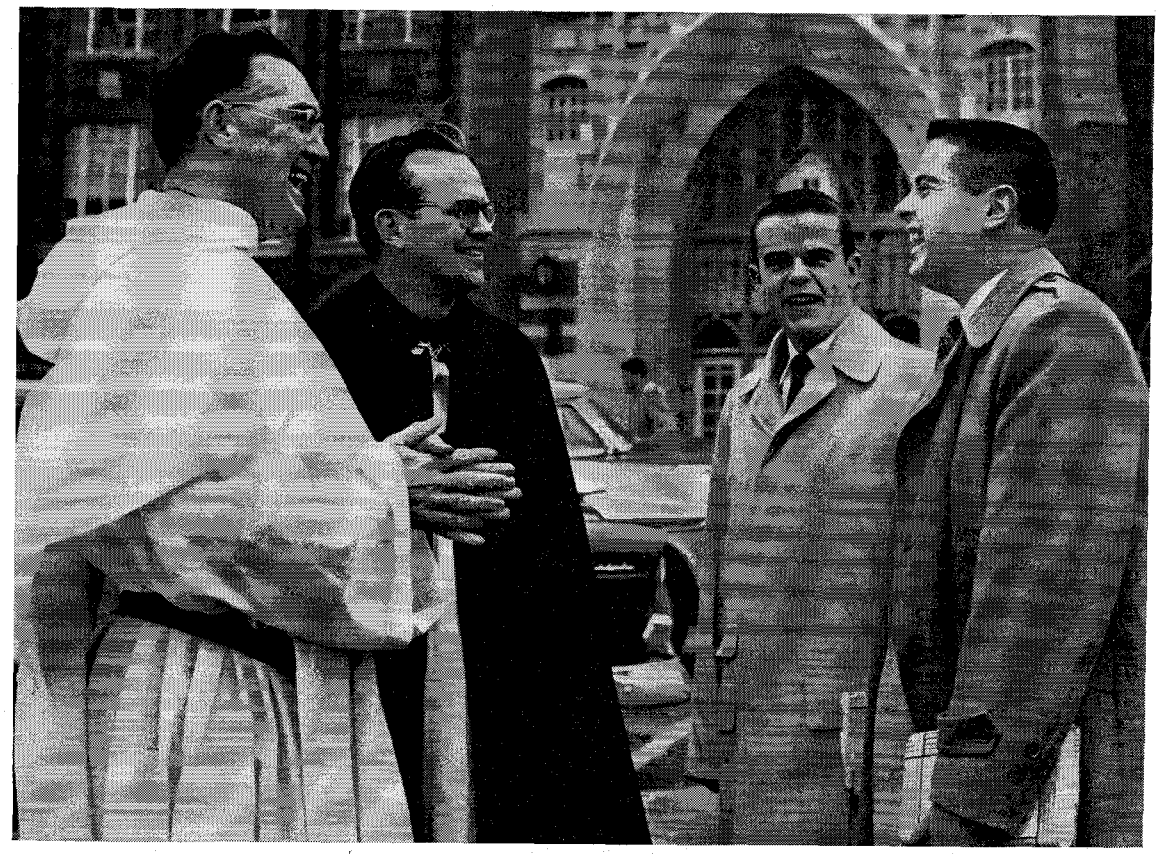
And, like most intellectuals, they've seen their share of trouble. From the founding of the order, 741 years ago, when critics sneered, "The world is their cell, the ocean is their cloister," the white-robed, black-cloaked friars have been in the thick of controversy. Today, they are again the subject of a heated debate which makes some Catholic observers call them the *enfant terrible* of their church. The recent clash between a group of French Dominicans and the Catholic authorities in Rome, in which the French were charged with laxness toward communist ideas, has echoed far beyond the ramparts of Catholicism. Involving basic aspects of the East-West struggle, it is of interest to the Western world in general.

It is of special interest to the United States. Out of the order's far-flung membership of just under 9000, some 1400 are Americans—the largest national contingent. Many of them are ex-servicemen who, seeking a religious life that would permit them to remain in active contact with the world, have joined up during the last decade. Even at its world headquarters in Rome, the ancient convent of Santa Sabina which crowns Aventine Hill, the order has begun to speak with an American accent. Although it is commanded by an Irishman—the Most Reverend Michael Browne—the No. 2 position of procurator general is held by an American, Father Theodore Smith. The syndic general, or treasurer, is likewise an American, Father Martin McDonald. And Father John A. Driscoll, of St. Paul, Minnesota, American assistant to the master general, now looks after the order's important lay auxiliary.

A self-supporting, supranational brotherhood, subject to the supreme authority of the Pope, the order wields considerable influence in its own right. It publishes some 320 periodicals, ranging from intellectual heavyweights such as the Thomist, a speculative quarterly edited in Washington, D.C., to Radio Cinéma Télévision, edited in Paris. It operates such institutions of higher learning as Santo Tomás University, Manila, the Angelicum in Rome, and Providence College in Providence, Rhode Island. Its famous School of Biblical Studies in Jerusalem has just completed, in conjunction with a team of lay experts and writers, a monumental French translation of the Bible, already hailed as an outstanding job of modern research.

No more than 5500 brethren—not quite two thirds of the entire membership—have been ordained as priests and are addressed as "father." They are the shock battalion of the order, and this report will deal exclusively with them. The rest are lay brothers doing manual chores in Dominican establishments, and student brothers preparing for the priesthood.

Fathers as well as lay brothers take solemn vows of lifelong poverty, chastity and obedience. In their priories, they live in cells—which may be anything from a small, barren room to a well-furnished study equipped with telephone, desk, bookshelves, bed and hot running water. They rise at dawn, eat jointly in refectories, observing silence while one of their number reads aloud from a book. At frequent intervals during the day, they recite the Divine Office in choir according to their own



Intellectual headquarters for Dominicans in the U.S. is Providence (R. I.) College.
At left are the Very Rev. Robert Slavin, school president, and the Rev. Richard Danilowicz.

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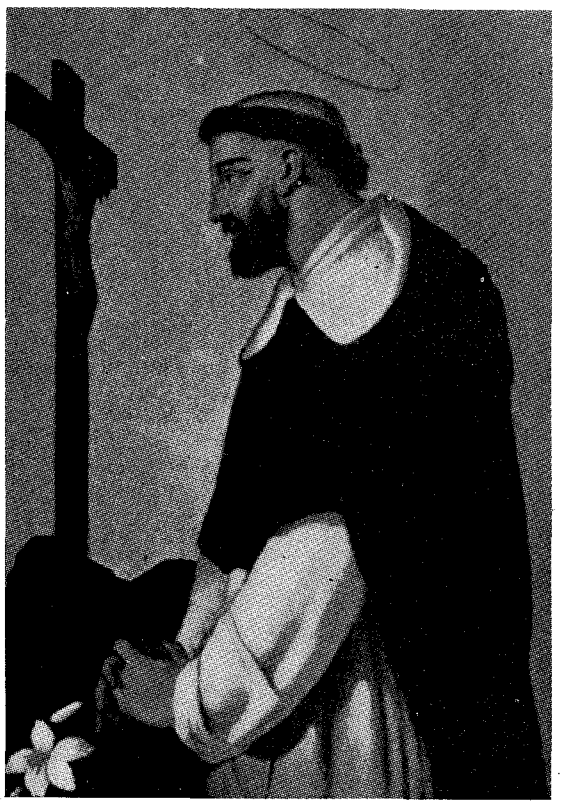
colorful liturgy. The Dominicans have several auxiliaries: a contemplative Second Order of cloistered nuns; a conventual Third Order of Dominican Sisters dedicated to nursing or teaching, whose best-known member was Saint Catherine of Siena, the visionary nun; and the Third Order's secular branch, men and women living in the outside world and aspiring, in their daily lives, to the Dominican ideals.

I have, during the past few months, spent many hours talking with Friars Preachers of various nationalities—Italian, Irish, French, American, Swiss, Spanish—and what at first seemed nothing but a blurry line of close-cropped males assumed, at last, distinctive colors. The order which has, in the past, produced such curiously contrasting figures as the "Angelic Doctor," Saint Thomas Aquinas, and the rather less angelic Torquemada, Inquisitor General, which has spawned savants, missionaries, mystics, artists, and even heretics—this extraordinary family still turns out more than its quota of sharply outlined personalities.

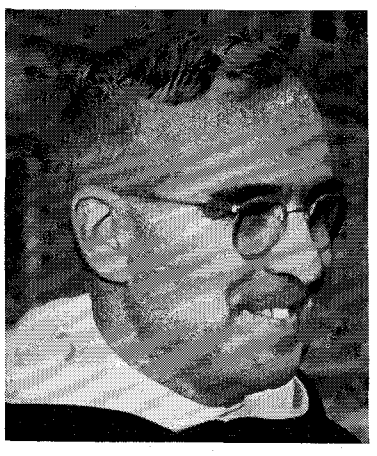
To the outsider looking in, nothing is more revealing than a close view at a Dominican complin service. As friar after friar files briskly from the choir into the dark nave, in the characteristic candlelight procession that terminates the day's observances, it strikes you that these are not the faces of angels or fanatics. These are faces of men troubled by profound and real problems. But for the habit with the hooded cloak, they might be nuclear physicists meeting in the cavernous darkness of the church to make decisions that affect the future of the species.

It takes eight years to make a full-fledged Friar Preacher. Upon his graduation from college—which may or may not be a Dominican institution—the neophyte enters a house for novices, where he receives his first white habit. For a full year he is free to leave. If he decides to stay, he now makes his "profession," taking the "simple" vows which bind him for three years, and transfers to a house of studies to plunge into a stiff, three-year course in philosophy. This done, he is once more welcome to quit—and some do wash themselves out at this point. Those going on take the "solemn" vows, binding for life; make a last will and testament disposing of their worldly goods; and move up to another school for a four-year course in advanced theology.

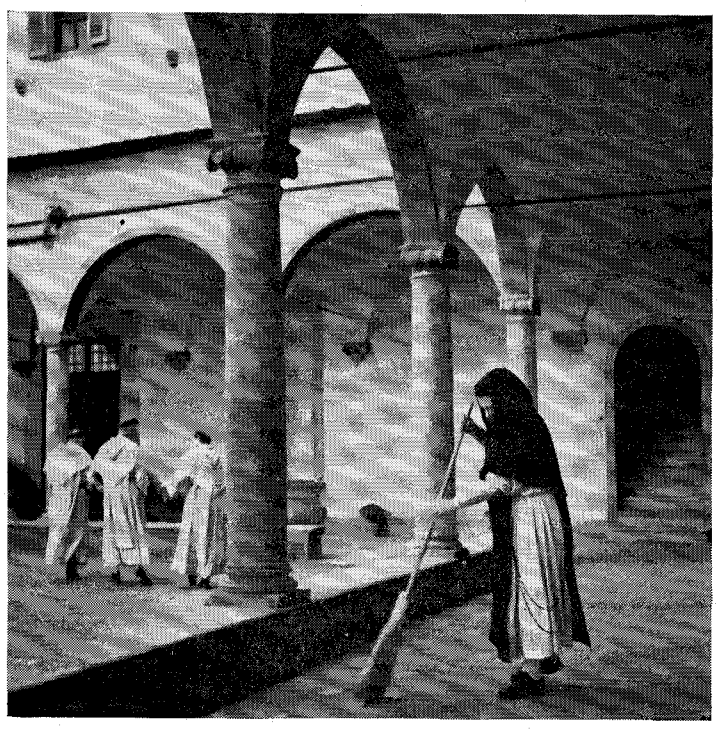
"I was exposed to a good deal of learning," said one young doctor of theology, with a fine sense of understatement. (Continued on Page 99)



St. Dominic founded the order in 1216. His followers were called "invincible pugilists of the Lord."

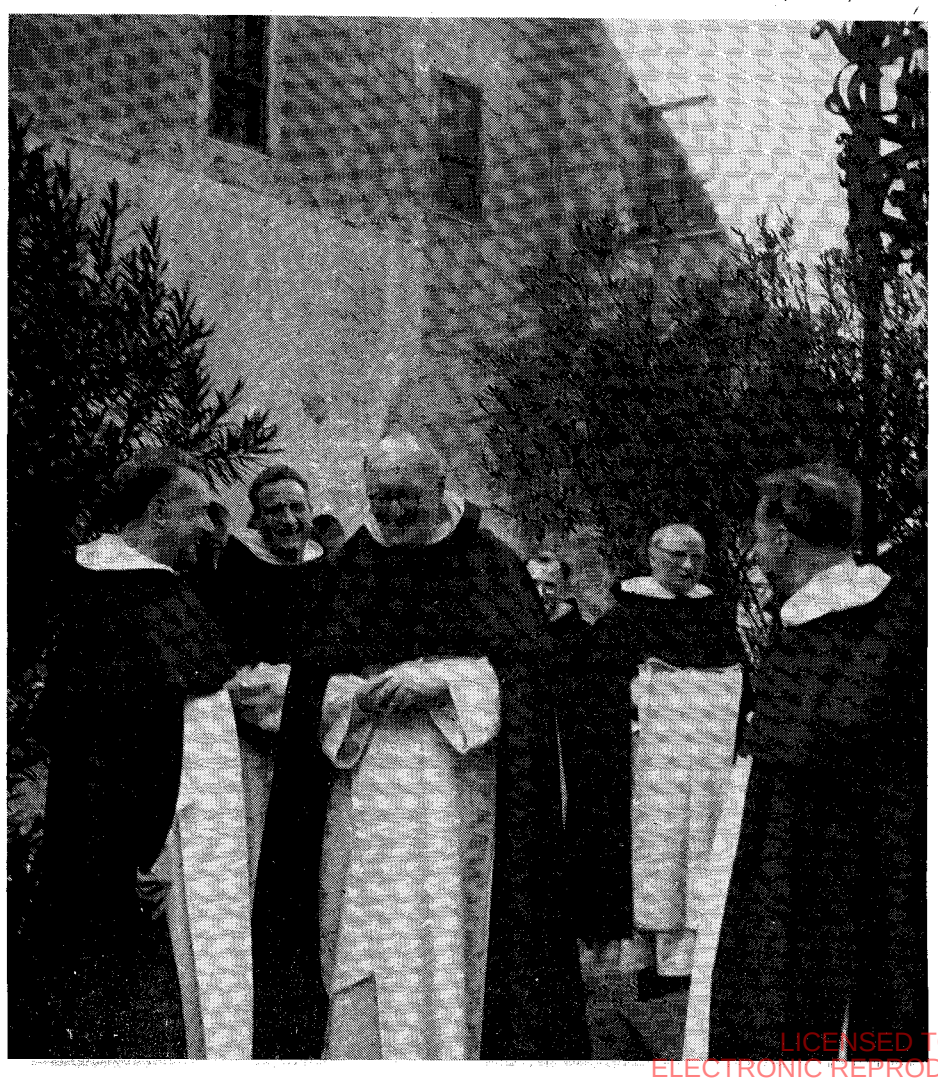


The late Rev. Emanuel Suarez purged French friars who stepped out of line.

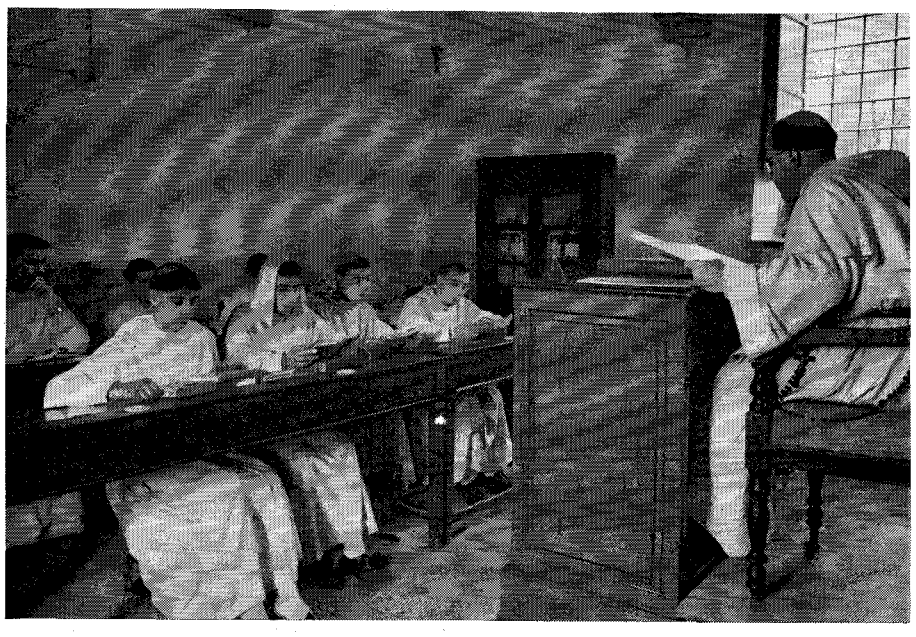


Convent of St. Dominic, near Florence, Italy. "Lay brothers"—not ordained to the priesthood—are assigned the manual chores.

Rome: No. 1 Dominican is a 6′3″ Irishman, the Most Rev. Michael Browne (center).



Philosophy class for novices at St. Dominic's. The tonsure has gone out of style among U.S. friars.



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"Sam," she said softly, "wake up. It's Sally." He opened his eyes, then reached up and touched her face.

BAIT FOR A BACHELOR

Sally knew there was only one way to catch Sam, and it wouldn't be easy.

By HUGH B. CAVE

We were not expecting Sam Thompson that Sunday evening. He'd been invited, of course; you always invited Sam when there'd be unmarried females around, if only to watch them waste their time on him so energetically. But he'd gone to Maine—a fishing trip—and we thought that he'd be getting back too late to drop by.

He buzzed the rear doorbell at eight and laid a five-pound salmon on the kitchen table—a thing of sheerest beauty. "Put it in your freezer," he said. "And come out and help me eat a bigger one tomorrow night, hey?" Cooking was one of Sam's specialties.

"My sister Sally is here from New York," I said, explaining the party. "Come join us."

"In these clothes?"

"What's the matter with those clothes?" I'd given him that handsome wool shirt myself for Christmas, and Midge had knitted the socks he was wearing. "You don't look any sloppier than usual."

"Thanks." He grinned.

"You look bushed," Midge said. "Come in and relax awhile. Everyone knows you except Sally."

Sam said well, all right, he'd stay awhile if we didn't think he'd be in the way, and we took him into the living room. The men shook his hand as though they were glad to see him, which they were, and didn't envy him in the least, which they did. Their wives kidded him good-naturedly about going fishing alone, at which he pulled a long face and said, "Who would I go with?"

The single girls tried not to look self-conscious, each of them having at one time or another made an unsuccessful play for him, and each aware that the others knew it. The one girl Sam had shown an interest in—Dottie Farnham—was not there. She lived in Boston now.

(Continued on Page 76)

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I Don't Want to Lose Your Shirt

By HARRY KAHN, JR., *as told to Milton Lehman*

A busy stockbroker's advice on the current bull market—how much money you need to get started, and what it takes to make a killing . . . maybe.

As a busy stockbroker in these days of nervous prosperity, I like to recall to my customers the words of that great American philosopher, Mark Twain. Considering the stock market of his time, Mr. Twain observed:

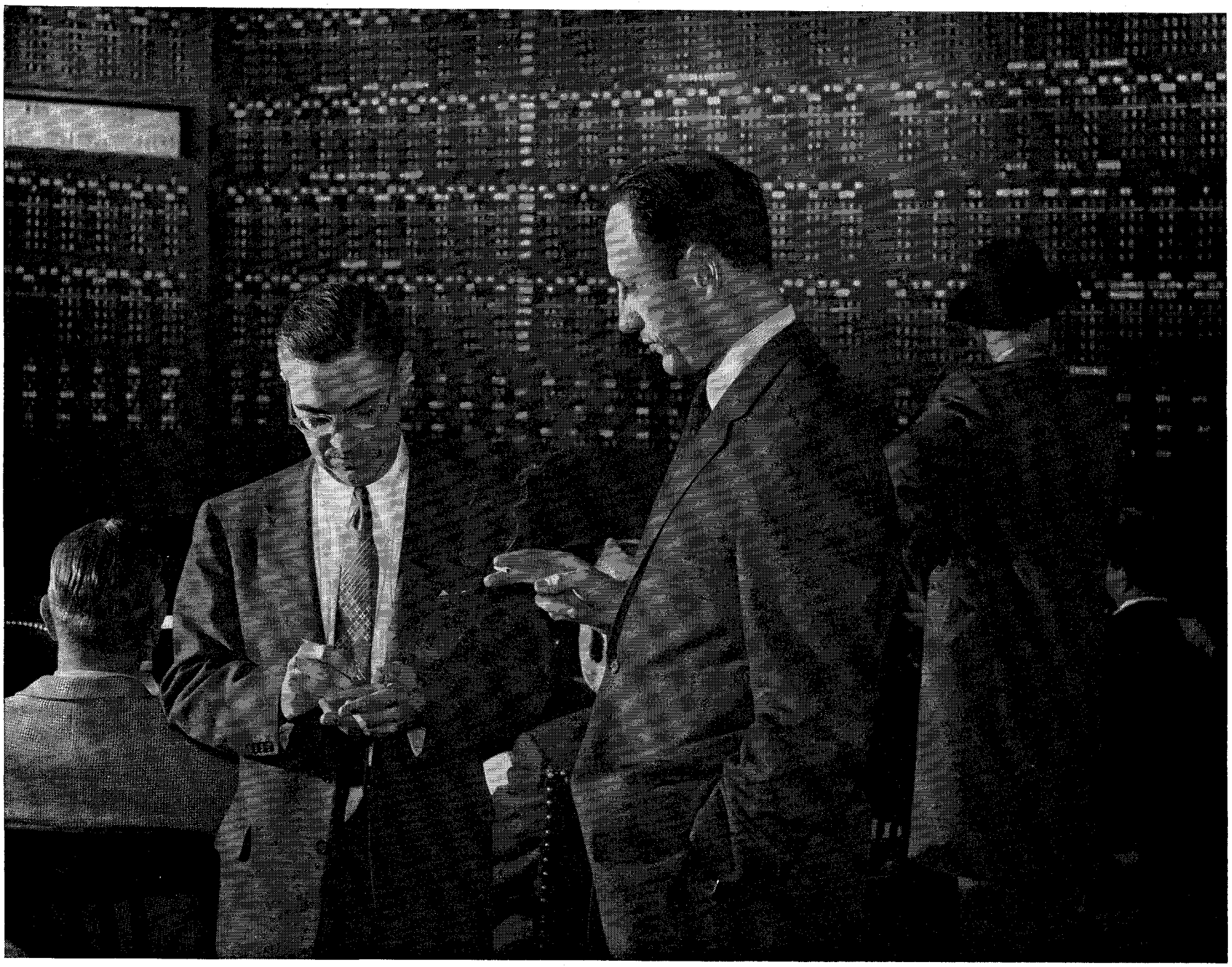
"October. This is one of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks in. The others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August and February."

After better than four years in the brokerage business, however, I'm convinced that my customers are a singularly courageous lot, unpanicked by mere philosophic perils. In every dangerous week of the year they call me on one of my three phones or come to my small rear office in the investment district of Washington, D. C. They ask my advice or give me theirs and then eagerly place at my disposal certain critical sums of money. Neither a conservative counselor like Mark Twain nor myself could possibly keep them out of the current bull market.

The stock market is now, of course, at an all-time peak. Stock prices are considerably higher than in the days preceding—if you'll pardon the expression—the great crash of 1929. As I prepare this treatise, the Dow, Jones averages are over 500—when I started in 1952, Dow, Jones stood at 272. Buy and sell orders raise a paper cloud over Wall Street; customers' enthusiasm is downright upsetting. For the conscientious broker and his eager clients, these are times of risk and high emotion.

Of course, I wouldn't try to keep my customers out of the market today any more than I would discourage the salmon from swimming upstream. My wisest investors are experienced swimmers, who feel perfectly at ease among corporate statements and balance sheets. They enjoy reading the Wall Street Journal, the Journal of Commerce and Standard & Poor's intensive reports. They know the difference between (Continued on Page 113)

"My profession and my pleasure is to help my customers make money," says the author (left). "But the stock market is no sailor's snug harbor."



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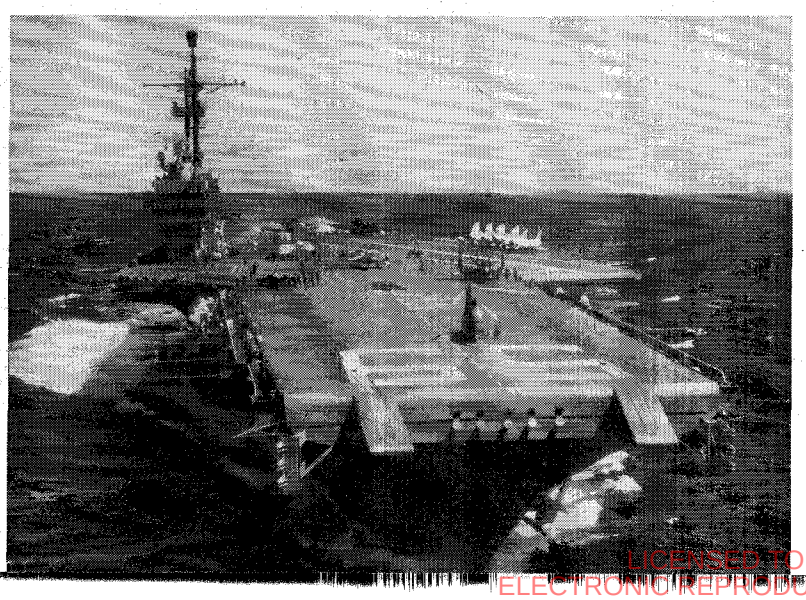
A squadron of FJ-3 Furies flies cover on the Forrestal, a "movable base" and part of our answer to Russia's growing fleet of intercontinental bombers.

The U.S.S. Forrestal can hurl H-bombs from midocean and launch a swarm of supersonic fighters in minutes. But some critics claim that this $198,000,000 ship is really just a sitting duck. A report from on board the

Mighty Monster of the High Seas

By FRANK HARVEY

Her four-acre flight deck is big enough to handle the new A3D Skywarrior, a twin-jet bomber that can deliver an H-bomb to a target 1500 miles away.



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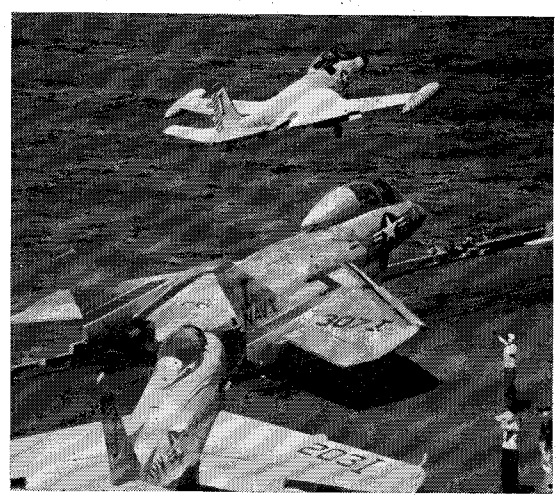
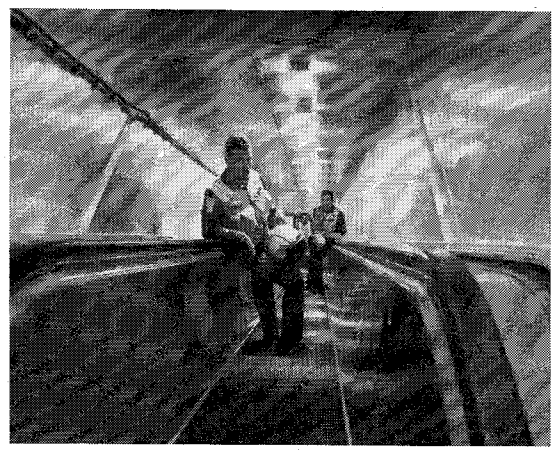
The Forrestal's Capt. Roy Johnson (right) with the Chief of Naval Operations Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, who helped preserve the aircraft carrier in the hectic 1949 Air Force vs. Navy battle.

A Banshee fighter-bomber, fired into the air from one of the Forrestal's catapults.





Escalator service on the high seas, from ready room to flight deck.

The Navy's first atomic-age carrier, the U.S.S. Forrestal, her flight deck stacked with jets, rode at anchor in Guantánamo Bay, Cuba. Even ex-Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, who "sank" this giant in the shipyards when the Truman Administration was pinching pennies on military hardware, might have felt a tingle at the sight. Here certainly was the most impressive warship ever to join the fleet: five blocks long, a block wide, twenty-five stories high from keel to mast tip, a floating, fighting city—population 3500. She had cost the taxpayers $198,000,000, and if you believed the Navy, she was worth every penny of it.

No need to steam close inshore with the Forrestal to deliver puny blockbusters with old-fashioned prop-driven airplanes. This ship could hurl H-bombs deep into an enemy country at sonic speed, from midocean. She was a mobile airstrip with a speed above thirty knots—better than thirty-four land miles an hour. All of which, said the Navy, made the U.S.S. Forrestal the deadliest ship on the high seas.

Critics, of course, had their objections to the Forrestal, and all her sisters—the Saratoga, now fitting out to join the fleet; the Ranger and Independence, taking shape in dockyards; and the CVA-63, only a keel so far, and nameless. The critics asked: What about submarines? The Russians were reported to have 400 of them. What about land-based jets? Thirty knots is like standing still when you are being chased by something which moves at near the speed of sound. The critics asked whether the ships in the Forrestal class were really rough customers or enormous sitting ducks, crammed with atomic eggs, which, if touched off by bomb or torpedo, could make the Hiroshima mushroom look like a cigarette smoke ring.

To get firsthand answers to these questions, I now stood inside the Forrestal's hangar deck, somewhat blinded by the sun dazzle on Guantánamo Bay. The place was full of planes, jigsawed into every foot of space. There were sleek little FJ-3 Furies, painted white with yellow speed lines along their fuselages. There were dark-blue Banshee fighter-bombers with red-and-white-striped tails. There were radar picket planes with bulbous domes sprouting from their bellies. Up forward, in the shadows, loomed the high shapes of the AJ-2's, the largest shipboard bombers in operational service.

"The old girl isn't as young as she used to be," the Navy guide said, pointing at an AJ-2. "But she can still lug a big bomb a hell of a long way."

"How far?"

"Our pilots have flown across the Atlantic Ocean."

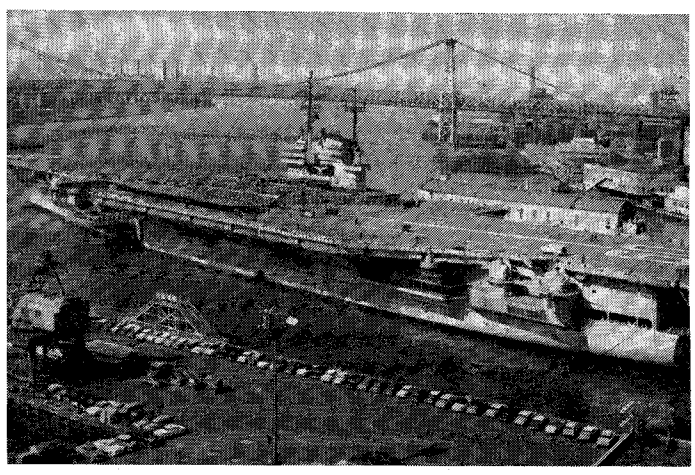
"Do you think they'd let me fly off the Forrestal?"

"I wouldn't know. You'd have to ask Commander Libbey. He's boss of the AJ outfit."

The guide showed me to my room on the 0-3 deck and left me alone with the air-conditioning, Pullman bunk, foam-rubber mattress, private safe, hot-and-cold running water, and indirect lighting. I'd read in the official information bulletin that "no ship ever had such facilities and comforts as the Forrestal's crew will enjoy," and they were not joking. If the ship is as tough as she is comfortable, the enemy had better look out. In the bulletin, of course, it said the Forrestal was very tough. She had 1240 watertight compartments against a mere 750 for the Essex Class carriers, our prize flattops in World War II. There were even special inner hulls known as "torpedo-defense bulkheads" which gave the Forrestal unprecedented protection against torpedoes.

It did not specify what kind of torpedoes. Whether these inner hulls would hold against a fish with an atomic warhead was anybody's guess. But the man who should know most about this mighty vessel's combat capability was her skipper, Capt. Roy L. Johnson, and that evening I asked him.

"I would like to say one thing positively," Captain Johnson said. "Carriers of the Forrestal class—and the other big ones too—should be kept at sea, steaming, as much as possible. Nobody expects a sneak attack—but nobody expected one at Pearl—and we had one. Keep the big boys at sea. The Forrestal can cruise thirty (Continued on Page 116)



Soon to join the fleet is the Forrestal's sister ship, the Saratoga, shown at her commissioning last April.

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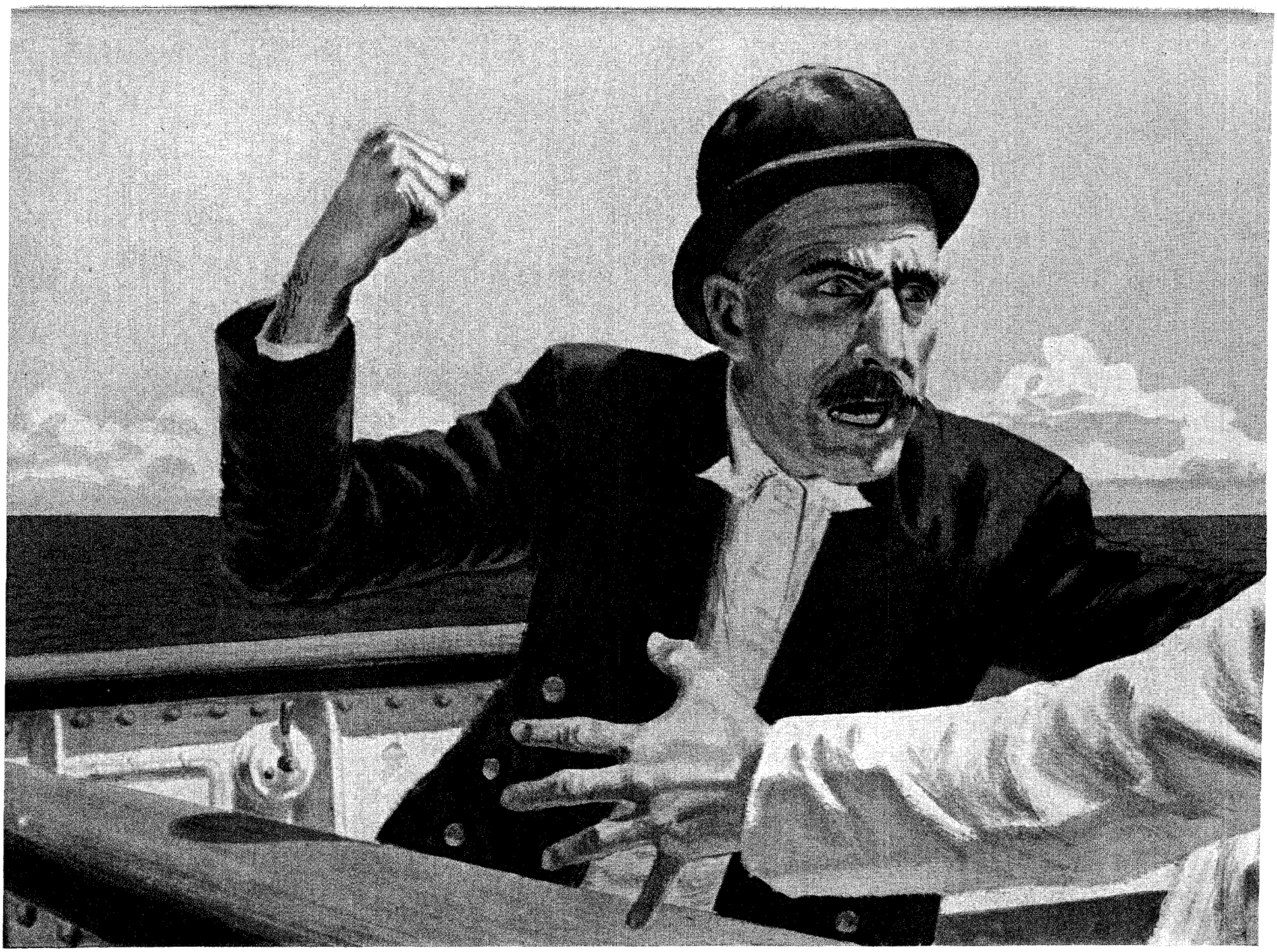

In one quick stride Mr. Gallup was on him, flaming fury in his patient, deep-set eyes.

Was Belial Gallup crazy, threatening the captain in front of the ship's company?

The Mutiny of Mr. Gallup

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

Soft music floated through the crowded dining room of Port Carib's Antilles Hotel and out upon the warm, still, tropic night. Through the wide windows was a vista of moonlit sea, and below the gardens the lights of the town made glamorous what, by day, was a tangle of streets redolent of tobacco, molasses and rum. And Mr. Belial Gallup, recent third mate of the small British tramp steamer Jaipur Prince, sat back, replete and still dazed by his unexpected good fortune.

"It's a ne'ven on earth," he sighed blissfully, and ran a forefinger around the collar band of his new white uniform, the shoulder boards of which were adorned with the gold stripes of a master mariner. "It reely, reely is!"

Mr. Bleeker, his host, suspended his wine-glass halfway to his ruddy, good-humored face and shot an amused glance at his rotund and diamond-bedecked wife. Then: "What's a heaven on earth, Mr.—er—Captain Gallup?" he asked indulgently.

"All this here, sir," said Mr. Gallup reverently, waving the stub of a fine Havana. "The wittles, the music, the beer aflowin' like wine, ye might say ——"

"It isn't beer, it's champagne," said Mrs. Bleeker. "And enough they charge for the stuff here too!"

"Now, ma!" said Mr. Bleeker; then, again to Mr. Gallup: "You were saying ——"

"Cigars an' champagne, and me wid a fine new job—w'y, I couldn't be happier," Mr. Gallup continued with gratitude, "not if I wos a cherubim astrummin' on a narp!"

"But knocking about the world like you have, I'd have thought ——"

"Not this sort o' life, sir," said Mr. Gallup, wagging his shaggy head. "Third mate of a

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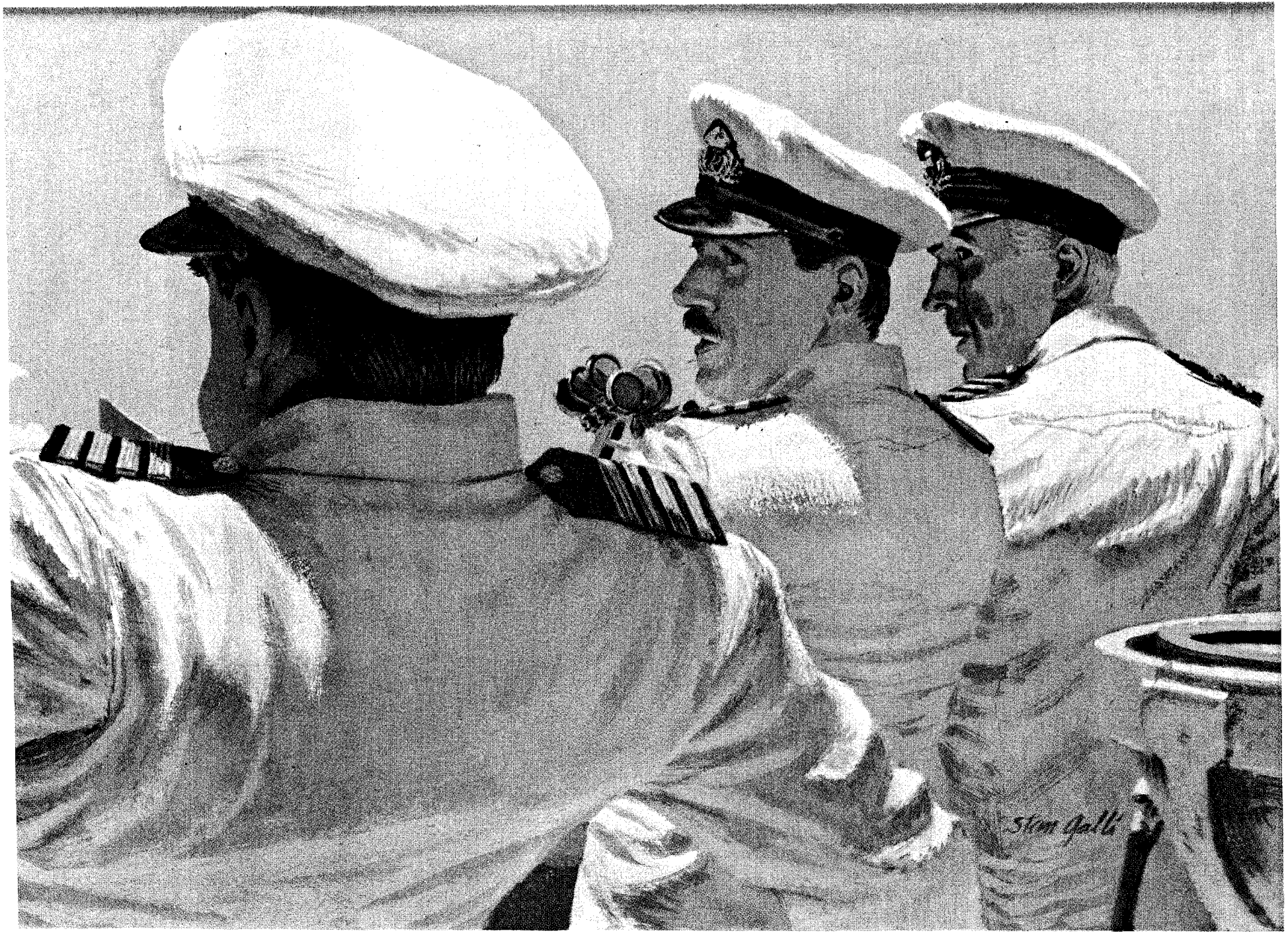


Illustrated by Stan Galli

tramp's fort'nit to have soles to his boots when he's got a fambly to keep. Seven bonny sprats an' a wife name of Iris," he said proudly, and dug out a shabby wallet. "Here's pitchers of 'em, Mrs. Bleeker. . . . See, that's little Nanny Lou. An' them behind the cat is Aurora an' Borealis. They're twins. Then there's ——"

"Charming, Captain Gallup. My husband told me about them," said Mrs. Bleeker, after the briefest of looks. "Wouldn't you care to—to dance?"

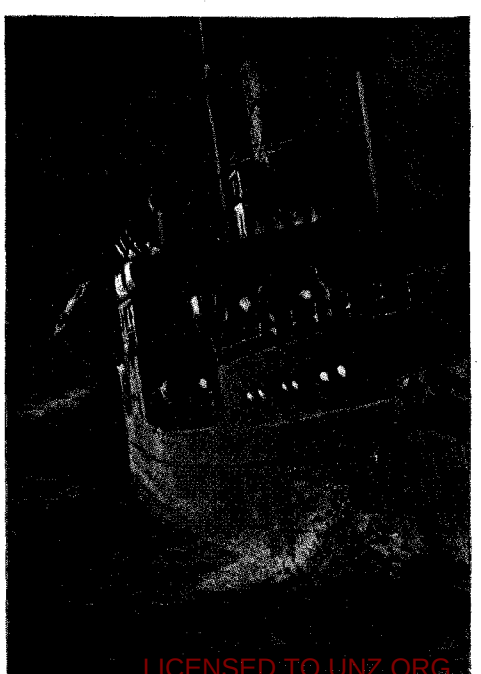
"Me dance, ma'am?" said Mr. Gallup, reluctantly stowing his snapshots away. "W'y, dancin' wid me would be like—ho-ho!—like caworting wid a drunken tailor wid two left legs! But you two go ahead. I'd be proud to watch."

"Have a fresh cigar, then," said Mr. Bleeker; and, heaving his bulk upright, he escorted his equally portly helpmeet to the dance floor, where, to the twinkling accompaniment of her many diamonds, they executed a chaste mambo, while Mr. Gallup, lighting the new Havana, and with automatic frugality slipping the butt of the other into his jacket pocket, relaxed in his chair and, puffing luxuriously, allowed his bemused thoughts to wander back to the events that had culminated in his present, incredible status.

Initially, it was the heat which was responsible. That humid, oppressive tropic blanket which lay over the Jaipur Prince all the way up from Bahia; day after day of dead-calm sea throwing back the sun's brassy glare; the tiny cabins becoming, despite the porthole wind scoops, each a sweat bath in which sleep or rest was impossible, while the oily, superheated vapors of the engine room hung over the vessel like a fetid miasma.

Inevitably, tempers grew short in such an atmosphere. Little annoyances were magnified; small personal traits grew unbearable; the most innocuous comment earned a tart reply with violence on its edge.

Mr. Gallup broke away from the captain, and jumped over the side.



It was during the shooting of the noonday sights, the day before they made Port Carib, that it happened, with the ship's officers assembled on the bridge and wearing uniforms of tropic white. All, that is, except Mr. Gallup, who, since he did not own any whites, was in his customary shabby uniform of heavy serge with, upon his head, the battered old hard hat that he had worn for years, ashore and afloat. And when Captain Sloan, the vessel's plump little master, fundamentally benevolent, but irascible at times, appeared on the bridge, an expression of intense loathing jumped into his eyes.

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Gallup!" he roared, his tomato-red face sweating rage. "Do you have to be bundled up like some repulsive, blubber-gnawing Eskimo? I've told you time and again about wearing whites! But ——"

"I'm wery sorry, sir," replied Mr. Gallup. "If I had whites I'd wear 'em. But I don't, so I wear wot I've got. Unless," he emitted a conciliatory pleasantry, "ye'd rather see me astanding here in me—ho-ho-ho!—me buff!"

"None of your insolence!" bellowed Captain Sloan. "You know company regulations!"

"I've got a growin' fambly, sir," returned Mr. Gallup mildly, "and mebbe if company regulations fattened me pay check a bit, I could afford to ——"

"Your 'fambly'!" the shipmaster exploded. "You've worn (Continued on Page 60)

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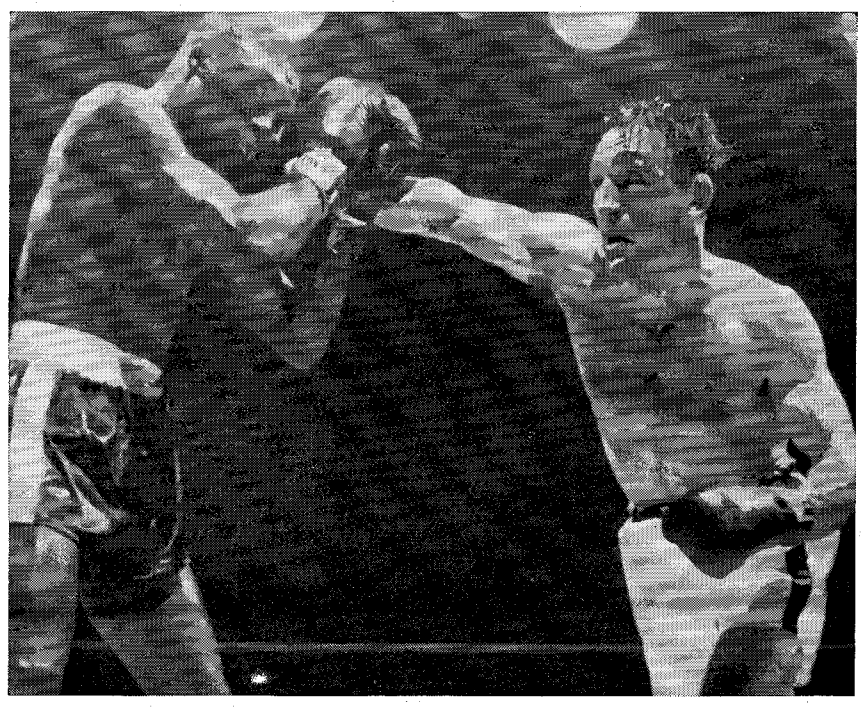
When the author cracked down on the Guild, promoters Tex Sullivan and Willie Gilzenberg (above) tried, without success, to shift their operations to Baltimore.



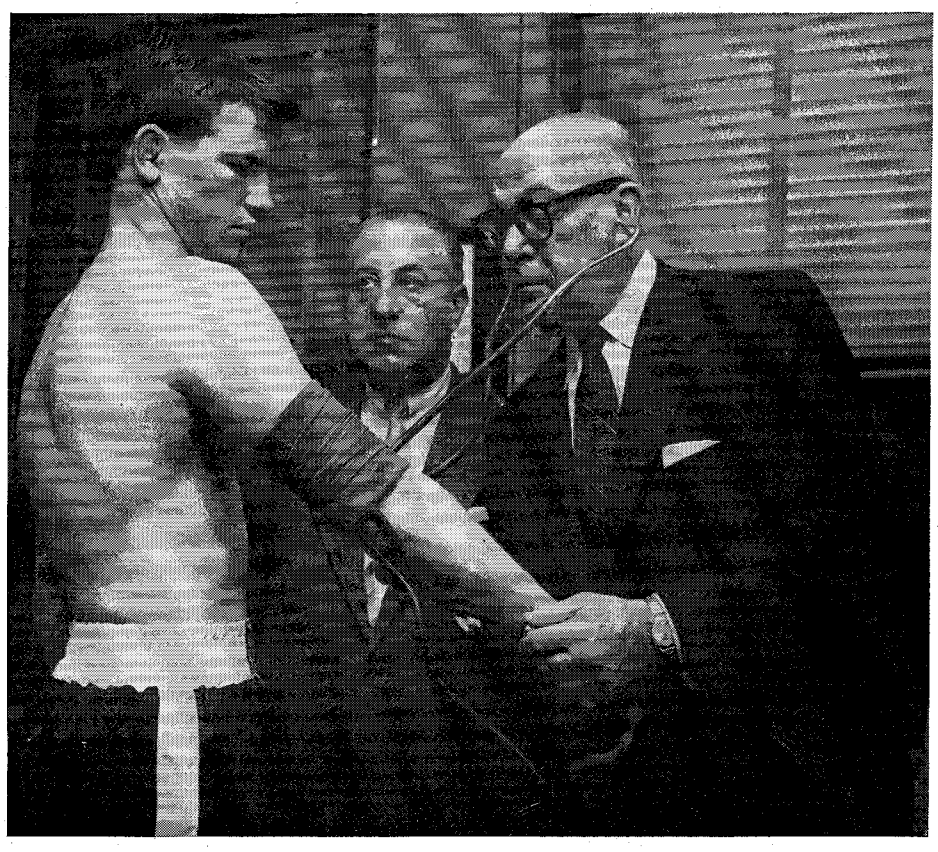
Chicago: Johnny Saxton (left) regained his title from Carmen Basilio three months ago. Saxton is barred in New York until he separates from manager Blinky Palermo.

My Battle With The Fight Mob

By JULIUS HELFAND,

as told to Barney Nagler

The author describes his showdown struggle with the Boxing Guild, and tells how he handled the notorious Blinky Palermo and Frankie Carbo.



Welterweight Gene Poirier is examined by Dr. Samuel Swetnick. "It isn't enough to safeguard the boxers physically," says the author (center). "We must also safeguard them morally."

CONCLUSION

When we set out in New York to clean up the fight game, our first big job was to find out what was wrong with it. Probing as we did into abuses that mostly went on under cover, it took us many months to pinpoint the trouble. Then came the bigger question of whether we could do anything about it. We reached the showdown stage at the start of this year, and for four tense days the result was very much in doubt.

The situation had been building to a climax since May of 1955, when, after several months of preliminary investigation, I opened a formal State Athletic Commission inquiry on boxing conditions in New York. I've related how our hearings not only brought out a number of evils but also made it clear that most of these evils had a common source.

The heart of the problem was this. Control of the fight game in New York had fallen into the hands of a small group of men who pulled all the important strings. It was these self-appointed rulers, rather than our lawfully constituted boxing commission, who had the real say on whether a fighter or manager could work in New York. They, and not the promoters and matchmakers, were determining who got the choice bouts. They were blacklisting some fighters and managers, and cutting in on the earnings of others.

These unsavory practices were centered in the local chapter of the International Boxing Guild, a managers' organization which was in the grip of the all-powerful few. We decided that our best hope of breaking their stranglehold on the fight game was to wipe out the entire Guild setup. If we were merely to forbid certain Guild practices and suspend some of the Guild ringleaders, that would not be enough to open boxing to free and fair competition. This was why we issued a decision on December 12, 1955, outlawing the Boxing Guild of New York, and giving its members until January 16, 1956, to resign or lose their managers' licenses.

I knew this was a make-or-break step. Any of three things could happen: First, the Guild ringleaders might (Continued on Page 142)

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What Did I Do, Dear?

He understood bricks and nails and cement—but he never would understand this woman.

By WILLIAMS FORREST

It was Saturday, about noontime, and it was raining outside. The rain didn't matter to Con and his two brothers. The kitchen was a pleasant place to be, and the beer had been good, and there was more of it to come.

But now, hunger had arisen. Con saw it on his brothers' big faces, and he felt it deep in his flat, tight belly. He tapped the muscles of his belly with a long, powerful hand, and yelled, "Mira, Mira!" His voice bawled. All three brothers had lusty, crude voices. And all three of them yelled when it suited them. Especially did they yell at one another, at employees—they were a small house-contracting outfit and worked ten men—and at their wives and children. Nobody seemed to mind the yelling, not even the kids. The Janfres shouted with good will. And the good will never came to a blow unless their shouts went unanswered and without good reason.

Con yelled, "Mira!" And listened, hushing his brothers, who were arguing about who had made a bum deal on cement.

Their business conferences were held in one house or the other, on rainy days or Sundays. There was no routine to the selection of the place.

However, there was routine in the way the conference was handled. All wives but the one that belonged in the house were disposed of. Second, all children were disposed of. Third, two cases of beer and a lot of extra food were put in the refrigerator.

The wife left with them was on order at all times. Usually she did not mind. The brothers always paid her with huge, fond hugs. They looked alike—lean but brawny, with dark, wild hair and dark, wild, shrewd eyes.

Now, the kitchen was loaded with cigar smoke. Two parakeets were screaming and beating on bells and tin mirrors. Con was yelling for Mira.

"Oh, brother," said Con, and shoved back his chair. He was not talking about Lou or Jim. The "Oh, brother" was for Mira. He clenched a big fist as if ready to belt her. He never had belted her, but his brothers and their wives and his friends did not know that. Con did not want to be considered odd.

He turned to push through the swinging door to the dining-and-living room. He was the only brother who had insisted on a kitchen door. The others (Continued on Page 119)

He felt a wince, deep in him, as if he had been slapped.

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Wedding-gown "doctors" Harry and Fred Shure examine a wedding veil that a bride inherited from her grandmother. They will clean the veil—valued at $5000—so the bride can wear it with her new gown.

On the most important day of a girl's life, she often wears her grandma's dress. Here's how it's made to look new by these clever

Friends of the Bride

By Rufus Jarman

On an unfortunate afternoon some months ago, a young bride-to-be fled into the plant of the Le Boeuf Company in East Orange, New Jersey, with hysteria in her eyes and what looked to be a soiled old rag clutched to her breast. The Le Boeuf Company is one of the two firms in the country that specialize in "processing and preserving" wedding gowns, and the miserable fabric the girl held was what was left of the new dress in which she had expected to be married the next day. The garment had been mangled in this awful manner:

In a mood of happy anticipation, the young woman had put her gown on the kitchen table to sew beads around the neckline. About that time, her boxer dog, Gus, sighted a cat

The "something old" in this bridal outfit is the expertly restored heirloom lace which fringes the fashionable present-day gown.

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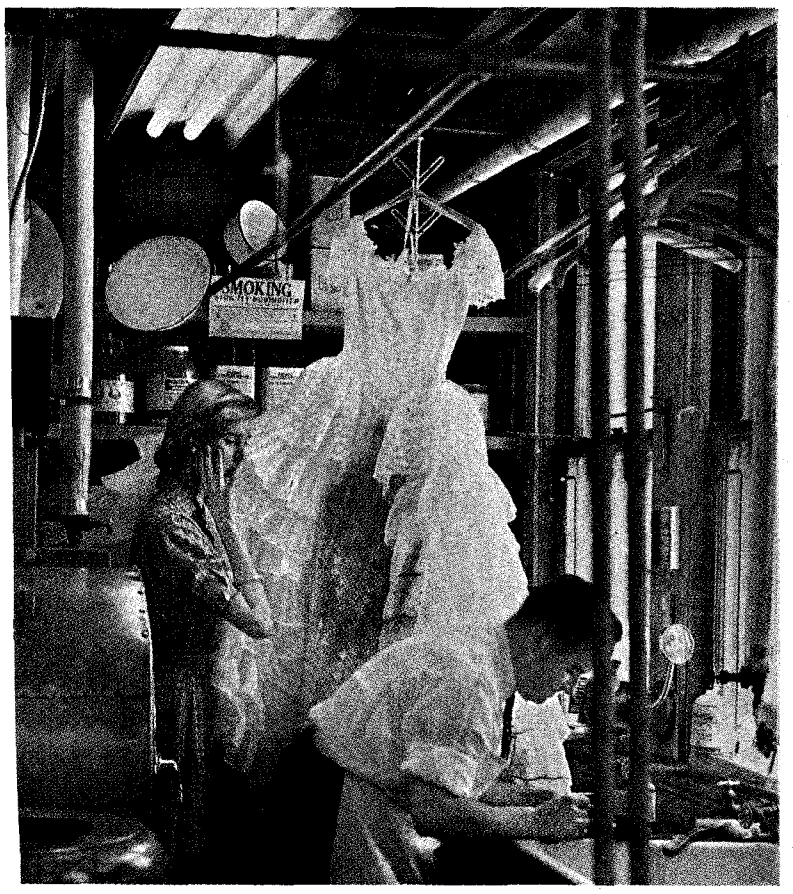


At his New Jersey plant, gown specialist John Van Drill works to remove an ancient wine stain. A model plays the part of the anxious bride-to-be.

Van Drill and an assistant adjust the refurbished gown and give it a final inspection. Van Drill feels that when he's working on a bride's gown, he's working on a little piece of her soul.

across the street and took off in a flash. As Gus shot past the table, the gown caught in the buckle of his collar and was whisked through the screen door, down the steps and along the street. The dress finally came to rest a block away in a wet gutter. When the sobbing owner picked it up, the dress was badly torn, the beads were missing and the white satin and lace were saturated with filth and covered with large brown stains. Fortunately, the young woman lived not far from Le Boeuf's. She ran in, yelling for action.

John Van Drill, president of Le Boeuf, worked on the gown most of that night with six helpers. Dirt and grease were removed with carbon tetrachloride and oleic acid. Next the gown was dry-cleaned. The firm's lacemaker remade the torn rose point. A fancy seamstress reshaped the pleats and removed tears in the satin. An oil sizing with a plastic base was sprayed on the dress to restore its body and luster. Finally, it was pressed with a number of oddly shaped steam irons. When the young woman was married the next day, nobody could tell that her gown had been dragged down the street by a dog.

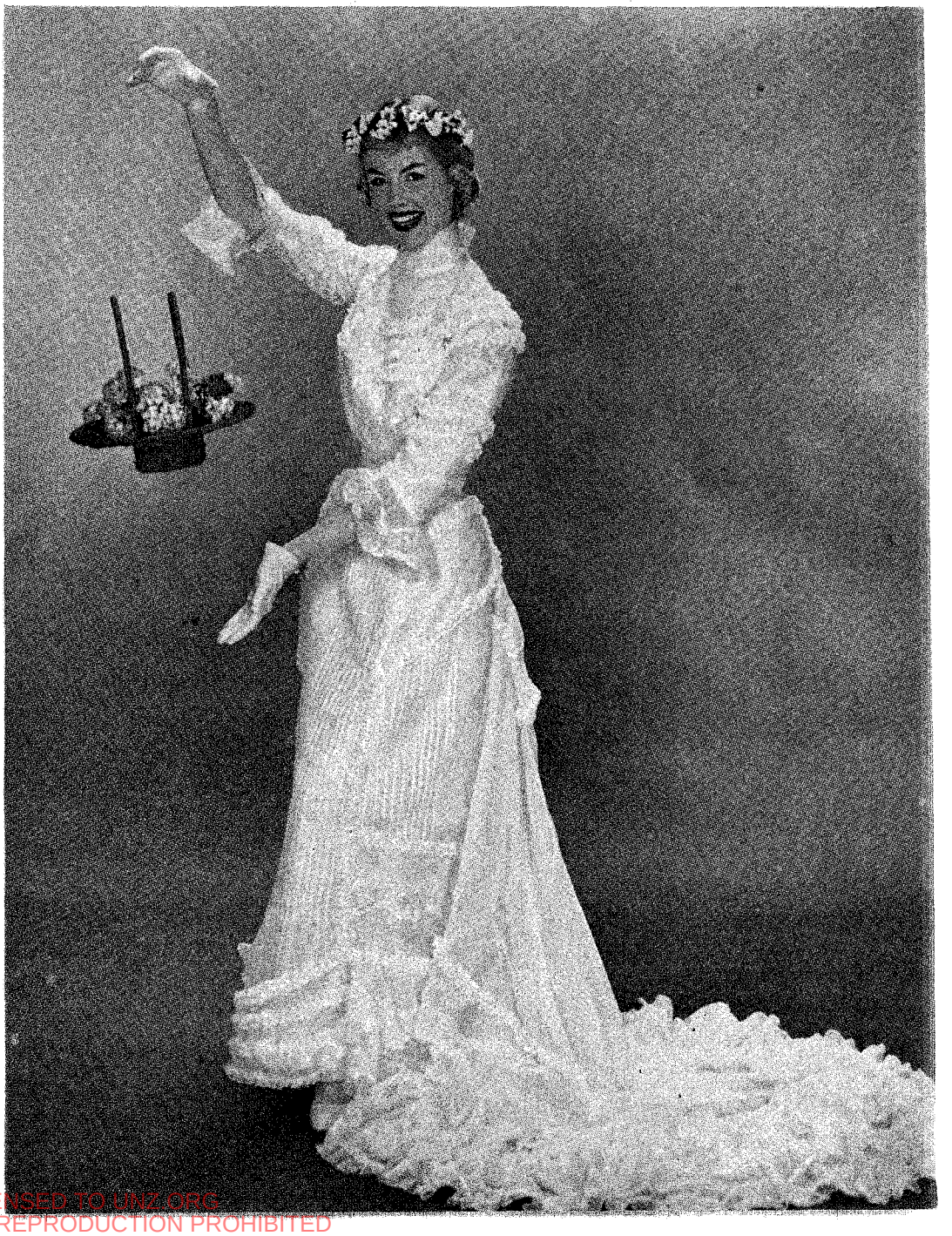
Van Drill is a stubby, forty-three-year-old man of Dutch descent, with sharp eyes and a short haircut. His place of business is a weather-beaten, two-story, frame edifice of mid-nineteenth-century vintage, resembling somewhat an old-time general store. The place is crammed with rows and rows of wedding gowns on high hangers. They come from every state and many foreign countries, and are in various degrees of restoration. Most of these gowns have suffered nothing worse than the ravages of a wedding and reception, but that's often enough to dismay the owners.

Besides cleaning and repairing gowns, the Le Boeuf firm "preserves" them. In this process they are treated with vermin-killing gases and hermetically sealed in transparent cases. Thus, a bride may display her wedding gear to friends and relatives the way that ancient armor and battle banners are exhibited in the Tower of London. This method, Van Drill points out, is a vast improvement over the old way of storing wedding gowns—boxing them in cardboard and storing them in an attic to await mice, moths, silverfish, dry rot and mildew.

(Continued on Page 52)

Photographs by H. Landshoff

A special treatment rehabilitated this frilly turn-of-the-century treasure for a third generation of service. Before it was processed, the gown was rust-brown from age and exposure.



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The cop was struck down by a speeding car. Accident—or murder?

Midnight Kill

By WILLIAM FAY

When Fogarty got to his office at half past ten in the morning, carrying his breakfast in a paper bag, the door was unexpectedly unlatched. A girl named Sarah Kearney sat in the guest chair next to his desk, looking at him with what he at first interpreted to be blithe superiority. It was no way to look at Fogarty in his present mood or at this stage of his new career.

"Good morning, counselor," Miss Kearney said.

"How are you?" His response was cautious. It was the first time they had met to speak in several years, or since the occasion when, as a policeman, he had almost locked her up for obstructing traffic willfully. "Do you carry a set of keys?" he said. "Or do you float over transoms like cigar smoke?"

"The superintendent let me in. I told him I had been sitting on the stairs for forty minutes." She looked at him joylessly. "Your paper bag is dripping," she said.

"Let it drip."

He didn't wish to be unpleasantly hostile, but she was here, like some polished apple out of Eden, and Fogarty, a principled man, felt entitled to self-defense. He found that his pride, much more than his privacy, was being dynamited by her presence. He had a container of coffee and a jelly doughnut in the bag. The tilted container was partly empty now and the doughnut looked like a wet, soggy softball. It punished him to know she'd had the opportunity to gape around his office and conclude from first-hand evidence that, in addition to being a recently defeated candidate for public office, he was strictly a five-and-ten-cent counselor at law. The do-it-yourself testimony of a paint can in one corner and his old pants on a hook did not indicate prosperity any more than did his obvious lack of a secretary. He dropped the soggy doughnut into a receptacle.

"You care for some coffee?"

"No, thank you, Joe."

It seemed to him she had a nerve to call him "Joe," as though he were still a cop on the corner of Main and Sheridan streets and she was breezing by in one of her old man's Mohawk V's, those four-to-six-thousand-dollar items (f.o.b. Detroit), for which they had the exclusive agency in town. He felt like reminding her a man doesn't go to college and law school for a couple of thousand nights to have some dumpling, after years of nose-in-the-air indifference, give him that "Joe" stuff with a patronizing smile.

"I suppose you came here for a reason?"

"A perfectly legitimate one," she said. Then, very seriously, "Angelo Amato is in trouble."

Fogarty leaned forward, resting his arms on the desk. Something prompted him to say the next, unnecessary thing. "Before you go any further, I'm on Angelo's side."

She looked at him coolly. "Don't be so aggressive."

"I'll be what I have to be."

"Just because you lost an election," she said.

"Never mind the election."

Her simple statement, "Angelo Amato is in trouble," was a phrase he hadn't heard in a long, almost forgotten time. Angelo, who worked for the Kearney Mohawk Agency, was an ex-petty hoodlum, long reformed. Fogarty would not deny that Angelo had a hold on his affections that a Stillson wrench or a bond of blood could not more firmly secure.

"What kind of trouble is Angelo in?"

"I don't know. He wouldn't tell me."

"Then how do you know he's in any trouble at all?"

"The way he looked, the way he acted when he came in at half past eight this morning. He was pale as bread and I'm sure he hadn't slept. He'd cut himself below the elbow of his right arm and there was a soiled bandage around it. I tried to send him home."

"Are you running the agency now?"

"In my father's absence, yes. He's in New Mexico on vacation."

"Is that so?" Fogarty said. As a man of disciplined good manners, he did not suggest it was a good place for her father to be—out where the Indians might teach him to keep his big mouth shut—especially in matters of local politics. "Tell me more about Angelo," he said. "Couldn't the guy just have had a bad night? Tied one on?"

"It wasn't that simple. He was troubled and evasive. All he said was 'I'll go to see Fogarty, but not right now.' He doesn't know I'm here, but that's why I came. I called his wife on your phone, if you'll forgive me. All Rose did was weep and fail to make sense. Now—is that my imagining?"

"M'm-m-m," said Fogarty. "I don't like this at all."

"He'll talk to you. The Lord knows why, but you're the only hero Angelo has. The least you could do is come back to the shop."

"I can't go now. I'm going over to Maxim's Funeral Home—pay my respects to the cop who got killed out on Manion Road."

"You mean Eddie Bernstein?"

"That's right. Bernstein, the detective. He was a friend of mine. I worked with him when he was a patrolman." (Continued on Page 136)

Illustrated by Robert Moore

"They forced him to help them," Rose told Fogarty.

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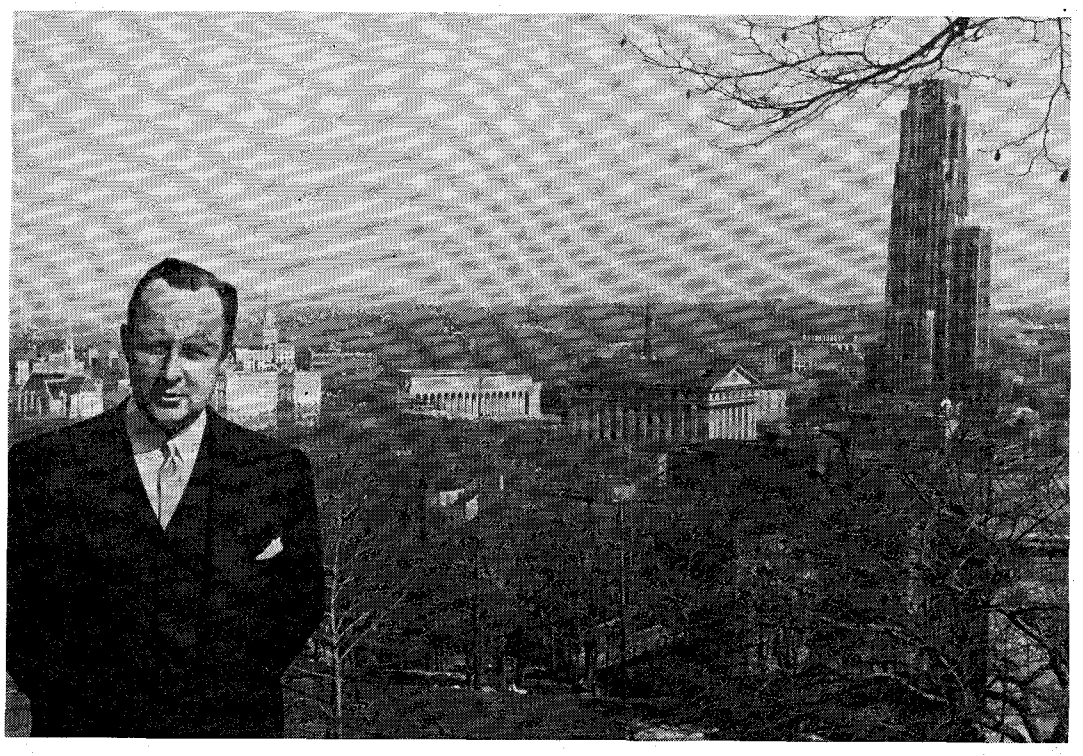

Litchfield and his university are two key elements of the "Pittsburgh Renaissance." The 42-story Cathedral of Learning dominates the campus.

The Schenley Park Hotel and apartments have been taken over for use as school offices, student union and men's dormitories.

Brash young Ed Litchfield has orders to turn the University of Pittsburgh into one of the world's finest schools. To do the job they gave him

$100,000,000 to Work With

By HENRY LA COSSITT

Young moderns take lecture notes in the antique atmosphere of the Cathedral of Learning. Pitt's new president plans to stiffen scholastic standards.

The Varsity Walk will be busier than ever—if Litchfield goes ahead with plans for a 45-week school year.

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In Ithaca, New York, where he has been the dean of Cornell University's Graduate School of Business and Public Administration, Edward Harold Litchfield, A.B., Ph.D., is favorably known for his ability to rout snakes out of his house with a vacuum cleaner.

Doctor Litchfield came by this skill empirically. Peter, his fourteen-year-old son, is an amateur herpetologist whose collection of snakes is much admired by his fellows. Now and then, one or more of the collection has escaped in the Litchfield house, a circumstance that added nothing to the contentment of his mother, his little sisters, Janet and Ann Roberta, or their German maid, Tony, who has a jittery heart. Whenever this happened, the dean received a frantic summons to leave his office and hurry home to cope with serpents.

In due course, Doctor Litchfield discovered that a vacuum cleaner, operated in reverse and snorting like an enraged dragon, quickly flushed the reptiles from their hiding places.

The snake chasing is a typical example of Litchfield's efficiency and imagination. He has displayed these qualities in many jobs—running the school at Cornell, heading up the Civil Affairs Division of the United States Military Government in Germany, professor of political science at the University of Michigan, consultant on administration techniques for the government of Indonesia, founder and chairman of the Governmental Affairs Institute in Washington, D. C. Now he moves on to a new assignment. In some respects it is the most challenging of his career.

On July first, Ed Litchfield, a tall, sandy-haired prodigy of forty-two, who is fond of Indian wrestling and playing baseball, who has been decorated by the King of Denmark for "leading one hundred thousand men out of the country," becomes active as the twelfth chancellor of the 169-year-old University of Pittsburgh.

His directive from Pitt's ambitious trustees is to make over the university—more noted for its powerhouse football teams than its scholastic standing—into one of the world's finest.

This is a large order indeed. Litchfield, during his negotiations with the trustees, wondered if they fully understood the magnitude of the job, and he decided to find out. He took the eight wealthiest universities in the land, divided their annual expenditures by the number of students, and found that they spent an average of $2761 per student per year. Pitt was spending only $1560. Litchfield pointed this out to the trustees and let them have it straight. To pay the absolute top in teaching salaries, the more-than-top in administrative salaries, to do all the other things necessary to put Pitt into the first rank of universities, would cost an unprecedented $100,000,000 in new endowment funds, maybe even $125,000,000.

The trustees didn't even blink. Their plans for the university, they told him, were part of their over-all program known as the "Pittsburgh Renaissance," which, in the last decade or so, has brought the town's notorious smoke under control, cleared out slums, rearranged the city's downtown section, built parks, bridges and an airport, and achieved other civic improvements.

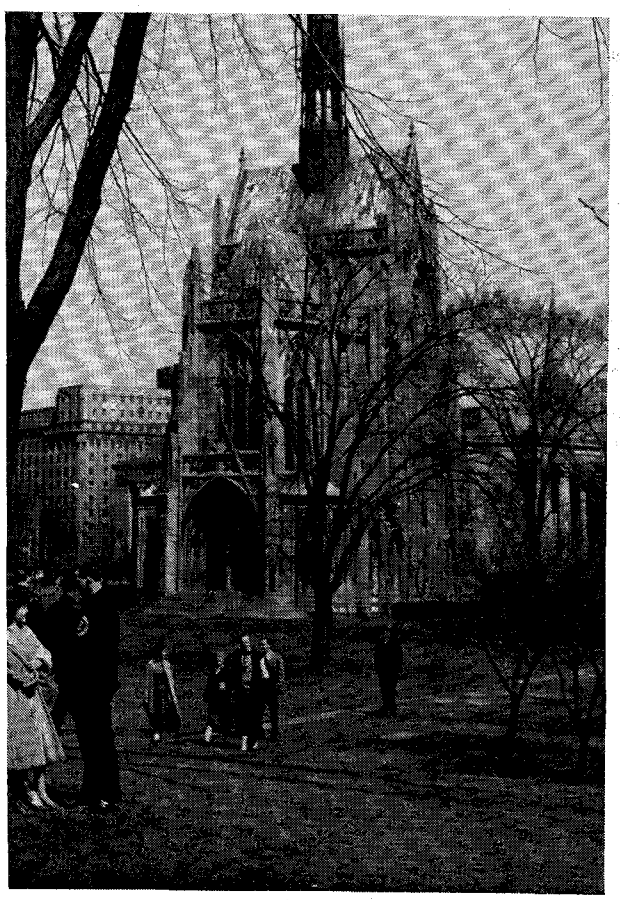
Upgrading the university, they said, represented the spiritual and cultural part of the renaissance. They showed Litchfield where they already had spent $65,000,000 for the university in capital construction since 1951—and that hadn't been so hard to raise. The construction includes such admirable new structures as the big Health Professions Building, the Schools of Engineering and Mines, and the residence for student nurses. Other buildings have been completed or acquired, or are in planning and construction stages. All of this expansion is taking place in the Schenley Farms district, close by Pitt's famous forty-two-story Gothic tower, officially called "The Cathedral of Learning."

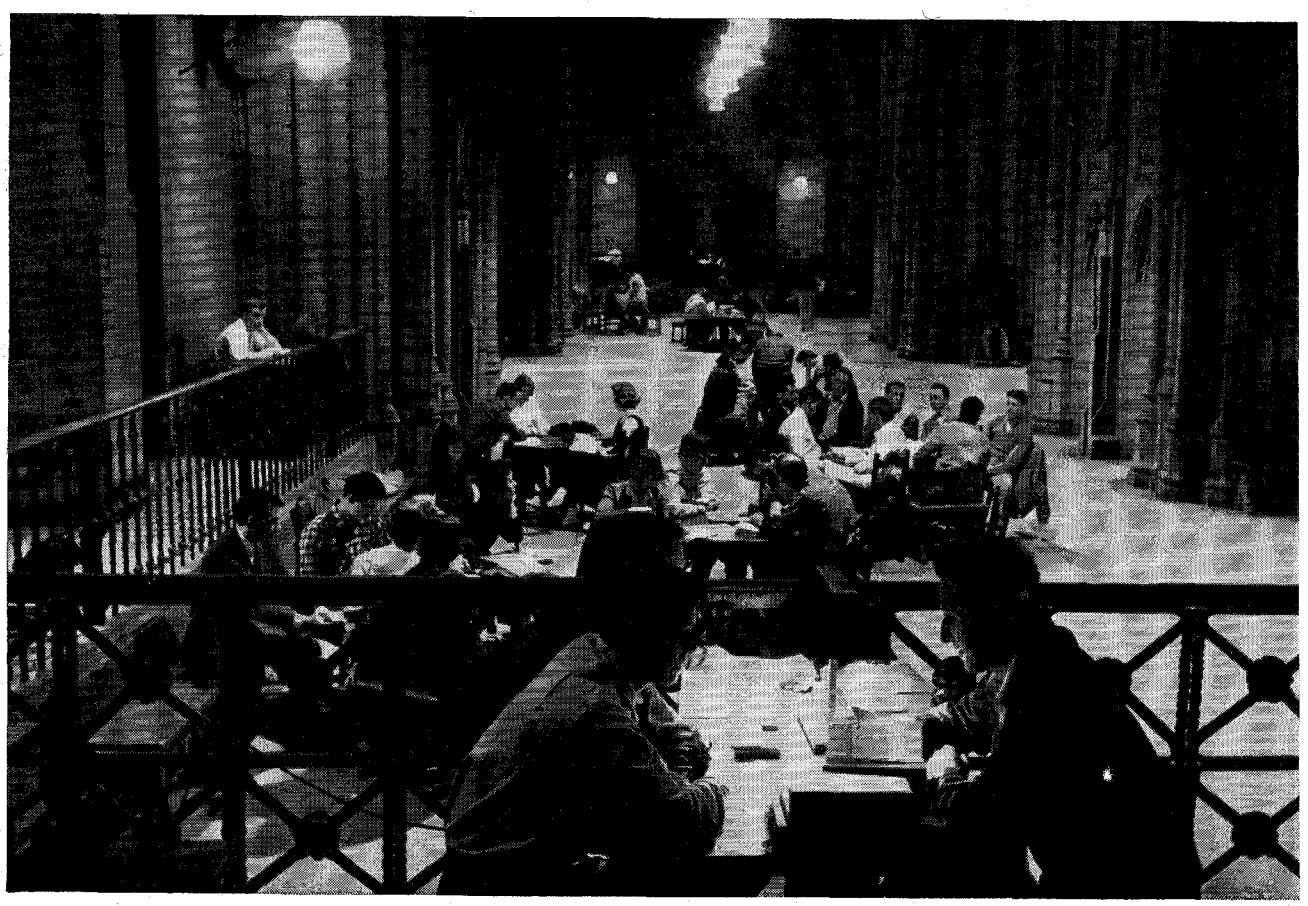
Litchfield, who has been working in both Pittsburgh and Ithaca for the past year, had a hand in engineering the most recent real-estate acquisitions himself. These were the Schenley Park Hotel and the Schenley Park Apartments, across the street from the skyscraper Cathedral. The deal was big news in Pittsburgh. The hotel, built just before the turn of the century, is a Pittsburgh landmark where Eleanora Duse died, Lillian Russell was married and Diamond Jim Brady used to dine. National League baseball teams, in town to play the Pirates just down the street at Forbes Field, were housed there. Now the hotel will be used for offices and as a headquarters for student affairs. The apartments, where among others wealthy dowagers have lived in elegant twelve-room duplexes, will be turned into a boys' dormitory. Litchfield made the transactions last February.

Pitt's trustees include such people as Alan Magee Scaife, the financier, president of the board; Richard King Mellon (aluminum, banking, oil); Leon Falk, Jr. (chemicals, real estate, the Falk Foundation); Andrew W. Robertson (board chairman of Westinghouse); Harry B. Higgins (plate glass); and George H. Love (president of Consolidation Coal). These men were not at all dismayed by Litchfield's $100,000,000 estimate. They told him: "You have a broad directive to make Pitt one of the nation's leading universities. Reorganize in any way you think necessary." They said that with the right program the money would take care of itself.

Pitt's present endowment is around $30,000,000 and the school receives about $3,000,000 annually from the state of Pennsylvania. The new $100,000,000-plus will make it one of the nation's wealthiest. (Continued on Page 132)

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella





Students gather between classes in the Commons, on the first floor of the "Cathedral."

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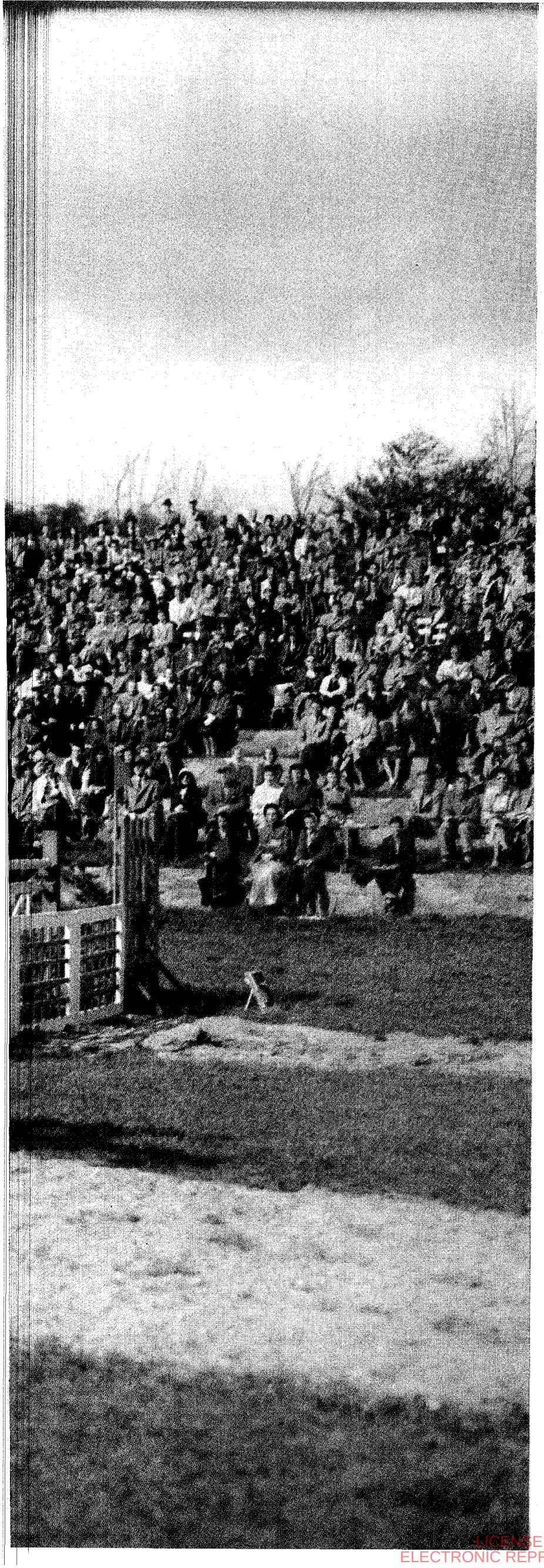

The Face of AMERICA

Over the Wall

Horses and riders from various parts of the world will compete in the equestrian events of the Olympic Games in Stockholm next week. The United States will be represented by eight men and ten horses chosen after a year-long competition. The spectators shown here are seated on a hillside at Tryon, North Carolina, watching the final tryouts, last March, in which Frank Chapot rides his chestnut gelding Belair over a formidable brick wall, one of the many difficult obstacles to be encountered in the competition for the Prix des Nations event for jumpers. Other contestants have been entered in the Three Day event, the world's most demanding test of a horse, which involves training, a twenty-mile cross-country endurance ride and show-ring jumping. Training and mounting an equestrian team is an expensive venture, wholly supported by personal subscriptions from people interested in horses—the United States team receives nothing from the Olympic Committee. Five members of our team are civilians and the three others, including Frank Chapot, are on detached service from the Armed Forces. Managing the team is Brig. Gen. John Tupper Cole, one of the mainstays of the United States team when this country still had cavalry. ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

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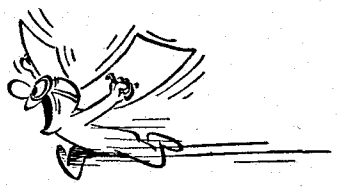
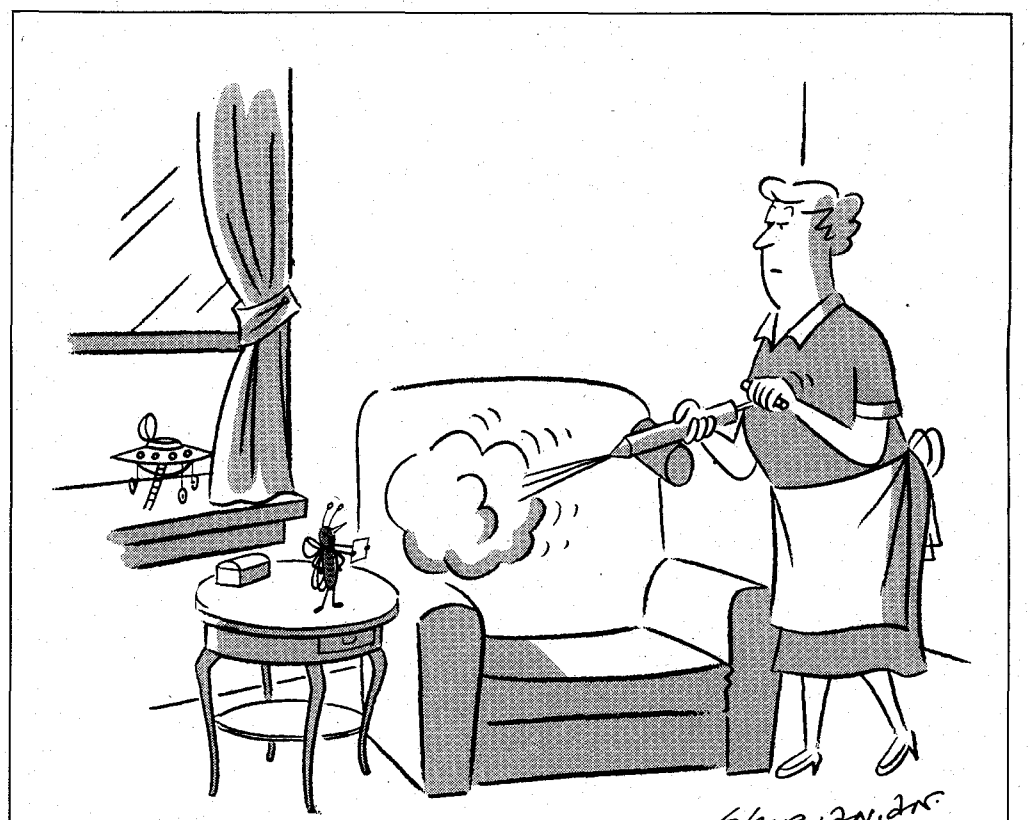


Post Scripts

To the Girls

Call me arrogant or rude;
Say I'm temperamental, crude,
Apathetic, blunt, officious,
Callous, dull or even vicious;
Say that I'm a rare neurotic;
Say my manners are quixotic;
Say I'm hopeless; say I'm charmless,
But don't say that I am harmless.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF



"Greetings, Earthlings . . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Wilbur Visits Niagara Falls

"Well, Wilbur, how much money have you to spend in Niagara Falls?" I asked, as we entered that picturesque town and drove down its main street.

When I had decided to spend the summer holidays on a motor tour of the nation, I had deemed it wise to permit Wilbur to handle his own money. He had apportioned his funds into lots of five dollars each and had assumed the responsibility of paying from his own pocket for such items as motel lodgings and meals.

"As near as I can make out," replied Wilbur, "eighteen cents."

"Eighteen cents!" I exclaimed.

"I was rather lavish in Washington, D.C."

"How do you expect to pay for your lodging?"

"I was hoping you'd let me sleep on the floor in your room."

"Well, we'll see. . . . Hark! Wilbur. Do you hear that noise?"

"Like somebody left a spigot running?"

"That low sound, like the peal of distant thunder, Wilbur, tells us that we are approaching the wonder of wonders, the Falls of Niagara!"

"And us without a barrel," said Wilbur.

Who can forget his first view of this stupendous cataract? Words cannot describe the grandeur of the scene, nor the emotions which it excites.

"Note the ever-rising column of spray, Wilbur," I said, "that spires upward from the gulf below, and the prismatic glory that crowns it."

"Yes, indeed," said Wilbur. "Say. Is that a man selling ice cream over there?"

He went off and returned a moment later sucking a stick of ice cream.

"He didn't have maple walnut," said Wilbur. "I got banana."

"Now, then, Wilbur," I said, "how high would you say the Horseshoe Fall is?"

"One hundred and sixty feet."

"Correct! And the width?"

"Twenty-five hundred feet."

"Excellent! How did you know that?"

"I'm reading it off that sign over there."

Wilbur then read off the volume of water falling over the precipice—14,000,000 cubic feet per minute.

"That reminds me of a humorous story," I said.

"It's not in dialect, is it?"

"Yes. . . . Pat was visiting Niagara Falls. "'Shure, now,' cried Dennis McCarthy ——"

"Who?"

"Dennis McCarthy."

"Who's Dennis McCarthy?"

"Dennis McCarthy was afther visitin' the falls with Pat."

"Oh."

"'Shure, now,' cried Dennis McCarthy, as he waved his hand in the direction of the Horseshoe Fall, 'isn't thot afther being a wonderful soight, indade, to see all thot water come thunderin' over thim rocks?'

"'Wonderful?' was Pat's rejoinder. 'Phwat's wonderful?'

"'Phoy ——'"

"Could you hold the story just a second?" said Wilbur. "I have a feeling I need an orange soda."

"Very well."

"Have you got two cents, or shall I dip into my Luray Cavern fund?"

I handed the lad two cents.

It was not until late that evening, as we sat in the car on the Canadian side, watching the beautiful display of colored lights on the falls, that I remembered that I had not finished the story.

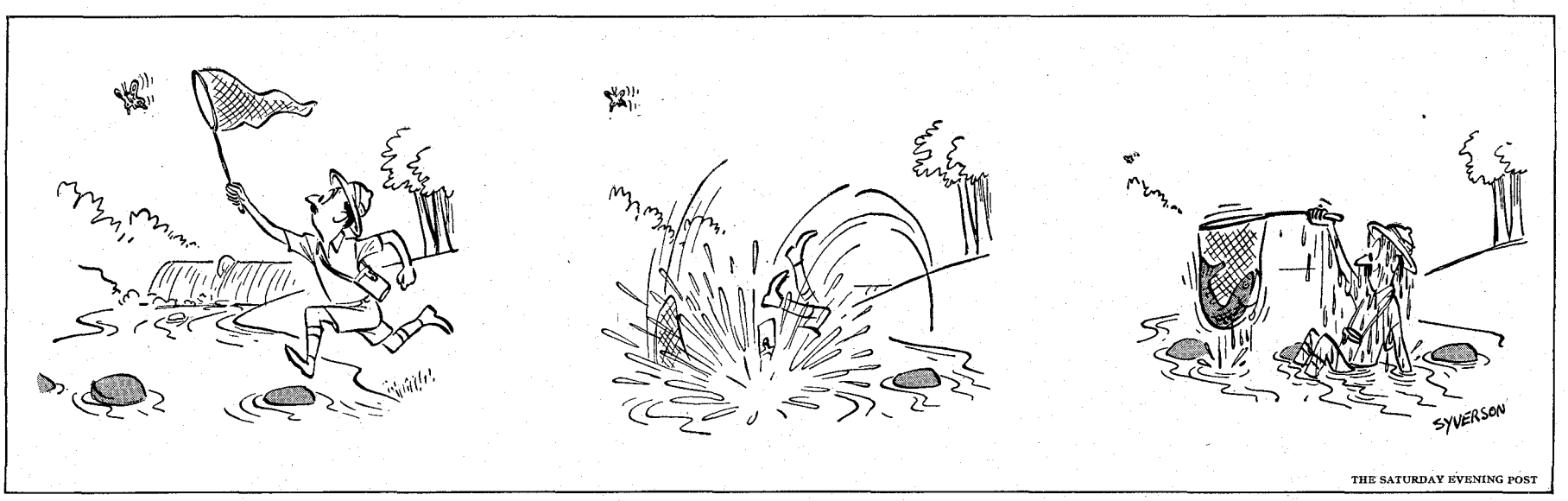
"'Phoy ——'" I said. But Wilbur was asleep.

JOHN BAILEY

Low Blow

Here's the reason each birthday
Leaves me chagrined:
I'm longer on candles
And shorter on wind.

RICHARD HOLLOWAY



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Soup on the Rocks!

M'm! M'm! Good!

Wait, don't go away! This you're going to like. Take a roomy glass—short or tall. Fill it up with ice cubes. Pour Campbell's Bouillon on the ice cubes, just as it comes from the can. That's soup on the rocks—and you'll enjoy it!

Take it straight—or experiment a bit. Add a dash of Worcestershire, a bit of lemon (peel or juice). Not that you have to—Campbell's Bouillon on the rocks doesn't need any doctoring.

Habit-forming? Sure it is. Such a pleasant habit—such a healthy habit. Cool, cool soup on the rocks. Refreshing! Satisfying! You'll like it before meals, between meals—when you get home from work.

Have soup on the rocks whenever you need a quick low-calorie pickup. And serve it to the children any time—it's pleasantly inexpensive. But don't let us keep you—is there a can of Campbell's Bouillon Soup in the house? Break out the ice cubes—have soup on the rocks—right now!

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CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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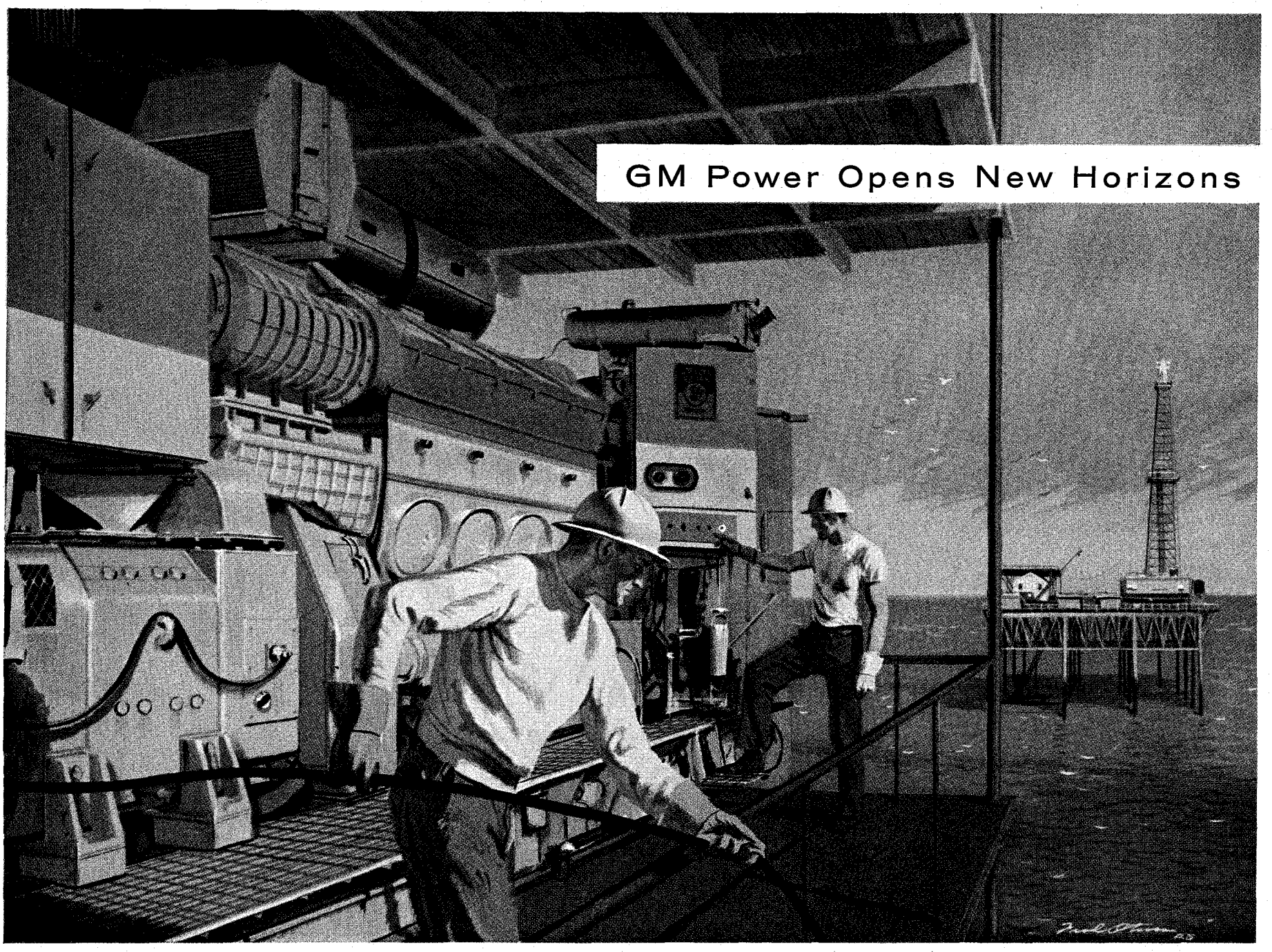

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Big problem on these high-cost offshore barges is to get power equipment that takes minimum space—yet is powerful enough to drill to depths of four miles or more and rugged enough to stand the rigors of 24-hour-a-day service.

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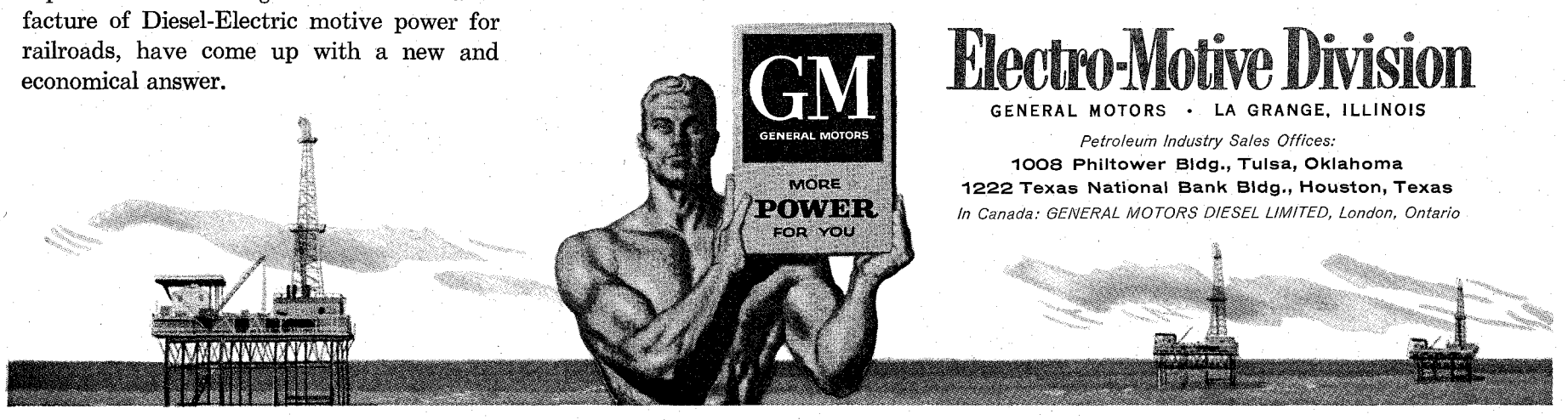
Transmission of power is by cables which are quickly and easily connected and disconnected. Thus setup time is reduced to a minimum, and there is no need for worry about alignment of power units with the equipment they drive. Unusual compactness and light weight of these skid-mounted portable units permit better balanced rigs, and make them easy and economical to move from one drilling site to the next.

For further information on the only Diesel-Electric drilling-rig power plant completely made and backed by *one* manufacturer, write to:



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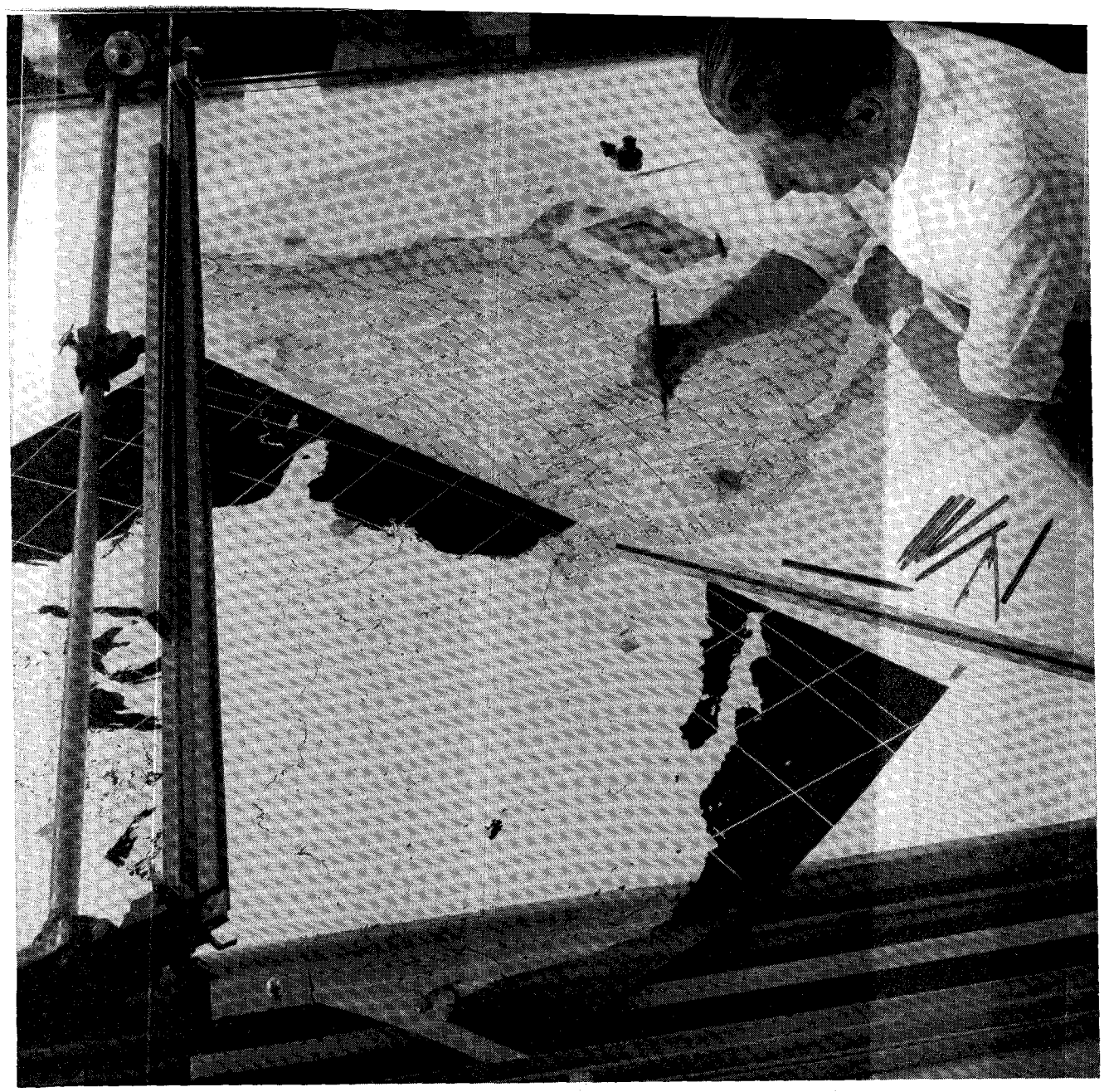
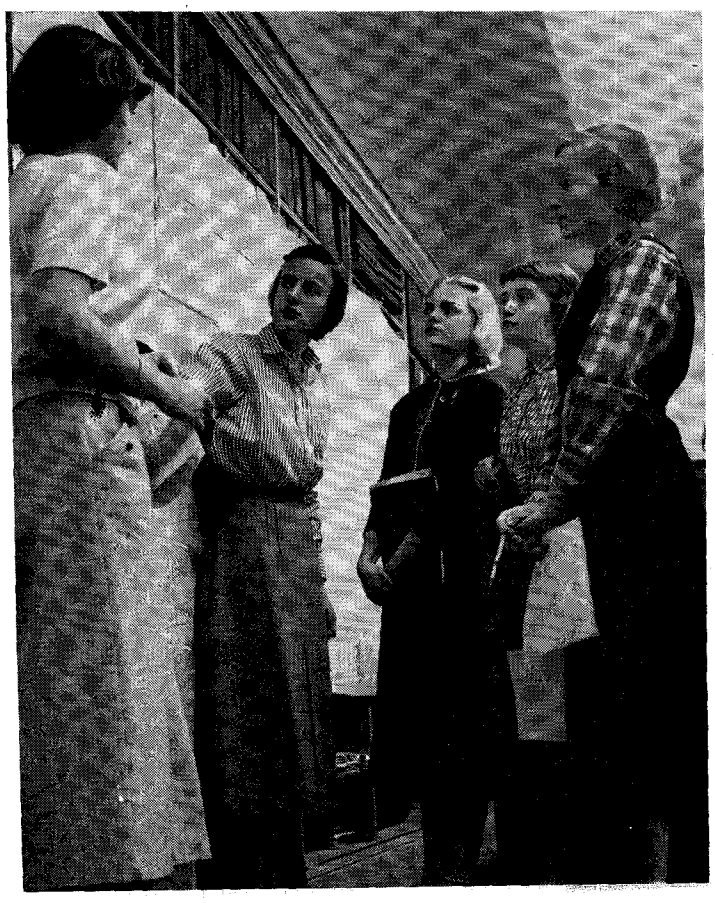


A cartographer at work on an up-to-date relief map of North America. According to the experts, only a quarter of the United States is adequately mapped.

By HENRY LEE

The Job They'll Never Finish

You think the days of exploration are over?
Well, for 4000 years, map makers have accurately charted
only a fraction of the globe. Here's why.

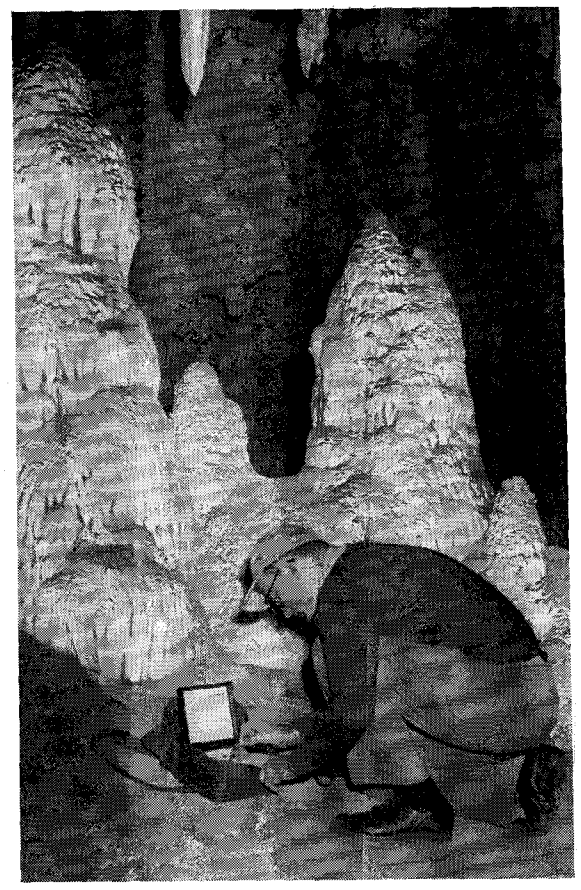


Barnard College girls use U.S. Geological Survey maps to learn what Manhattan Island is made of.

In a white-shuttered, dark-gray stucco building outside New York City, a cartographer was poring over a map of the Eastern Seaboard. Suddenly, trembling with excitement, he noticed a danger spot that diplomats and other cartographers alike had somehow overlooked. Up off the coast of Maine, apparently unclaimed either by the United States or Canada, lay Machias Seal Island.

Promptly, his map company alerted the State Department. "What if Russia were to sail over and plant her flag there?" the firm demanded. State got in touch with Ottawa. Before Soviet cartographers awoke to their Lilliputian opportunity, Canada had claimed Machias Seal Island for the Dominion. A tiny chink in the ramparts of democracy was plugged.

These days, with the whole world driving to find new oil and uranium fields, with wildernesses suddenly booming and old towns dying, the quiet, scholarly little business of map making is full of (Continued on Page 68)



Walter Morrison of the National Geographic Society gathers facts for the first "depth map" of New Mexico's labyrinthine Carlsbad Caverns.

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Counterfeit Cavalier

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

He'd made his reputation as an underworld tough.

Now he had to live up to it.

Artemus Baldwin slit open the envelope of a letter awaiting him at his motor-court address. The envelope contained a ticket to a baseball game. No explanation was given.

Baldwin, a Secret Service undercover agent, had come to Arizona to infiltrate the underworld and track down a gang of counterfeiters. He had established his reputation as a tough gunman by beating up two mobsters called Moose and Burps. Baldwin believed that the ticket was a feeler from someone in the Phoenix underworld.

Nothing happened at the game to indicate why Baldwin was induced to go there. However, Artemus did meet Jick Roche and her father, and Walker Bayside, an artist.

Baldwin had met Jick earlier at a picnic in the desert. She was with him when he discovered a corpse with a wad of bills in his mouth. One of the bills was a counterfeit. Later, Baldwin's informant, Porque the Egg, revealed that the murdered man was Sweet Lips Chavez, a small-time racketeer.

At the ball park, Baldwin was joined by Col. Semmes Beauregard, a courtly Southern gentleman, and his daughter, Jennifer. Mr. Roche suggested that everyone come to his house after the game. Jennifer and her father drove out with Artemus.

The party at the Roches' was interrupted when a dark-haired young Mexican woman came rushing from the kitchen. "Heem they have keel!" she cried. "My Manuelo that is call Sweet Lips!" Then she vowed, "I search till I find who do thees thing! And heem I keel!"

Artemus glanced from face to face. In the gray cheeks and staring eyes of Walker Bayside he read terror.

III

Artemus had not expected cordiality from the Beauregards on the drive back to Phoenix, but he was surprised by the attitude of the Southern patricians. It was as if he had behaved himself with impeccable decorum and made a favorable impression. As before, the colonel occupied the back seat while Jennifer rode at his right.

"It has been an agreeable day," the colonel said contentedly.

"Delightful people," Jennifer echoed. "So natural. So graciously hospitable." She laughed a throaty laugh. "I'm afraid we're more formal and demanding at home. Before we invite people into our houses, we study pedigrees and backgrounds."

"Mr. Roche," said the colonel, "may seem a trifle eccentric at first glance, but undoubtedly he is a gentleman."

"His wife," added Jennifer, "is exquisite. We have to thank you, Mr. Baldwin, for their acquaintance."

"Think nothing of it," Artemus said airily. "Lots more where they came from. I know the right people."

"Naturally," said the colonel. "Naturally." He cleared his throat. "We shall enjoy the climate of Phoenix for some weeks, sir. I trust you will not be so occupied that you will have no leisure for us."

"Leisure," said Artemus, "is what I got nothing else but."

"Do you ride, Mr. Baldwin?" Jennifer asked.

"I can stick on top of a horse," he replied.

"My daughter," the colonel said, "is an accomplished horsewoman. I believe riding horses are to be obtained."

"Surest thing you know," Artemus said. "Mostly cow ponies. Western saddles. Nothing fancy to rent. Some (Continued on Page 88)

"We're a committee," Moose said. "We're appointed to escort you out of town."

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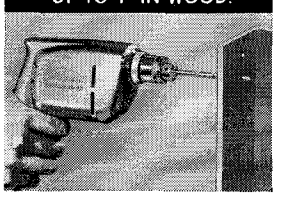

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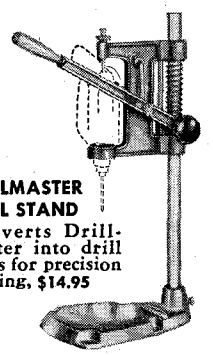

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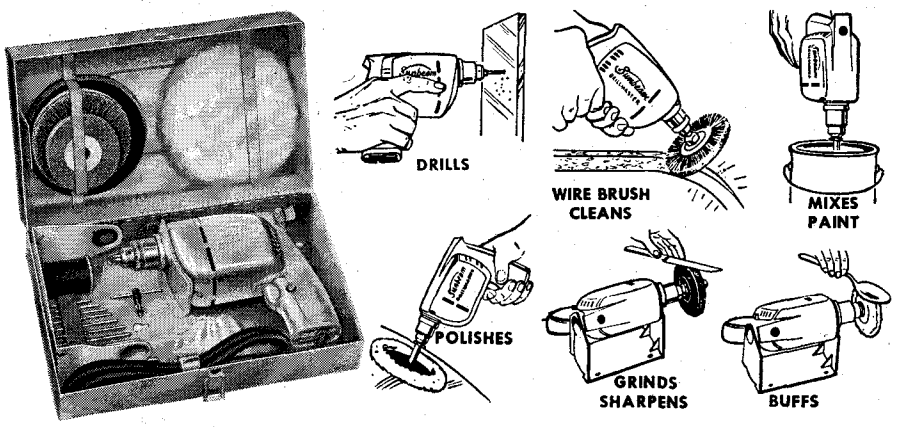

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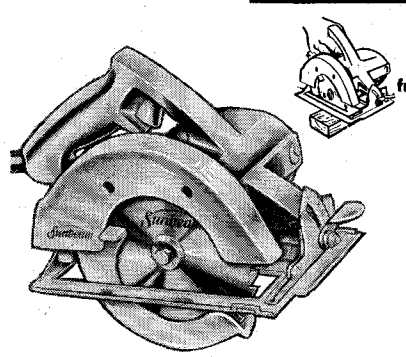

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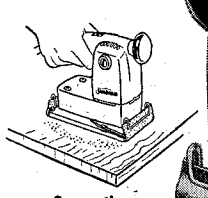

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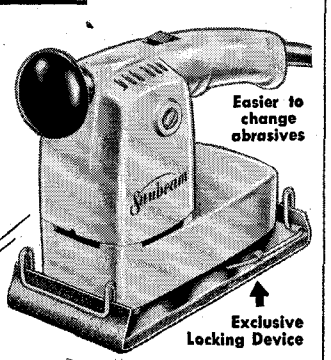

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Friends of the Bride (Continued from Page 39)

Van Drill glories and suffers in his work. He once lay awake eight nights worrying because he couldn't remove a gin stain from a bridesmaid's acetate-rayon dress. On the eighth night he awakened from fitful slumber with an inspiration, got up and telephoned the owner. Had she pressed the stain immediately after spilling gin? The girl said that she had. Van Drill breathed a sigh of relief. He knew then that the mark was not a stain at all; the pressing had simply lustered the material. Next day a 10 per cent solution of acetic acid and a session on the steam table delustered the fabric and the "stain" vanished.

"Most women," Van Drill said not long ago, "attach more sentiment to their wedding gown than any other possession. Therefore, when we work with a wedding gown, I try to make my people feel that they are working on a little piece of the owner's soul. If you tear your pants, you can always get another pair. But a girl can never get another dress that she was married in."

Van Drill's most desperately rushed job arrived on a summer afternoon when a disconsolate house painter dashed into Le Boeuf's clutching a wedding dress, a petticoat, a pair of panties and a girdle, all saturated with green paint. The painter said he had been touching up the outside trim of a photographer's shop when his bucket slipped off the scaffold and covered the sidewalk with a thick green pool.

At that moment a bride in full regalia was approaching the photographer's door for picture taking just prior to her wedding, which was set for two o'clock. The puddle of paint spreading suddenly in front of the girl seemed to confuse her. After a second's pause, she unaccountably stepped into the mess. Her feet flew from under her and she spread-eagled in the paint.

During the emotional crisis that followed, the painter remembered Van Drill, for whom he had once worked. He herded the bride inside the shop, where she disrobed behind a screen and sat bare and bitter while the painter sped to Le Boeuf's with her wedding finery.

Van Drill himself did most of that job. The wedding had to be postponed one hour, but the bride was married at three o'clock in her original dress, again a pristine white, although smelling somewhat of the chemist's laboratory. All her clothes were saved except the girdle, which stubbornly remained a bright green.

Not all of Le Boeuf's emergency work is so successful. One morning a girl living in nearby Newark, New Jersey, sent in a gown she had borrowed for her wedding. The ceremony was set for five o'clock that afternoon. She asked that the gown be sponged and pressed—there wasn't time for thorough cleaning. The company assured her that it would be at her home, where the wedding was to be held, by four o'clock that afternoon. The driver of the delivery truck serving her area was known to be reliable, and he always completed his rounds by four.

Unfortunately, nobody told the driver that the gown was for a wedding that very afternoon. At five minutes past four the girl telephoned the plant and announced desperately that the gown had not arrived. Van Drill couldn't imagine what had happened to his truck driver. He began telephoning hospitals and the police. And the bride called back at five-minute intervals, again and again, each time in a greater pitch of frenzy.

When five o'clock came—wedding time—the bride lapsed into a bitter, deadly calm. She announced coldly to Van Drill that the guests were being served food that had been intended for the post-wedding reception. Her family would try to hold the guests with hors d'oeuvres, she said, until Le Boeuf saw fit to deliver her gown.

Six o'clock ticked by, then seven. By that time the guests were gorged and languid. Now the missing truck rolled into the Le Boeuf yard. Aboard it was the long-sought gown. Ernest Sorrenson, Van Drill's chief subaltern, grabbed the gown and made a historic flight by automobile across town to the bride's home.

The girl was finally married, three hours late, before an overstuffed assemblage of guests who yawned and nodded throughout the ceremony. There was no reception.

The reason that the delivery was not made on schedule? The driver was too conscientious. Noticing that the gown had not been cleaned up to Le Boeuf's usual standards, he had decided to return it to the plant for a re-do.

One time when a Jersey City girl was to be wed on a Sunday afternoon, Le Boeuf, after processing her gown, sent it via parcel post from East Orange late on the preceding Friday afternoon. This was a mistake, because the package could not reach Jersey (*Continued on Page 54*)

"The lunch hour is over, Johnson!"

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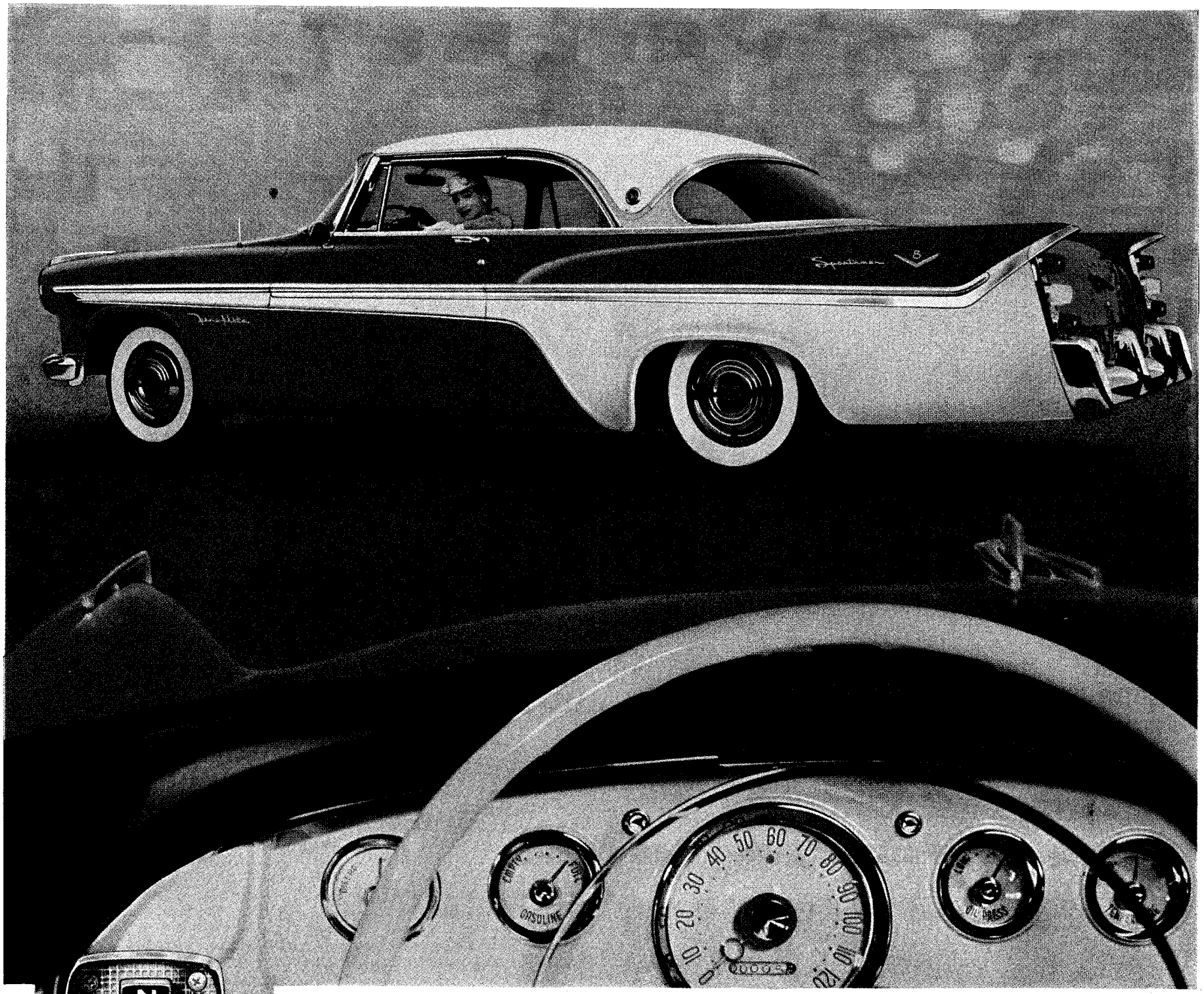
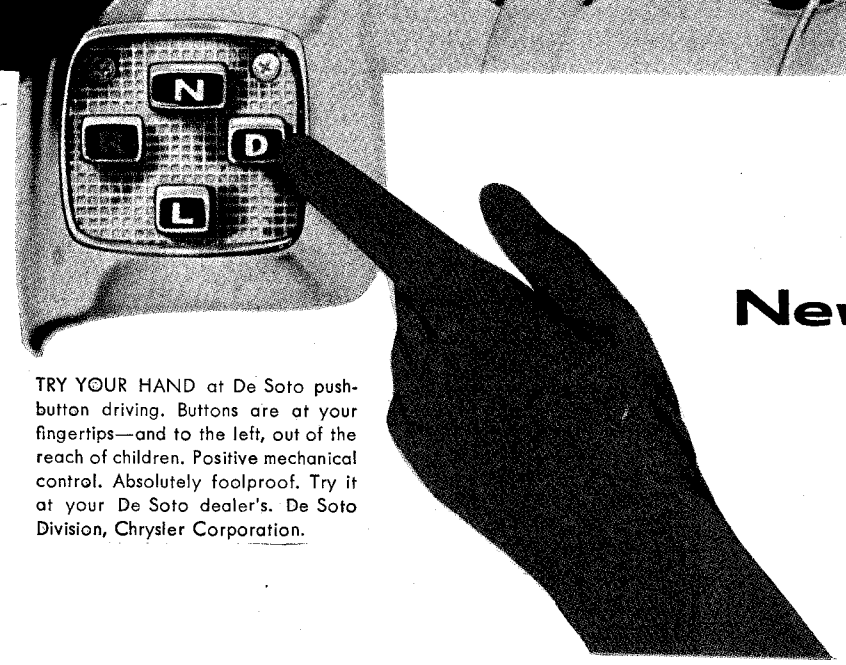


Fireflite Sportsman in Crimson with contrasting Surf White emphasizes the beauty of De Soto Flight Sweep styling



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(*Continued from Page 52*) City in time for Saturday delivery; it would remain in the post office over the weekend.

The error was discovered on Friday night. Van Drill was at the post office early on Saturday morning trying to retrieve the parcel. But postal officials said it was impossible to take a package from the post office, once it had been mailed.

In desperation, Van Drill stormed into the office of the East Orange postmaster and gave forth with an inspired stream of oratory concerning the importance of guarding a bride's happiness on her wedding day. The postmaster called in his assistant and the superintendent of mails and his assistant to try to figure out where the parcel should be by this time, noon Saturday.

They decided that it ought to be in the post office at Hoboken, New Jersey. Accompanied by some East Orange postal men, Van Drill drove to Hoboken. The postal people were persuaded to permit a search through mountains of packages. After several hours, they found the wedding-gown parcel. Van Drill put it in his car and delivered it personally.

Ordinarily, the Le Boeuf plant takes two weeks to process a gown. The garments usually come in for one of three purposes: resurrecting grandma's wedding gown so that granddaughter may use it, or preserving a new, used-once gown as a keepsake, or processing the same gown several times for several current brides. The average price for this work is thirty dollars. Last year Le Boeuf handled about 14,000 gowns, including some from Sweden, Alaska and Hawaii. One newly married girl hand-carried her gown all the way from Panama.

When Van Drill became president of the fifty-seven-year-old firm in 1944, Le Boeuf had six employees and was grossing about $30,000 a year. Now, largely because of the bridal business which Van Drill promoted, Le Boeuf has twenty-seven regular and ten part-time employees. Last year the firm grossed $467,466.60, of which $283,879 came from bridal work. The rest came from regular dry cleaning.

Now and then, Le Boeuf does a job on religious vestments, christening outfits and debutante dresses. Every year the firm processes the robe of Rex, king of the New Orleans Mardi Gras. Le Boeuf also restores the inaugural gowns of the wives of governors of Arkansas, gratis, for the Arkansas Commemorative Commission. These gowns are now on display in glass cases in the Old State House in Little Rock. Le Boeuf has already restored nineteen of them, dating back to 1881.

Van Drill prefers, however, to concentrate on wedding gowns, a field in which there seems to be plenty of room. In 1954 about 900,000 white wedding gowns were sold in this country—an investment of some $72,000,000 that Van Drill says will go to pot unless properly preserved. Very few dry cleaners will touch a wedding gown, except at the owner's risk. Le Boeuf insures its work. So does the only other recognized firm in the wedding-gown-processing field, Heirloom Laboratories, Inc., of New Haven, Connecticut.

Heirloom, now operated by two brothers, Harry and Fred Shure, was formed in 1900 by their father and an uncle. In earlier days the firm processed tarpaulins, ship sails and tents against fire and weather. The Shure brothers went into bridal-gown processing exclusively in 1949, a year before Le Boeuf did, and have a slightly larger volume. Heirloom does no restoration nor regular dry-cleaning work. It specializes in preserving wedding gowns and probably handles a higher percentage of expensive gowns than Le Boeuf does. The reason: it deals mainly through bridal shops and departments.

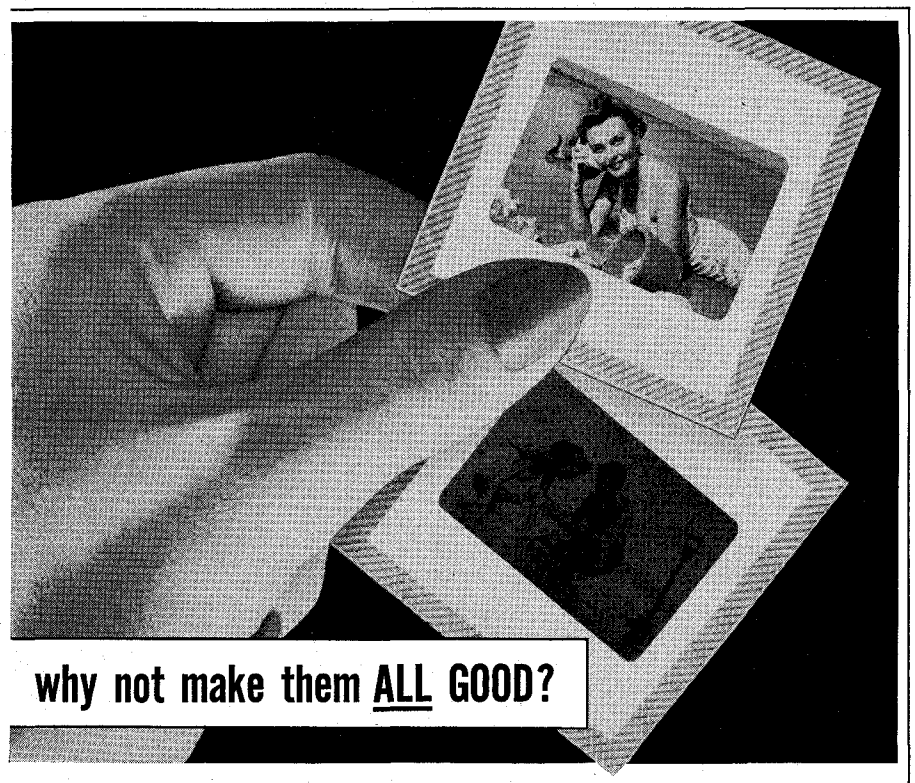
The bulk of Le Boeuf's business is direct with the customer, and in Van Drill's view this adds interest to his business. For instance, Le Boeuf once received a Revolutionary War-period wedding gown made from a calico tablecloth. And there was the family in Fort Wayne, Indiana, which sent in an ancient gown, with a note urging caution in handling the lace, which had been made by a male ancestor to pass the time while he was in a Confederate prison camp during the Civil War.

A good many gowns are processed repeatedly for several weddings. There is one simple wedding frock that Le Boeuf has processed nine times over the past couple of years, always for different people from different parts of the country. This so puzzled Van Drill that he wrote the seventh person who had sent it in, and asked why.

It turned out that all the brides who used it were American Airlines hostesses—a vocation in which the marriage rate is extremely high. After the Texas girl who had bought the dress had been married, she gave it to a hostess friend who was engaged. The friend gave it to one of her hostess friends, and so on, and on. The gown was in a fragile condition when last seen at Le Boeuf's, but Van Drill figures it is still good for another go-around.

One of the most calculating husband hunters in Van Drill's experience was a lady from Evansville, Indiana, who brought her 1930's-style wedding dress all the way to East Orange. She wanted it processed, she said, because she had come East to find another husband. Her last had died two years before. Van Drill asked where she expected to find another, and the lady replied, "In the cemetery, of course.

"You know, the best place in the world to meet an eligible matrimonial prospect is a cemetery," she explained. "When you find a widower beside the grave of his late wife, he is particularly vulnerable. I just go out to a cemetery and keep an eye open for a likely man near a grave, and I advance upon him. This is going to be my third marriage, and I have found all my husbands in graveyards."



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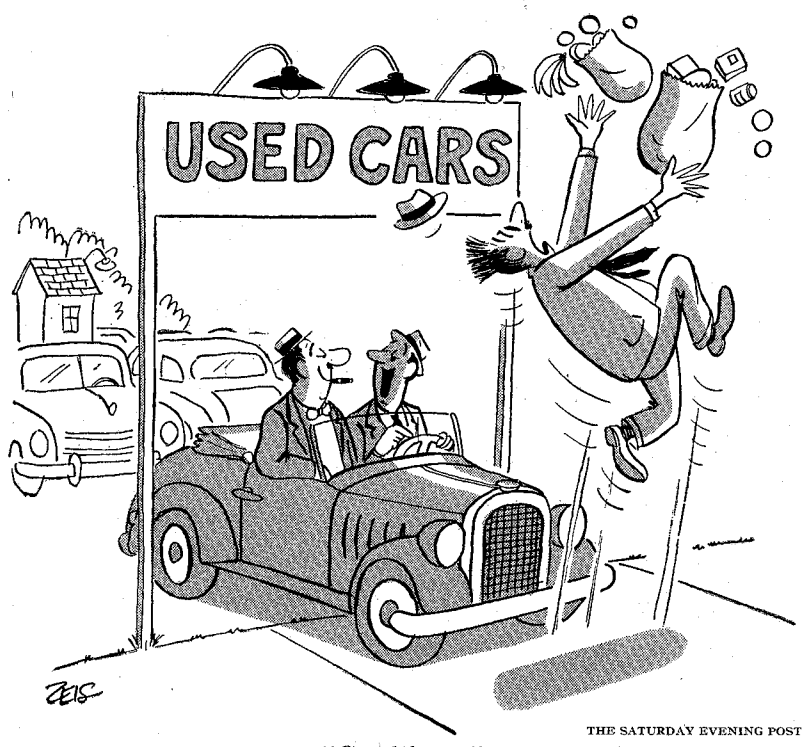

"Good horn."

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John Van Drill's father was an immigrant wagonmaker, later an auto-body inspector. He died when Johnny was fourteen. The boy had to quit school in the daytime and go to work in a dry-cleaning plant. In those days each cleaner kept his professional lore darkly secret. Johnny read everything he could find in the Newark library on cleaning, dyeing and fabrics. He worked nights for other cleaners, a couple of months in each case, to pick up knowledge. When some chemical question stumped him, he would write a letter of inquiry to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

After Van Drill was graduated from high school, he attended classes four nights a week at Rutgers University, studying marketing, accounting and sales management. He became foreman of his shop in the mid-1930's, but he was not happy. The trend in dry cleaning was to produce minimum service for a minimum price. Johnny wanted to do quality work.

"In my position," he says, "that was like a guy who wants to do oil paintings, but has to be content with a box camera."

In 1944 a supply salesman tipped him off that the old Le Boeuf Company in East Orange might be for sale. Established in 1887 by Gustave Le Boeuf, a Frenchman, it was one of the earliest dry-cleaning plants in America. It had been known for years as the quality cleaning plant of the Newark area. But in 1944 old Le Boeuf had long been dead and his five daughters wanted to dispose of the business. They agreed to sell to Van Drill on a stock-purchase plan for $4000 down and about $3000 a year for three years.

Johnny's entire savings were $750 in Government bonds, but his friends rallied to him. Tom Reynolds, a glass salesman, had an automobile that he loved dearly, but he sold it for $795 and let Johnny have the money. Reynolds then persuaded his mother-in-law to lend Van Drill $2000. A local jeweler, Jimmy Quisullo, chipped in eighty-five dollars. Another man had seventy dollars in a Christmas-club fund that he dropped into the pot. Johnny's mother, Mrs. Leona Van Drill, raised the amount needed to total $4000 by contributing her savings, earned by waiting on tables at the Woman's Club.

The plant that Van Drill got was about the way old man Le Boeuf had set it up. Ancient wine barrels sawed in half still served as vats for the cleaning fluids. The aged machinery needed many repairs, but the war was on and parts were not available.

An old Dutch millwright and pinochle partner of Van Drill's, one "Pop" Hanson, came around each weekend and worked on the machinery at no charge. A bearing on the main belt mechanism broke one Saturday afternoon, and Van Drill couldn't find a new one in the Newark area. He told Pop Hanson that the whole plant depended on that bearing. Something had to be done before opening time on Monday. So the millwright created a bearing from hickory wood, and it served for three years.

Le Boeuf had been cleaning two or three wedding gowns a week before Van Drill took over. After cleaning, they wrapped the gowns in blue tissue with an outer cover of smelly tarpaper that was supposed to repel moths. Van Drill brought in his chemicals, microscopes and litmus paper. He set up a mail department, and devised a special box in which a customer might easily pack her wedding gown for shipment.

He advertised his service in the women's magazines. A dozen of his employees subscribed for out-of-town newspapers, and got relatives in still other cities to send in local society columns. The employees would write to prospective brides soliciting their business. Van Drill paid three dollars for each job brought in that way. The firm got 300 wedding gowns the first year. Business increased rapidly, and this year Van Drill expects to get 18,000 gowns.

A white wedding gown that trails on the floor and has been through one wedding and reception is a sad-looking garment. The bottom picks up grease and tar from the streets, and grass stains. Food and drink from the wedding feast are usually spilled on the gown, which also picks up wax and resin from the dance floor.

Most of these materials are easily removed with combinations of chemicals. Different types of cocktails and wines that stain the gown are detected after the cloth is dampened with warm distilled water. This causes each liquor stain to give off its natural aroma, which is a clue to its identity and the choice of eradicating chemicals. Hardest to remove are stains from coffee, which contains tannic acid, an indelible dye; milk and cream, because of their albumin content, and gravy. Dye stains from confetti are difficult to remove, as are the stains from flowers. Then there are perspiration stains which can rot holes in fabric—and brides seem to perspire freely.

Van Drill can look at a gown and tell whether the bride was right- or left-handed; there is more perspiration stain under the more-used arm. He can get an idea of how excited she was by the amount of perspiration. He tests with litmus paper to determine whether the perspiration is acid or (*Continued on Page 57*)

YARDLEY

Just the gift for *Father's Day*

INVISIBLE TALC absorbs oils and banishes shiny skin. Covers up after-shave nicks, blemishes and beard shadow. **$1.10** plus tax

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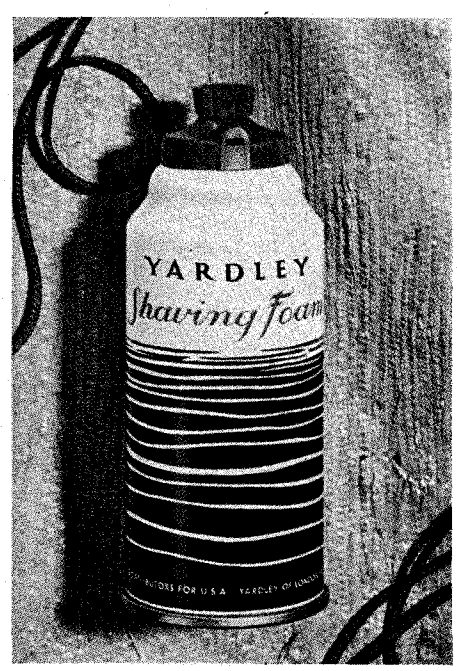
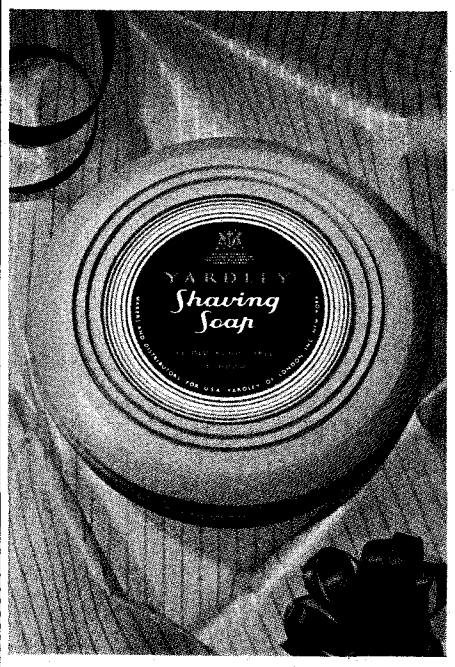


SHAVING FOAM, for super-wetting lather at the push of a button. Shortens normal shaving time by half, freshens face. **$1**



SHAVING BOWL, contains enough soap for up to 6 months of more comfortable shaves. In handsome, fine-turned wood bowl. **$1.25**

FATHER'S DAY GIFT SETS. A. After Shaving Lotion packaged with complimentary tube of Shower Shampoo. **$1.50** plus tax. **B.** The Yardley Refresher, 3 essentials for daily good grooming: After Shaving Lotion, After Shower Powder and Cologne. **$1.75** plus tax

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

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NEW FLIP-TOP BOX

Firm to keep cigarettes from crushing. No tobacco in your pocket.

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(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A NEW MARLBORO RECIPE)

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(*Continued from Page 55*) alkaline, because acid-perspiration stains require different chemicals from alkaline stains.

"You'd be surprised," one Le Boeuf worker says, "how many brides say 'I don't perspire.' They are insulted when they see on our work report that we have removed perspiration stains. Our answer is, 'If you don't perspire you shouldn't get married, because you're dead.'"

About 20 per cent of Le Boeuf's work is sent in by stores, and is of two types. Some bridal shops and bridal departments of big stores include the processing and preserving of the wedding gown as a part of their service to bridal customers. The store handles shipping and correspondence with Le Boeuf. The other type of store work is the reviving of tired wedding gowns that have not been sold, so that the store can sell them at the full price. But it is the work that comes direct from the customers that interests Van Drill most. He learns much about brides' hopes, fears and superstitions.

The bridal gown is treasured forever by the female as a symbol of conquest and a memento of that stirring occasion.

There was, for instance, the customer in Glens Falls, New York, who sent in a white gown in 1936 for processing and preserving. Seven years later she sent back the same gown to be tinted pink for her second wedding. Five years after that, she asked to have it tinted pale blue, "a sort of blue-white, if possible." She explained that her former marriages had not been successful because she had not been married in the right color.

"I am about to be married a third time," she said, "and I feel that this one will last forever. I am now convinced that blue was the right color for me all along."

Van Drill had a letter not long ago from the Far West that inquired about his firm's service:

"I have a wedding gown that has never been worn," it said. "The wedding was canceled. Therefore, it does not need cleaning. But I would like to have it serviced and preserved so that I can keep it as long as I may."

"Ah," sighed Van Drill, friend of all brides. "The tragedy of it! But if she has patience ——"

One patient young woman stored her gown with Le Boeuf for a couple of years while waiting for her fiancé to make up his mind. She would drop in from time to time for check-up fittings, to be sure she hadn't got too fat to wear the garment. Her fiancé was a reluctant youth who would set a date for the wedding, after much hesitation; then renege at the last minute. The would-be bride kept her gown in readiness so that, whenever her fiancé weakened, she could hop into it at a moment's notice. He weakened, finally, and Le Boeuf recently preserved the gown for history in a plastic case.

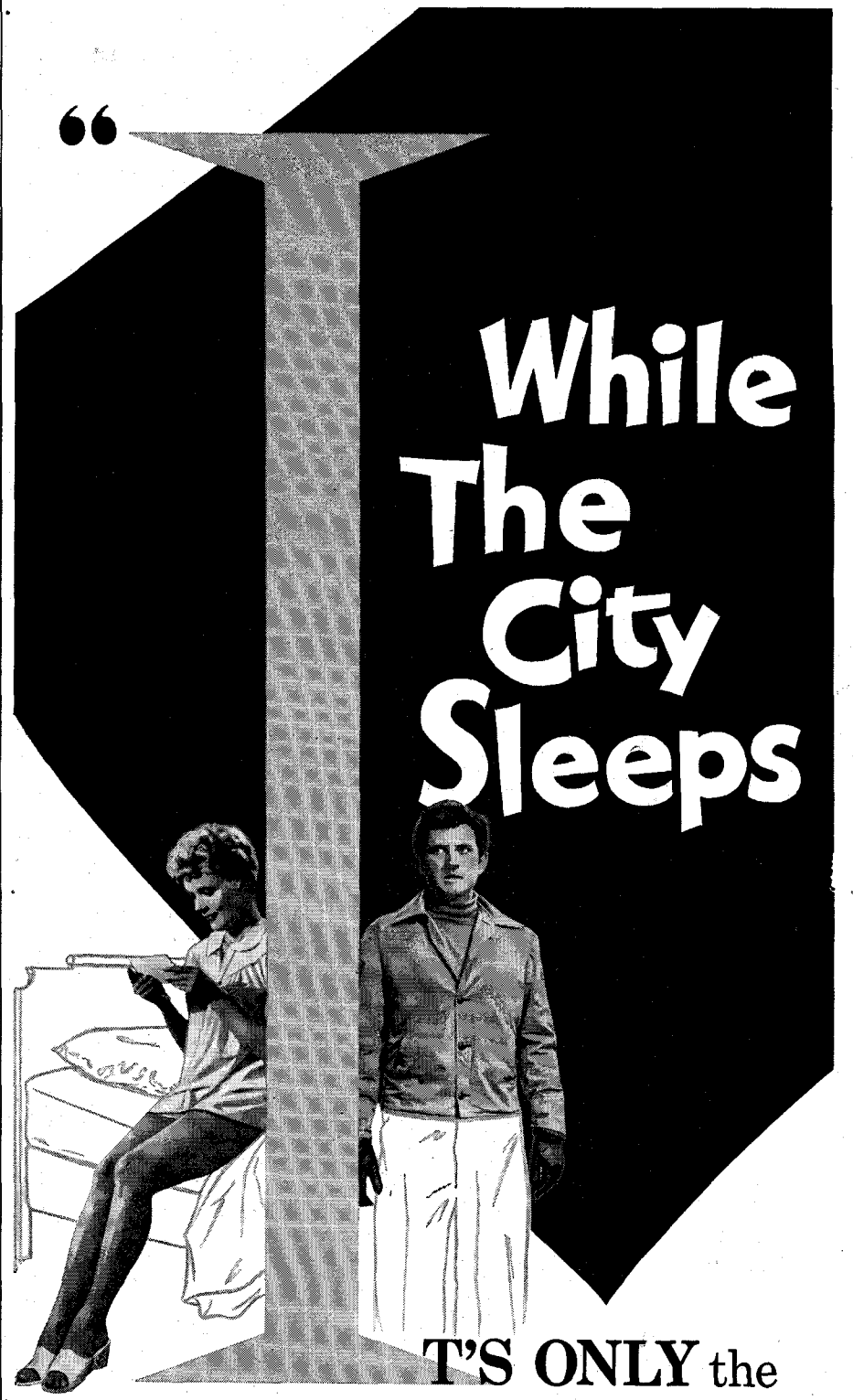
And there was one big-hearted girl who bought a gown, but couldn't use it because her fiancé, a soldier, was sent overseas too suddenly. During succeeding months she lent her wedding gown to four friends more fortunate than she was. Each time, before she lent it, she would check with Le Boeuf to be sure it could stand two more weddings: the immediate borrower's and her own later on.

Some months ago she brought the gown in for the last time. "It will never be used again," she said. "I want it preserved in a sealed case."

Van Drill waited for an explanation.

"It's all right," the girl added. "These stains are the best yet. My soldier finally came home."

THE END



T'S ONLY the delivery boy," he said... so she went to the door! Here is suspense that mounts and mounts and *mounts!*

Ten Top Stars! Ten Peak Performances!
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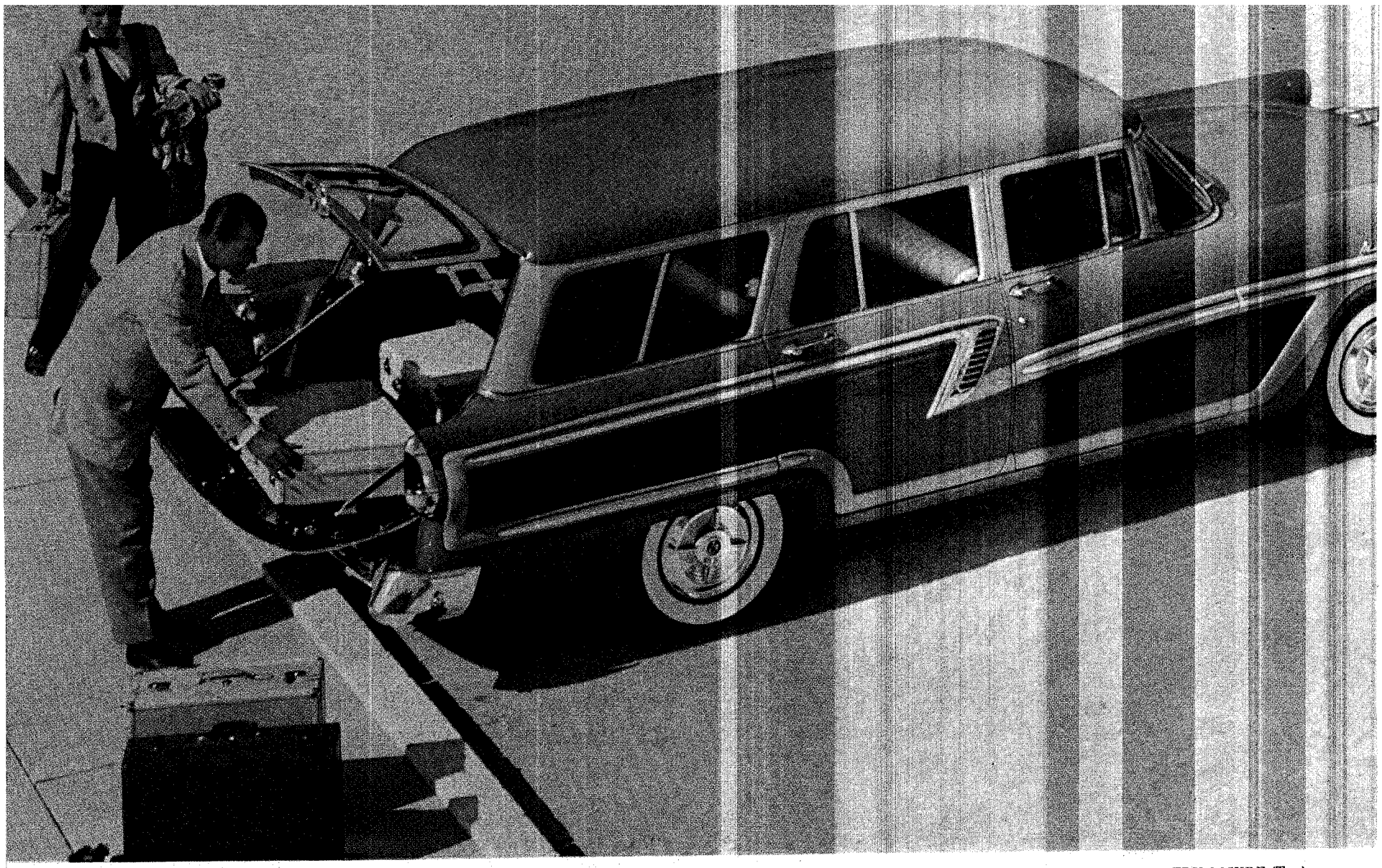

FORD *CUSTOM RANCH WAGON* (Top)

MERCURY *MONTEREY* (Bottom)

FORD *COUNTRY SQUIRE* (Top)

Work wagons are dream wagons

These are the Cinderella cars.

Once station wagons were just work wagons. Now they are glamor cars, too—dream wagons from the Ford Family of Fine Cars to carry almost anything beautifully.

There are plenty of reasons why almost 50% of all station wagons sold are Mercurys and Fords. The clean styling, for example: young and fresh as the new houses on the edge of town. And the comfort of a sedan: seats that feel like lounge chairs; a ride that reminds yo of the smoothness of a swan floating across a quiet ponc

Ford and Mercury wagons can carry more weight be cause the load space is specially reinforced with ribbed stee On top of the steel, there's a rug of tough material that resist loading scrapes or scuffs and little boys' roughhousing.

Loading is easier: lift gates hold tight in any position tail gates lock level. With center seat flipped down (and rea

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MERCURY *CUSTOM* (Top)

FORD *PARKLANE* (Bottom)

1 THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS

at out in a jiffy) you get load spaces up to *nine* feet long. The nine station wagons in the Ford Family of Fine ırs are six Fords, three Mercurys. They carry six to nine .ssengers in comfort, and all sorts of extra elbows, knees d groceries. They have power, comfort, and safety fea- res that distinguish the Ford Family of Fine Cars. And you get their beautiful trade-in or resale value, too.

You may haul shovels and shrubs in them by day—or cart all the kids in the neighborhood to the beach. But these cars are high-fashion to take you to the country club dance, too. The Cinderella cars! The moment you see them you'll start having your own ideas. See them soon.

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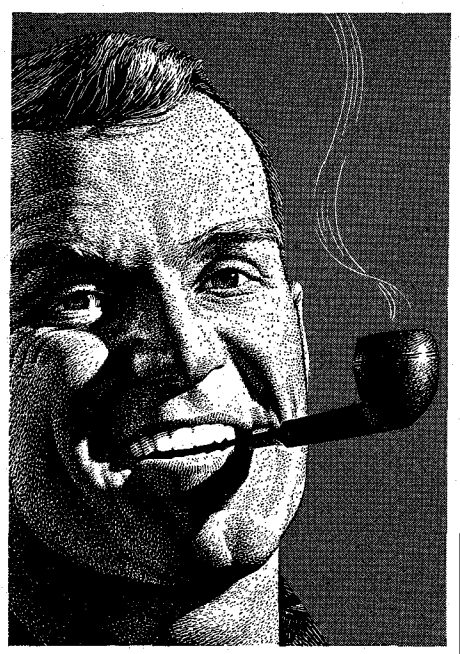

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UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
Dept. B, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

The Mutiny of Mr. Gallup

(Continued from Page 35)

that excuse so thin I'm sick and tired of hearing it! They're nowt but ragtag and bobbletail ——"

In one quick stride, Mr. Gallup was on him, flaming fury in his patient, deep-set eyes, while an enormous fist grasped the shipmaster's jacket.

"Say what ye like about me, sir," he growled. "But you lay yer tongue on that there little fambly o' mine and I'll chaw ye up an' spit ye over the side!"

Quickly the other officers interposed, while Captain Sloan, wrenching free, backed hastily away. "I'll report this!" he yelled. "You'll see!"

Instantly Mr. Gallup was deflated, for insecurity of employment is a powerful weapon against the poor. "I'm sorry, sir," he mumbled. "I shouldn't have slipped me cable like that."

"Well, all right. Your apology's accepted," Captain Sloan replied, for he was a fair man, as a rule, and he knew he had been unjust. "But mark you, Mr. Gallup! You'll come back with a white uniform next time ashore or pack your gear and find another job!"

So much for that; and next day the Jaipur Prince had come alongside, here in Port Carib, to load cargo for Antwerp and Malmö, and Mr. Gallup had gone ashore, but, having no money to spend upon himself, even the cheapest white uniform was impossible. So he set off on a wearying, heat-sodden trudge along the water front in search of a berth. The foreign vessels in port already had their full complements, however, and the local ships carried native crews, whose pay was meager; so, quitting the fruitless quest, he sat upon a bench in a parched little water-front park to think it over.

Mr. Gallup had fallen into a doze when, beside him, sat a stocky, rheumy-eyed character with a rum blossom nose who, after failing to mooch a few coppers, settled down to chat. And to him, Mr. Gallup, who was ever a gregarious soul, soon confided his problem.

"I'm fully qualified, too," he ended. "Got me extra master's ticket and can take any wessel anywhere, at any time."

"Fine!" said his new friend sagely. "What vessel?"

"Ar!" admitted Mr. Gallup glumly. "That's the rub, ain't it? Well, as me old da used to say when nobody'd buy him a drink, 'The Lord will perwide!' . . . Wot? You leaving now, chum?"

"Yus," said the other. "You've jest reminded me. P'raps I can cadge a nip along the way there. Good luck!"

Unnoticed during this, there had passed near them a heavy-built man of important mien who, hearing Mr. Gallup mention his shipmaster qualifications, had paused, then sat on a neighboring bench. And, appearing to gaze out over the harbor, he had intently listened. Then, when the derelict shambled away, he approached and introduced himself.

"My name is Bleeker," he said, "and I couldn't help overhearing ——"

"Name o' Gallup, sir," said that gentleman affably. "Belial Gallup, o' Truro, Nova Scotia, late third mate o' the steamer Jaipur Prince. As you may have overheard, also, I had a tiff wid the master ——"

"Yes, I heard you say so. Marvelous coincidence, really," Mr. Bleeker confided, beaming. "I need a capable shipmaster badly, myself. But"—he shrugged—"in this out-of-the-way little port it's hopeless, usually. Got your certificate with you?"

"It's on board wid me gear, sir. I can get it any time afore she sails tomorrer. But"—he hardly dared to hope—"but wot would you be needing a shipmaster for?"

"For my yacht, the Doubloon," said Mr. Bleeker casually. "She's just finishing fitting out, at the Old Port, and the fellow I'd engaged couldn't come. But I've got a crew together and I want to be ready to sail three days from now."

"Where to, sir?" Mr. Gallup's heart was racing.

Mr. Bleeker explained: A local island trader, recently retired, he and his wife planned a leisurely farewell Caribbean cruise, before going to live with a married daughter in Boston at the end of the trip.

"Bosting, sir?" cried Mr. Gallup, excited. "W'y, that's on'y a nop-skip-an'-jump from Truro, where my fambly lives!" And dragging out his precious collection of thumb-scuffed snapshots, he proudly exposed them for the admiration of Mr. Bleeker.

The latter's comments as he handed them back were most gratifying. Then he said briskly, "What about it? Want the job?"

"Ye reely mean it, sir?" he said, dazed with delight. Then, as the other nodded, smilingly benevolent, Mr. Gallup's face fell.

Instantly Mr. Bleeker noticed. "What's wrong?" he asked abruptly. "You don't want it?"

"Aye, sir! Indeed I do!" said Mr. Gallup deeply. "An' I'm wery grateful. But I got to be honest wid you, an' if I may wenture a numble opinion, this is hardly the season to go acruising. There's a nurricane due any day now, an' ——"

"Oh, if that's all!" Mr. Bleeker seemed both relieved and amused. "After all these years I know the Caribbean like the inside of my hat. Every cove and inlet, every channel, reef and shoal!" He laughed. "Fact is, if it was legal for a vessel of the Doubloon's tonnage, I could captain her myself." He stopped and eyed Mr. Gallup peculiarly. "You are an honest bloke, aren't you?"

"I am, sir!" He added anxiously, "Ain't that wot you want?"

Mr. Bleeker chuckled. "Of course! Master's standard wages suit you?" Mr. Gallup gulped and nodded. "Good. Any questions?"

"There's one thing, sir," said Mr. Gallup hesitantly. "These here duds is all I got. An' since your wessel's a yacht ——"

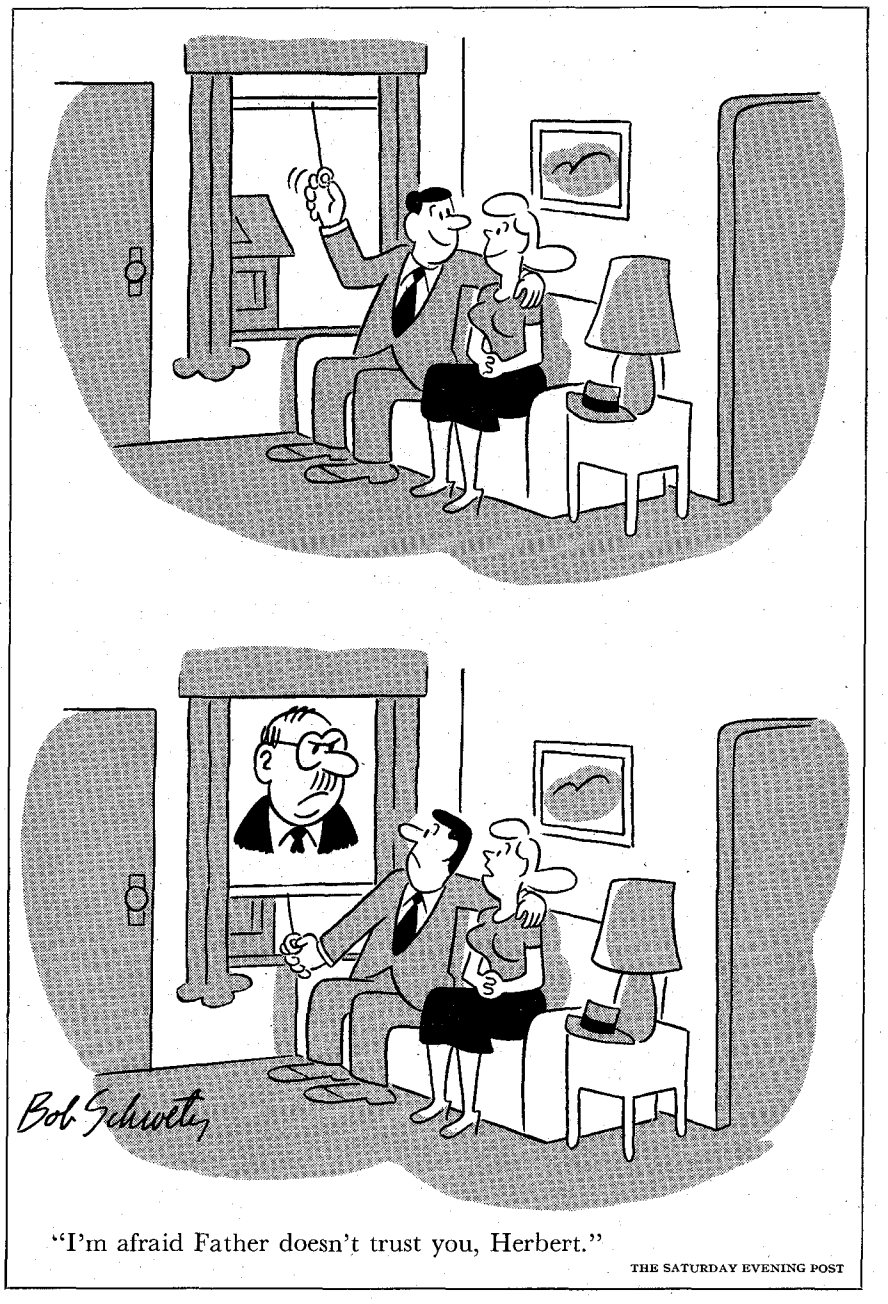
"I see. Well, the Doubloon's nothing fancy either. The missus clamped down on that. But she's comfortable, mind." He took from a fat wallet a bill of generous denomination. "Here. Get what you need. Then better collect your gear and hire a room for the night, and join me and the missus for dinner up at the Antilles Hotel. Seven sharp. Right?"

"Right, sir!" Mr. Gallup's voice was husky with gratitude. "But shouldn't I have a look at the Doubloon first?"

"She's lying too far along. We'll go aboard in the morning." And, rising briskly, Mr. Bleeker shook hands and waddled quickly away toward the town.

Still unable to credit his luck, Mr. Gallup watched him go, then went along to the Jaipur Prince to pick up his gear. Captain

(*Continued on Page 62*)



"I'm afraid Father doesn't trust you, Herbert."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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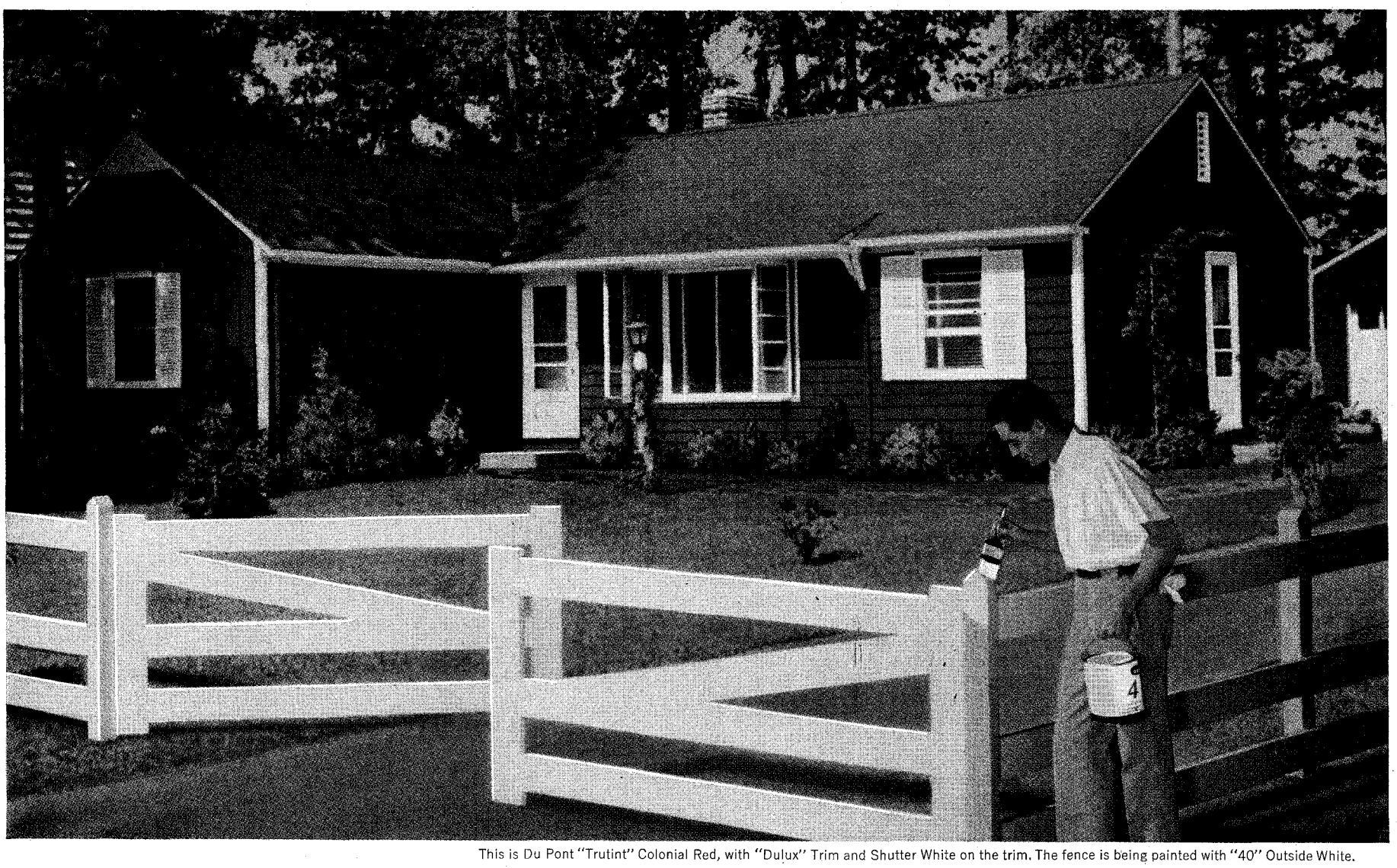

This is Du Pont "Trutint" Colonial Red, with "Dulux" Trim and Shutter White on the trim. The fence is being painted with "40" Outside White.

Du Pont chemists give you paints that last for years—for every kind of exterior!

IF YOU WANT COLOR, Du Pont Paint Chemistry brings you beautiful, fade-resistant, long-wearing house paints that stay new-looking for years . . . add charm to your home.

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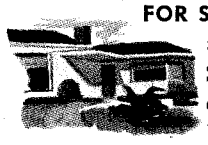

FOR STUCCO AND SHINGLE HOUSES ask for Du Pont Stucco, Shake & Shingle Paint. Alkyd-fortified for extra durability. Goes on smoothly and easily. For shakes, shingles, stucco, cement, brick . . . dries to an enduring low-luster finish. In white and a wide variety of sunshine colors.

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"40" Outside White is the right paint for the all-wood house. Goes on white, *stays* white because it cleans itself. Sheds dust and grime with every rain unless dense shade or excessive stains slow this process.

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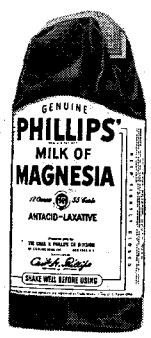

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

(*Continued from Page 60*) Sloan had gone ashore, but Mr. Wilcox, the chief officer, had a message.

"The Old Man's really upset about you, Mr. Gallup," he said, "and he left word that your berth's still open if you want it. He feels he was a little unjust."

"That's wery handsome of him," conceded Mr. Gallup, with the generosity of one who now can afford to forgive, "but tell him I got a better berth." And, to Mr. Wilcox's utter astonishment, he related what had happened. Then, collecting his meager belongings, he hailed a ramshackle water-front taxicab and was driven back to town, stopping off only long enough to fit his angular frame into a ready-made white uniform at a nearby slopshop.

By force of habit, when it came to finding a lodging he registered at a mariner's fleabag hotel, where, after remedying an unexpectedly discovered hole in his sock by the application of a dab of shoe blacking to his heel, he dressed himself in his new finery and with great éclat, though a bit shaky inside, was driven to his dinner date with the Bleekers at the Antilles Hotel.

It was late, the orchestra had packed up and gone, and Mrs. Bleeker, who, throughout the evening, had grown progressively bored, cross and critical, had long since retired, before Mr. Bleeker heeded the waiters' ostentatious yawns and led his new skipper to the taxi rank outside the hotel.

"Poor ma," he said with a grin as they went down the steps. "She never feels happy unless she gets five shillings extra service out of the pound. Well anyway, Gallup"—he stopped in the driveway—"those are our plans. We sail day after tomorrow at daylight for Nassau ——"

"Through all them little islands, sir?"

"That's right! And all you've got to do, captain," he added jocularly, "is obey orders and keep your mouth shut."

"Keep me mouth shut, sir?" Mr. Gallup was puzzled.

Mr. Bleeker chuckled. "If ma gets on your neck, I mean." He glanced at his watch. "Criminy! It's late!" He shook hands. "See you on board about eleven."

"Right, sir!" said Mr. Gallup. He added huskily, "I don't know how to thank ye, Mr. Bleeker, sir. Me and me little fambly owes ——"

But Mr. Bleeker, disguising a yawn behind a genial wave of his hand, was already on his way back into the hotel.

Mr. Gallup, however, was too excited to sleep; and, eager to see the Doubloon, he told the driver to take him to the Old Port, a tangle of rickety wharves over odorous tidal flats. From here he went on foot, past seemingly endless trading schooners, fishermen and other craft. Then, not seeing anything even vaguely resembling a yacht, he addressed an early risen seaman in the waist of a small, untidy steamer whose cluttered decks and weather-flaked paintwork bespoke a long period of neglect.

"The Doubloon?" The man's eyes widened. "She lookin' right at you, boss! Dis here is her!"

"There's some mistake, friend," said Mr. Gallup. "The Doubloon's a yacht."

"Ain't on'y one Doubloon," grunted the man. "I'm her bos'n. I should know."

Too stunned to answer, Mr. Gallup's gaze roved over the slack stays, the dirty, rust-stained funnel and tarnished brasswork, and his heart sank. "Is Mr. Bleeker the owner?" he asked.

The man nodded. "Dat's him. Big, fat, smooth-talkin' man. He bought her a week ago. Dey couldn' give her away befo' dat." His eyes narrowed with suspicion. "Anyways, who you?"

Mr. Gallup stepped on board. "I'm her captain. Who else is aboard?"

"Capt'in, huh?" He gestured indifferently with his thumb. "Some o' the crew—deck an' black gang's in de fo'castle. Cook an' steward 'midship. Engineer and radioman aft. The mate, too, mebbe. If he ain't, he's ashore, dronk."

With a last suspicious glance over his shoulder, the man disappeared into the fo'castle; and, fighting the intense depression that now assailed him, Mr. Gallup inspected his new command. The saloon was small, shabbily furnished and musty-smelling, as were the owner's accommodation and the staterooms opening from it. And from behind one closed door obvious alcoholic snores indicated the presence of the mate. Mr. Gallup did not disturb him.

The stewards' pantry and storeroom were provisioned, but hardly in quantities to sustain an extended voyage; and the same was true of the engine room; for, although the power plant was fairly clean, and showed signs of recent working over, the contents of the bunkers were low. Too low, in fact, as the puzzled Mr. Gallup realized, to carry the vessel over even the first leg of her projected course.

With increased dejection Mr. Gallup climbed to the chartroom on the small, untidy bridge. Here, too, dirt and neglect were evident. Someone had forgotten to put a chart away; and as he glanced at it a troublesome recollection flashed through his mind that linked up, vaguely, with something the genial Mr. Bleeker had said a few hours before.

"'Obey orders and keep your mouth shut,' eh?" Mr. Gallup quoted to himself. "Keep me mouth shut about wot? Well, p'raps we'll see."

At midmorning Mr. Gallup emerged from a shipping broker's office, where a modest bribe had bought from the clerk some information he urgently required. Yet, instead of verifying what he had concluded was the truth—that Mr. Bleeker intended to cast his vessel away for the insurance—what he learned not only negated this but plunged him into a quandary even deeper than before. For the man had told him that the Doubloon was taking no cargo and that, furthermore, because of her poor condition, plus the dubious business reputation of Mr. Bleeker, no reputable underwriter would insure her.

"So if he don't stand to profit by wrecking her," mused Mr. Gallup on his way back to his hotel, "and it certainly ain't a pleasure cruise, like he said, wot is his little game?"

Whatever it was, Mr. Gallup was sure now as he turned in at his hotel door, that he wanted no further part of it. Instead, with acute nostalgia, his thoughts turned to the Jaipur Prince and his chances of being taken back on board.

Sharply uneasy now lest he be left behind, he hurriedly stuffed into an envelope, addressed to Mr. Bleeker, most of the change from the money advanced to him, with a promise to repay the balance, and ten minutes later, having changed into his old uniform, he was in a taxi and jouncing along the wharves to the Jaipur Prince.

He was only just in time, for when he leaped from the taxi and pounded along the wharf, with his old hard hat crammed over his ears, steam was blowing off at the funnel valve, the lines were singled up and she was about to proceed to sea.

Captain Sloan was too angry at this spectacular last-minute pierhead jump to find words forbidding him on board. But when they were well under way he was bitter and to the point.

"You're back here on probation only, mister!" he rasped. "And next time you slip up, you'll get the sack for good!"

"Wery good, sir," replied Mr. Gallup meekly. "I'm sorry I wos sich a neel."

So he slipped back into his old duty routine, but all afternoon and on watch that night, with the shore beacons flashing ahead, then slipping astern, the puzzle of Mr. Bleeker continued to obsess him.

And what tantalized him most was that, despite the evidence to the contrary, he still believed that the owner of the Doubloon intended to cast her away.

The purpose of it he could not even guess; yet hourly his conviction grew, sparked by a vagrant memory of something Mr. Bleeker had said, and an elusive but confirming minor incident on board the Doubloon. And intuitively he knew that when these two key pieces fell into place, the location and time of the Doubloon's stranding, if not the motive, would be (*Continued on Page 64*)

People are Like That

When it comes to selecting a mate, the younger generation often laughs off parental disapproval. Are parents usually wrong to speak out against marriages they disapprove, or do mother and dad sometimes know best?

A surprisingly large number of parents are right in objecting to their children's choices, Dr. William J. Goode, of Columbia University, reports in his book, After Divorce. On studying the cases of 400 divorced women, he found that forty per cent of the divorcees' parents opposed the marriages in the first place, and 25 per cent of the husbands' parents also opposed them. Even 16 per cent of the wives' friends disapproved.

Arthur Larsen

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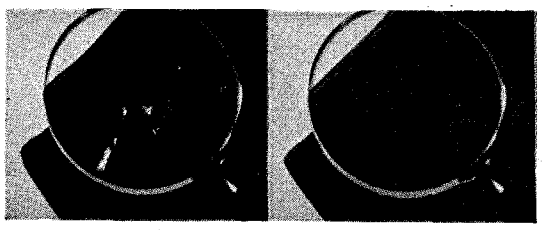
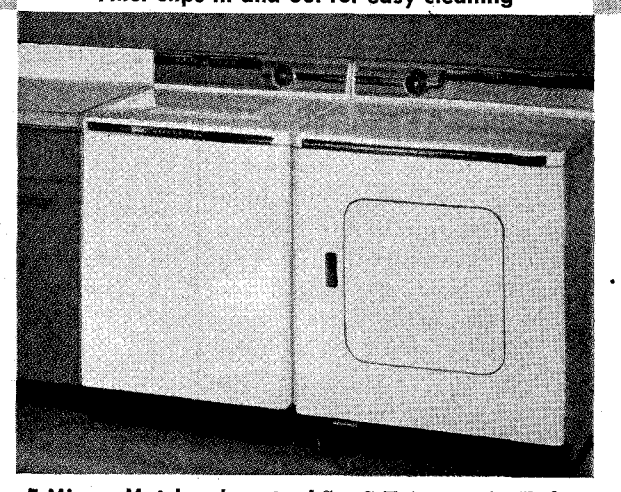


After 11 washings in washer with *no filter*, the dungarees (left) were dulled by lint. After 11 washings the G-E Filter-Flo way, an identical pair showed no lint.



5 Mix-or-Match colors, too! See G-E Automatic Washers and Dryers in canary yellow (shown), turquoise green, petal pink, cadet blue, woodtone brown, $10.00 extra. Also white.

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(*Continued from Page 62*) revealed, and that part, at least, of the puzzle would be solved.

At daybreak the Jaipur Prince entered another island port to pick up a few tons of cargo. It was late afternoon before she cleared and turned south again, and when she left, hurricane warnings were up and her crew moved about the decks, securing ship against the ordeal to come.

At eight P.M., Mr. Gallup was on the bridge, standing his watch, with the sky an evil green and whitecaps beginning to spit over the bows, although the hurricane was still many miles away. An hour later it really began to blow, with rain and utter darkness, that was stabbed at second intervals by jagged lightning; and doggedly the Jaipur Prince lurched and reeled toward the fast-approaching storm which, according to the reports which crackled into her radio shack, abruptly had changed course to the northwest and now was hurtling with appalling fury from the Leeward Islands toward the Bahamas and the Florida coast. And with all shore beacons blacked out by rolling cloud masses and screaming rain squalls, Mr. Gallup, with streaming oilskins, fought his way into the chartroom to make a rough check of his position.

And instantly, as his brine-stung eyes fell on the printed maze of deadly reefs and islands that studded the waters between Great Inagua and the Caicos Bank which the Jaipur Prince now was approaching, there flashed into his mind a vivid recollection of the dingy, littered chartroom of the Doubloon, where, upon the table, had been spread a duplicate of the chart which at this moment lay below his eyes.

This was it, then! One missing piece in the jigsaw! The place where the unctuous Mr. Bleeker was planning to cast away his yacht—for why, otherwise, the need for a chart, to a man who had boasted of knowing, like the inside of his hat, "every cove and inlet, every channel, reef and shoal"? Except, of course, that to insure the safety of the Doubloon's company after the sinking, he had to be very, very careful where he placed her.

But in weather such as this, and particularly since the hurricane's sudden and unforeseen change of course, no craft was safe, no refuge secure. And if Bleeker had kept to his schedule, the Doubloon had sailed from Port Carib that morning.

Quickly Mr. Gallup figured elapsed time, course and estimated speed of the yacht, and other essential details; and when he had finished, his face was grim, for the Doubloon's position had been pinpointed on his chart as but a few miles to windward of the murderous chain of reefs off Sangre de Cristo Island.

Returning to the open bridge, Mr. Gallup sent the seaman on stand-by for Captain Sloan, who had been snatching an hour or two of sleep in preparation for the even rougher time to come. And when the shipmaster appeared, the situation rapidly was explained and permission asked to change to a course that would take the Jaipur Prince closer to the Doubloon.

Captain Sloan listened with hostile incredulity; then sent for the radio operator, who promptly stated that there had been no message, so far, from any yacht. He was dismissed and Captain Sloan turned again to Mr. Gallup.

"If any such vessel sends out a distress signal, mister," he said curtly, "we'll go to her help, of course. Meanwhile, keep on our present course—and if you fetch me out here again on any such fool's errand, I'll send ye below for keeps!"

Mr. Gallup resumed his vigil. Then, at four bells, when wheel and lookout were relieved, he again entered the chartroom and, after a swift, penciled calculation of the steamer's position, he went into the wheelhouse and gave quiet orders to change course.

Ten minutes later, Captain Sloan reappeared, and after a routine check of the course, he again confronted Mr. Gallup.

"You disobeyed my order!"

"Yes, sir."

"Knowing the consequences? To your family as well as yourself?"

"I thought that out, yes, sir," replied Mr. Gallup doggedly. "But wid human lives at stake, I could never look 'em in the face ——"

"I'll take over your watch. So go below. You're through!"

His big face ashen, Mr. Gallup left the bridge and clumped down to his tiny cabin, but he hardly had time to shed his oilskins when he felt a sudden lurch and deeper roll that told him the Jaipur Prince, abruptly, acutely, again had changed course, while the increased beat of the propeller made her old plates tremble.

"Oh-oh!" grunted Mr. Gallup, knowing immediately what this meant. Hastily redonning his oilskins, he staggered up to the radio shack.

Sparks looked up as he entered. "You were right!" he said tensely. "SOS from the Doubloon. She's holed and drifting down on Sangre de Cristo."

"How far off?"

"Only about half an hour from us—thanks to your changing course a while ago!"

"Ar!" growled Mr. Gallup. "And it's cost me me job!"

He went up to the bridge, and immediately Captain Sloan saw him. "Disobeying orders again?" he demanded.

"If ye put a boat over, ye'll need somebody who can handle a steering sweep."

"The chief officer's as capable at that as you are. He'll take it across."

Mr. Gallup did not answer, but since he was not again ordered to leave the bridge, he watched while the lifeboat's crew assembled beside their boat, removing the tarpaulin and making sure the davits would function and the falls run free.

Meanwhile the steamer's big searchlight was stabbing the welter ahead, and presently they saw the Doubloon, which, with a heavy list and seas smashing over her, was drifting rapidly toward the island, where, a mile or so ahead, white-fanged breakers thundered over the hidden reefs.

With consummate skill, Captain Sloan worked the Jaipur Prince into a position broadside to the seas, thus providing a lee while simultaneously releasing a heavy oil slick to smother the smoking combers. And now, clearly seen in the searchlight's beam was the ship's company of the stricken yacht, clustered against the shelter of her midship house.

Quickly the Jaipur Prince's boat was lowered and the falls cast free, and with Mr. Wilcox standing in the stern and the heavy steering oar in the crook of his muscular arm, she was swept clear of the steamer's wildly rolling bulk.

It was a long, hard pull, with the Jaipur Prince jockeying after them as closely as safety would permit; but steadily, in the bright glare of the searchlight, and controlled by the chief officer's superb small-boat seamanship, the gap was closed, and at last the lifeboat swooped and gyrated alongside the drifting Doubloon with the yacht's panicky complement jumping either into the boat or into the sea alongside, from which they quickly were snatched to safety.

On the steamer's bridge, Mr. Gallup and Captain Sloan tensely watched, while below them on the forward well deck the second mate, Mr. Sharp, superintended the lowering of sea ladders and a cargo net over the side. And still in the searchlight's beam, a couple of hundred yards away, the surf-beaten Doubloon forlornly rolled.

Mr. Gallup pointed. "Too bad that wessel's not worth puttin' a line aboard, sir," he commented solemnly. "It might ha' got us a nice bit o' salwage."

"Whereas, for risking our own ship to save your stupid friends, Mr. Gallup," the shipmaster returned dourly, "all we'll get is sweet nothing!"

"Aye, ye're right there," said Mr. Gallup regretfully. "Salwage ain't payable when no property but on'y lives is saved. Still ——"

Captain Sloan faced him squarely. "Go below and make sure the stewards have everything ready in the saloon!" he rasped. "Because I just can't bear looking at you any more!"

Without comment, Mr. Gallup obeyed. In the saloon, however, everything was in order—plenty of warm blankets and hot food and an alert stewards' staff—so he returned to the deck in time to help the first of the Doubloon's survivors over the rail and escort them aft.

The leading two, soaked, bedraggled and shivering, were the Bleekers, but in the tumult and rain-lashed darkness they did not recognize him until he led them into the warm brightness of the saloon. Then Mr. Bleeker stared at him in blank astonishment. (*Continued on Page 67*)

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"Nine out of 10 successful men want *custom-built* life insurance."

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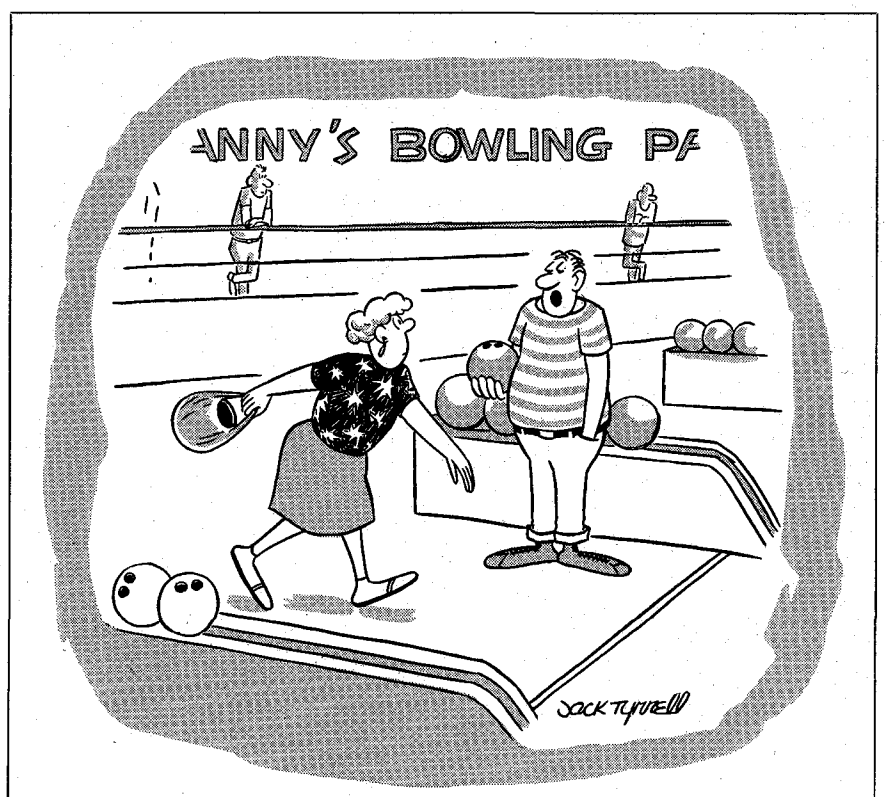

"Hold it! Hold it! What's the very first thing I told you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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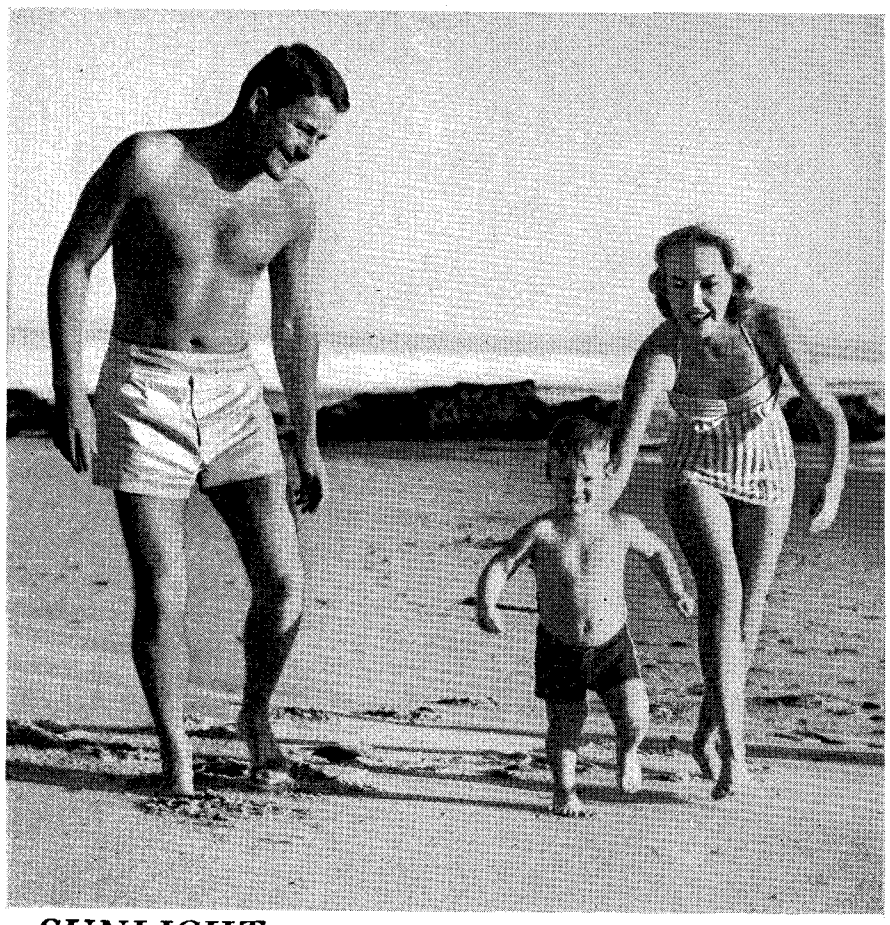
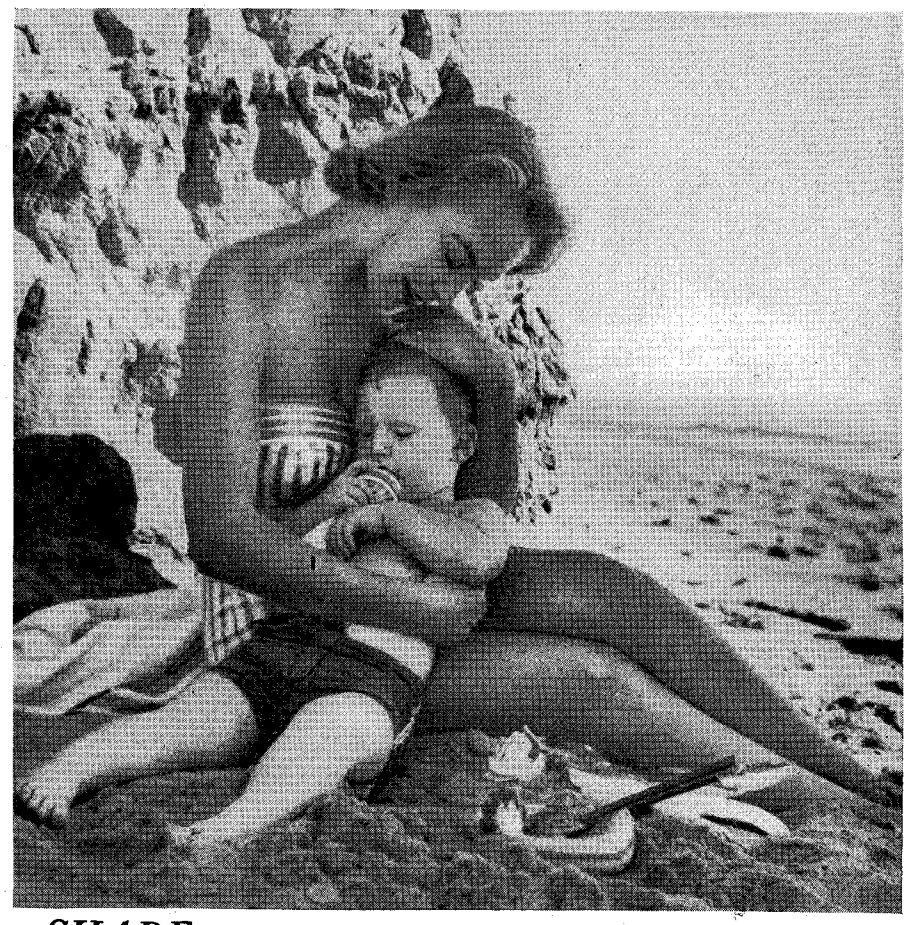
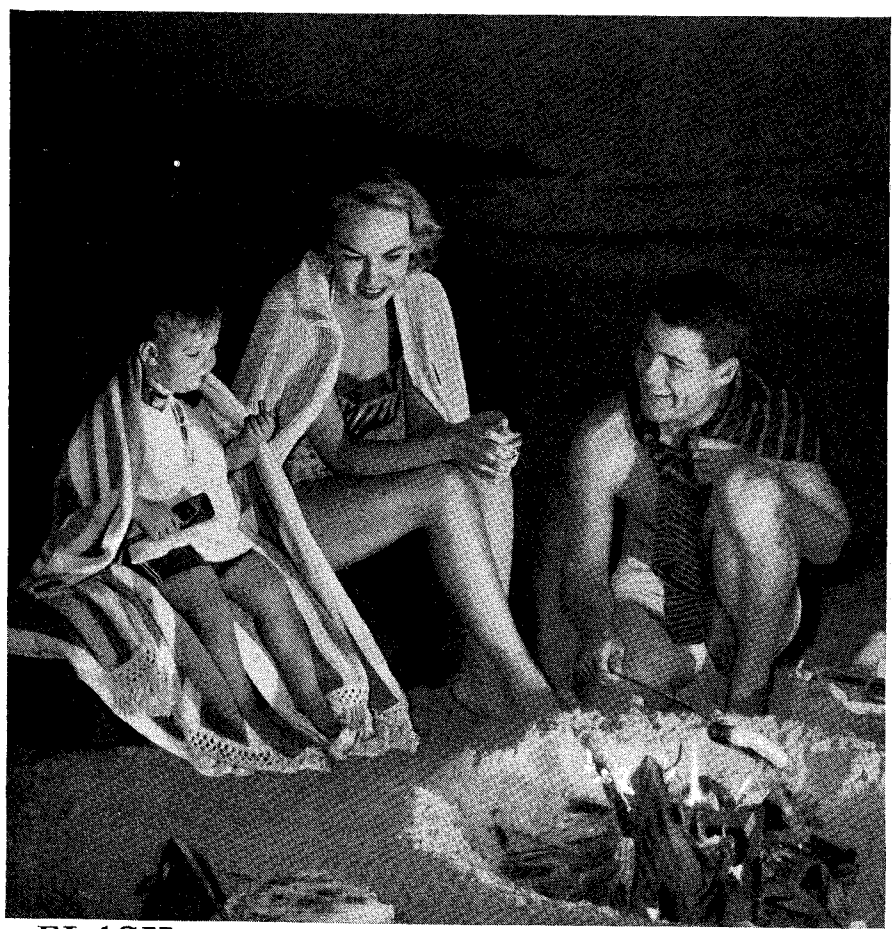


SUNLIGHT—No worries about harsh shadows—this film gentles them. Every expression, every subtle detail is sharp and clear.



SHADE—No flat, muddy looking prints—even in the shade or on cloudy days. You get good pictures with a minimum of light.



FLASH—Sparkling snapshots at night, too. Your flash pictures with Verichrome Pan can look as natural as those taken by sunlight.

World's favorite film now better than ever—gives new sparkle to your black-and-white snapshots!

With Kodak's new Verichrome Pan Film, you can "shoot" in *any* light and get clearer, sharper pictures than ever before. People, pets, scenery—all look more true-to-life!

The reason is simple. This new film is "panchromatic"—sensitive to *all colors*. It translates each and every color into its proper black-and-white value.

It's the type of film professionals have used for years. And now Kodak makes it widely available for all popular roll-film cameras.

For your best snapshots ever, load *your* camera with Kodak's great new Verichrome Pan Film this weekend!

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(*Continued from Page 64*) "Why—why, it's you, Gallup!" he croaked. "What a strange coincidence?"

"It's no coincidence, sir!" said Mr. Gallup heavily, and what Mr. Bleeker saw in his grim, bony face and deep-smoldering eyes caused him hastily to draw back. "I knew where ye'd be—remember?" He turned then to Mrs. Bleeker, whose wild, despairing eyes stared through a tangle of brine-soaked hair. "An' you, ma'am!" he continued roughly. "Was you in on it too? An' if not, why didn't ye stop him?"

"In on it?" Mrs. Bleeker glared back. "I don't know what you mean! You don't know what we've been through! We've lost everything! Everything we owned!" And burying her face in her hands, she wept.

There was a pause. Then: "Everything, ma'am?" Mr. Gallup asked softly, his eyes fixed upon the fat, moisture-wrinkled hands that covered her pallid face.

"Everything!" she wailed. "We didn't save a thing!"

"H'm-m-m-m," he murmured enigmatically. "Well, the stewards here will look arter ye." And turning abruptly away, he pushed through the rest of the survivors who had crowded in, and hurried back to the bridge.

The lifeboat had been hooked to its falls and was about to be hoisted when Mr. Gallup approached Captain Sloan and hoarsely urged permission to take it back to the abandoned Doubloon, which still wallowed heavily, a scant two hundred yards off.

"There ain't time to explain now, sir," he pleaded. "But if I'm right, it'll be well worth ——"

"Are you out o' your mind, ye goony?" Captain Sloan's wrath exploded. "She'll be on that reef in another thirty minutes!" He faced aft and cupped his hands. "Get that boat up and secured!" he roared. "Let's get out of here!" Then, moving swiftly to the engine-room telegraph on the bridge wing, he slammed it over.

In instant response the increased propeller beat shook the deck, but when he turned, Mr. Gallup already had shed oilskins, coat, shoes and pants, and was stripped down to his long, gray, patched underwear.

Gasping, Captain Sloan leaped for him, but a violent push of a brawny arm spun him away, and in the next instant Mr. Gallup had jumped over the side. There was a momentary glimpse of a black head and thrusting arms as he surmounted a hissing crest, and again the shipmaster jumped to the telegraph and signaled "Stop!" and once more ordered the boat away.

But by then Mr. Gallup had disappeared in the dark and tumbling seas.

A half hour later, shivering convulsively, Mr. Gallup was helped back on board the Jaipur Prince, one large fist firmly clutching a small, cloth-wrapped package; and when Captain Sloan, full of explosive fury, met him at the rail, Mr. Gallup peremptorily silenced him.

"Save it!" he demanded. "Where's Bleeker?"

"They both raised such an uproar when they knew where you'd gone that I locked 'em in a cabin. Mr. Gallup, what is all this ——"

"Tell ye later, in yer quarters, sir," said Mr. Gallup with a sudden grin. "Soon as I've climbed into some dry duds."

After a brisk rubdown and a quick change, and with the Jaipur Prince once more butting the head seas on her original course, Mr. Gallup soon was relaxing in the shipmaster's cabin with a glass of hot toddy in his fist. And between them was the small, sodden package that he had risked his life to get.

"'Twas a job findin' it," Mr. Gallup was saying equably; "sloshin' about in the dark wid water up to me knees. But, bein' a nintelligent man, most times, I figgered that a narpy as greedy as Bleeker's missus would never chuck 'em away, even though she wos giving 'em up woluntarily. No, she'd jist leave 'em where they generally wos kept, the most likely place bein' the dror in their cabin washstand. That, sir, is where I found 'em. And there they are. So look at 'em!"

With trembling fingers Captain Sloan opened the parcel, and a small heap of diamond rings, a necklace, bracelets, earrings and a pendant leaped into blazing, scintillating life.

The shipmaster gasped. "Why—why there must be well upwards of a hundred thousand dollars' worth here!" he said, awed.

"Ar! Does rather knock ye over, don't it, sir?" replied Mr. Gallup complacently, and took a long swig of his drink. "Insured for double their walue, too, ye'll find. 'Course they'll never collect now—thanks to me! But no wonder he'd no need to insure his wessel, when he figgered on cleanin' up wid these."

"But—but how does this affect us?"

"Bein' a nexpert on maritime lor, sir," Mr. Gallup said modestly, "I could easy explain. But why should I? Arter all, I wos relieved o' me juties, an' ——"

"Tut-tut, Gallup!" Captain Sloan chuckled heartily; but his eyes were anxious. "That was just my—my little joke!"

"Aye—ye're quite a wag, sir," Mr. Gallup agreed dryly. "And if ye ever laffed at me out loud, who knows wot might happen! But about the lor . . . as you said earlier, no salwage is paid if life only is saved. But that same lor also states that where property, too, is rescued, a wery generous salwage will then be awarded, even up to the total walue o' the property saved! Which means, Capting Sloan," he ended quietly, "that our owners an' our blessed selves will diwide quite a chunk o' cash atween us."

"And the Bleekers—what will they get?"

"A lesson, sir!" Mr. Gallup growled, his affability suddenly gone. He pointed to the fortune in sparkling gems. "Ye'd better tuck them away in your safe."

Captain Sloan did so. "But I still can't see," he said as he resumed his seat, "how you found out, at that last possible moment, what their crooked little game was!"

"Wery simple, sir," replied Mr. Gallup, in his deep-set eyes a sudden, loving glow. "It's something wot happened once, years ago, to me wife Iris. Her," he reminded delicately, "that you wos so free wid yer remarks about, a few days back."

"Have a cigar!" said Captain Sloan hastily. "You were saying ——"

"I suddenly remembered," resumed Mr. Gallup nostalgically, "wot Iris had done. Somethink every normal woman would do, but that only a married man would be likely to remember."

"But what was it, Gallup?" cried the little shipmaster, his pink, round face near to bursting with impatient curiosity.

And what, then, with relish, Mr. Gallup revealed, he later, propped snugly in his cabin bunk, with another toddy, and puffing one of Captain Sloan's excellent cigars, repeated in a letter to his wife. It read:

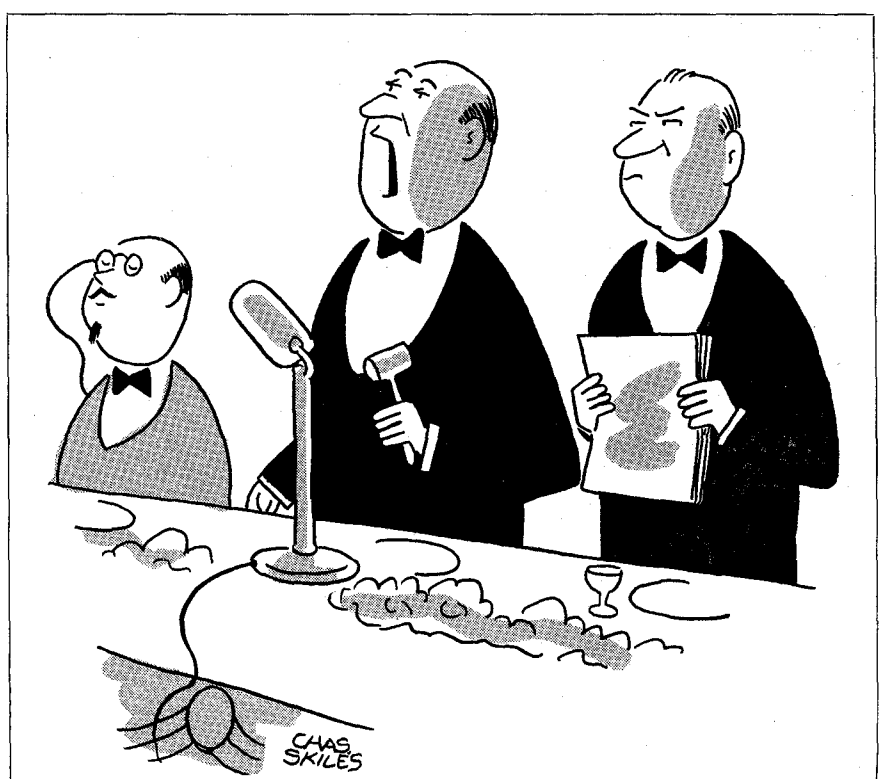
Deer Iris: This is wrote in a hurry as I, got quite wet and am begining to cogh so, will tell you about the dimonds when I gets home wich God, willing shoud be early next year. But you gnow as well as me deer wife that come, hell or high water storm or flood no woman will ferget her joolry wich, is why when I seen this Mrs. Bleeker who (is incline to be money tigt anyway) come off the wreck with nothing on her neck an fingers an no, earrings too I remembered the time when our deer twins put the cat on the stove an near burnd our house down. And the first thing you grabbed after the (kids) was that broche of real imitation rubys I bougt for your birthday in Rangoon.

So I gnowed it must have bin a purpose she left her dimonds on the yackt an, that gave me the clew what they was up to wich, will mean a big thing for all of us when, the admiralty Court makes its award

Hopeing you are the same deer, Iris an my true love to all our sprats p.s, Is Nanny Lou's deer little chist still troubbling her? Tell her to try an not cogh for, money for the specalist (Dr.) will soon be on the way. so sayin I, take me pen in hand to bid a fond adoo,

Yr loving pa an husband
B,GALLUP.

THE END



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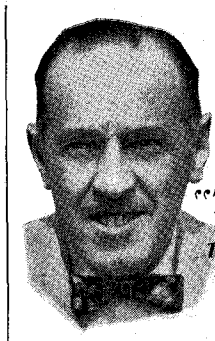
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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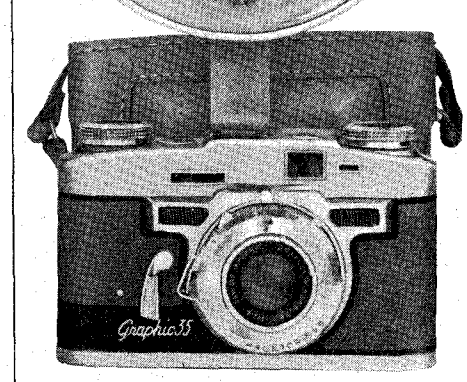
JOSEPH GALVANEK
Valley Stream, L. I., New York



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for his electric drill

WHAT A WORK-SAVER for the man-of-the-house! The thick, flexible, resilient pad attaches to any standard electric drill—MAKES IT A PORTABLE POWER SANDER. Sanding discs are held tight to the pad with pressure-sensitive adhesive...*can be peeled off and replaced in an instant.* With a FLEXBAC® Pad Kit, even an amateur handyman gets "professional" results every time...no digging in—no swirl marks.

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- **Featheredging joints and seams**
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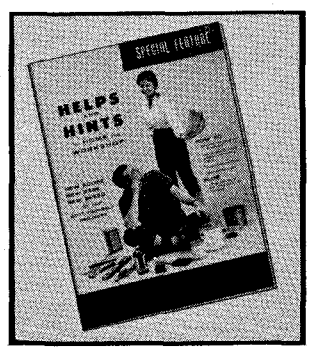

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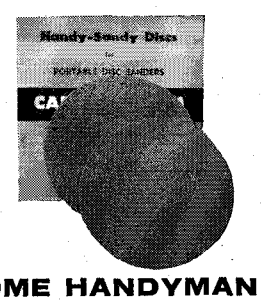
Made especially for use with the FLEXBAC® Pad. Packed in handy envelopes, in five grit sizes from Fine to Coarsest.



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... **FIRST** *with the* **BEST** *in everything* **ABRASIVE**

90-619

The Job They'll Never Finish

(Continued from Page 49)

such surprises. Overnight, "known" coast lines are deeply jigsawed on the basis of new aerial exploration. Old "islands" turn out to be strait-split twins, peninsulas or archipelagoes. Bays, rivers, plateaus, even towns dot the once-blank areas around the poles and deeper reaches of Asia. Remember the restfully empty arctic stretches back in dear old Geography 1 days? Thanks to the tremendous amount of postwar mapping, the most recent "Top of the World Map," as it is called, lists more than 5000 place names!

From China to South America—and even in the well-explored, politically stable old U.S.A.—there are constant, sweeping changes. Only a map—a new map—will picture for you the breath-taking population-industrial boom of our Northwest; the fantastic growth of its dams, atom towns and manufacturing. One statistic tells why the old maps are obsolete, the new ones hard put to keep up with progress. Prewar, not a pound of aluminum was manufactured west of the Rockies. Today, almost half our production is centered in the states of Washington and Oregon.

Or scale progress down to the level of Shevlin, Oregon, a 600-population logging town, wandering bane of the map trade. At least five times in about a quarter of a century—and probably again at this writing—Shevlin has picked itself up bodily and moved its stores and homes on railroad cars to promising new stands of timber. Routinely, the moment they have completed a map of any of the forty-eight states, cartographers begin revising it. The preliminary compilation for a new edition of an ordinary state map costs about $3000—Texas and Pennsylvania considerably more because of the numerous place names that must be included in these two states—and the rule of thumb of the business is to add an extra 10 to 15 per cent of the cost yearly for updating.

Doubtless you haven't heard of the measles epidemics which ravaged two areas of Peru. Well, besides the changing physical characteristics of a very restless world, its rainfall, vegetation, manufacturing, ocean currents, speleologic depths and what not, mapmen mustn't overlook measles. Because of the epidemics, many villages in the Madre de Dios and Loreto departments have literally disappeared from the face of the newer maps.

Today cartography is caught up in a paradox. Surveys have disclosed that only a handful of college students take geography courses, that they "know shockingly little about the geography of this country and know even less about the world." The map companies daily receive firsthand evidence of this public indifference, or worse.

"What does a pig farmer want a map of the whole United States for?" demanded one belligerent improver of the breed. "Kindly tell me! If it was for finding pigs, I would be interested." And, even in these post-1492 days, the companies occasionally receive protests like this: "Dear Dope. Columbus was a dope and you are a dope. You keep on turning out maps showing the world is round. As any dope knows, the world is flat, or we'd all fall off it, you dope."

Yet for the big three of mapdom—C. S. Hammond & Company, Rand McNally & Company, and the National Geographic Society—business is booming as never before in what the pedagogues call "a nation of geographical illiterates." Prewar, a big atlas printing ran about 25,000 copies. Today, a 150,000 press run is not unusual, and a one-dollar world map is a positive best seller. On both coasts, business firms regularly demand world-map calendars. Midwest firms prefer United States or state maps. National Geographic distributes its maps in printings of 2,000,000 to members in 160 countries, while Hammond spends a good $1,000,000 yearly for paper and printing. Its inventory in basic drawings and stock maps is estimated in the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Through such huge inventories, the commercial companies can turn out "specials" for business concerns. One firm did decline to make a United States map locating all frozen-food businesses—thought the field too limited—but another fulfilled a union's order for several thousand maps peculiarly marked with circles and squared-off lines. There had been a good deal of raiding, and the new map settled the precise jurisdiction of each local.

Actually, the boom has got so big that people who wouldn't be caught dead studying maps still want to look at them on wastepaper baskets, coffee tables, lamp shades and folding screens, framed as pictures or pasted up as wallpaper.

Other off-beat customers include treasure hunters—there is a rather steady demand, especially for the Cocos Islands; wives who want to retrace their husbands' war experiences or, more practically, follow their current business trips; space dreamers who would conquer the heavens. Not long ago, at the American Astronomical Society, it was suggested that a topographical relief map of Mars and preliminary road maps for interplanetary travel would be highly useful. Caleb Hammond, the fourth Hammond to head his company, immediately looked into map-making possibilities undreamed of by his earthbound grandfather.

However, he regretfully concluded, flat maps won't help much in outer space because the stars are not in a flat plane. As for topographical maps, there is the problem of planetary dust, nobody knows how many feet deep, which may be obscuring the true surface features of the planets. Space cartography is about where the old map world stood in Columbus' day.

As a sort of prelude to interstellar map making, Hammond did take on the world a few years ago. This was the two-ton globe, one of the biggest in the world, which revolves, once every ten minutes, in the lobby of The News, in New York. Hammond had the Herculean task of bringing it up (*Continued on Page 70*)

Tense Situation

By Richard Wheeler

The busy life we lead today
Is often very taxing,
And, much concerned, our doctors say
We have to start relaxing.
So, if I seem to loaf a lot,
Don't look with
apprehension.
I may seem lazy, but I'm
not;
I'm just avoiding tension.

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New... ScotTissue in 4 pretty pastels

for the whole family... safe for baby too!

You're mad for color— and now you can go all out for it in Susie's nursery and your bath. You really can, because every pretty ScotTissue pastel is safe even for Susie's tender skin... just as soft as ever.

Softest-toned to blend in gently with Susie's rosebud panties, your shower curtain with the gold stars, or Dad's new blue plaid towels.

Even Dad's happy because ScotTissue in color is such a big money's worth. And you're not constantly putting in a new roll because this big color roll lasts and lasts. ScotTissue gives you 350 more usable sheets than most other color rolls. It's an exciting color buy— your best color value for the whole family.
In Pink, Blue, Yellow, Green and Snowy White.

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The big roll is your Biggest color value!

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that keeps you fit!

Wonderful refreshment and the whole world knows its quality. Made from big, ripe, juicy California Valencia Oranges. At your favorite store, soda fountain, or vending machine.

Naturally Good!

MISSION of CALIFORNIA

(*Continued from Page 68*) to date. News cameramen took forty-seven photographs for the cartographers to work from, but they couldn't get down to Antarctica. So the mapmen crawled under the globe and, lying on their backs, penciled in corrections for the artists to follow. In all, 600 geographic changes were made.

Not surprisingly, though this fascinating business has occupied man down through recorded history, map making remains very much unfinished business. According to UN's Cartographic Office, only one tenth of the earth's surface is now accurately mapped. Some maps of South America's Atlantic coast, still in use, are based on British Admiralty surveys made in 1854. There are Australian maps showing lakes which completely dried up 100 years ago.

Indeed, cartography is a mighty big piece of unfinished business right here at home—and despite the fact that our Government is the biggest map publisher in the world. Back in 1785, Congress ordered surveys of the public lands west of the thirteen original colonies, and the first official United States map was published approximately 100 years later. Since then, every Federal agency from Post Office to Soil Conservation has turned out maps pointing up topographical, navigational, geographical, geological, soil-water and military features. Nonetheless, when the Interior Department took a mid-century "new look" at the protracted job, only one fourth of the country was adequately mapped. Though the Geological Survey was completing 500 projects yearly, Interior noted, the job would drag on until the year 2000. Somewhat dryly it added that for $500,000,000 the task could be more speedily completed—by 1970.

Meantime, for all general purposes, you can make do with Interior's latest official map, the first since 1941, which was released last year. It is revised to 1953. Printed on the Government's largest map presses, the new edition is a bright nine-color beauty on two sheets fifty-nine by forty-one inches—about seven by five feet over-all. Cost at Government Printing Office: four dollars per copy.

In their efforts to keep up with the world, map manufacturers have turned leisurely old-fashioned one-man cartography into many specialties. Visiting the Hammond plant at Maplewood, New Jersey, I was amazed to see how a scholarly art could be transformed into a sort of production line.

In one large room, the editors, or "compilers," work at map-cluttered desks to create the roughs of new maps, complete to the lettering, so that relative sizes of towns, cities and capitals will be indicated. At their finger tips is an 11,000-map library, plus the most recent data on population, name changes (and names are always changing), boundaries (likewise), railroads, highways and topography throughout the world.

Working with them are the indexers, whose job has been revolutionized since the war by punch-card tabulating machines. Every name on every map has a separate index card on which all pertinent facts are kept up to the minute. Through the punch-card sorting machines, alphabetical indexes are prepared by state, country, continent, island groups or any other arbitrary bracketing. In no time, the machines will whip up a straight A-to-Z index of the world or will include or exclude cities under a given population, seek out specific physical features, such as rivers, mountains or lakes, or something equally specialized.

From the compiler's desk, the black-on-white rough goes to the Drafting Department, where rows of flat desks stand at right angles to high, wide windows. Teams of draftsmen, some specialists in pen-and-ink line work, others in color, translate the rough into a map. Using sheets of a transparent plastic, .001 of an inch thick, the draftsmen trace the map outlines and paste the printed place names in their proper position. This plastic is the preferred medium for tracing because it does not wrinkle or change size with the temperature, thus obviating those tiny distortions which harass mapmen.

Today, color is something of a specialty in itself. Sometimes, where mountains dominate the land, they will be indicated by shading in blue and yellow. Contours of the ocean floor may be shown in half a dozen shades of blue. Usually, brighter hues are used for the smaller countries—so they will stand out—and British territory is traditionally pink. Otherwise, it's pretty much fielder's choice for the cartographer.

Finally, the whole is photographed by motor-focusing, overhead suspension-cameras to assure precise color reproduction, and then the maps are run off on four-color lithographic presses.

Thanks to lithography, which to a large extent has replaced letterpress, map production today is immeasurably cheaper and speedier. In the old days, for example, a highly skilled worker could make about half a dozen corrections daily, patiently jigsawing the name changes out of the letterpress plate and patching in the substitutions. Now, in a "repaste, rephoto job," the plastic master maps are corrected in no time. As a result, some maps may be changed 200 times in a year.

Technology, however, will never simplify the harried job of the "editorial correspondents," or map reporters, who bring in the basic data from Government bureaus, foreign state departments, chambers of commerce and other obliging and reliable sources.

During the war, one correspondent spotted a reference-book listing for a Tennessee town unmarked on any map. From state officials, he received a rather vague and grudging verification. It was a year and a half later, when the first A-bomb went off, that he understood their attitude. The place was named Oak Ridge.

Once, years ago, a county engineer balked at supplying data unless he was paid. The map correspondent pasted a blank sheet of paper over the recalcitrant's home county and wrote back: "This is the way the map of Georgia is going to look in our atlas." He got the information by return mail. More recently, a request to a Mediterranean country was returned with a delicate suggestion from a government official that good sneakers were hard to obtain in his country. He enclosed the requested information, plus a map of his own—the tracing of his foot size—and in due time received the coveted footgear.

Afield the job is more precarious. To do the first "depth map," or huge cross section of Carlsbad Caverns, in New Mexico, Walter Morrison, a National Geographic cartographer, descended almost 900 feet. In spots, his range finder could not sight the dark, lofty ceilings, so he clambered on high ledges and took precarious readings with an altimeter. Then, in the proper National Geographic way, he double-checked the readings against a second altimeter which he carried.

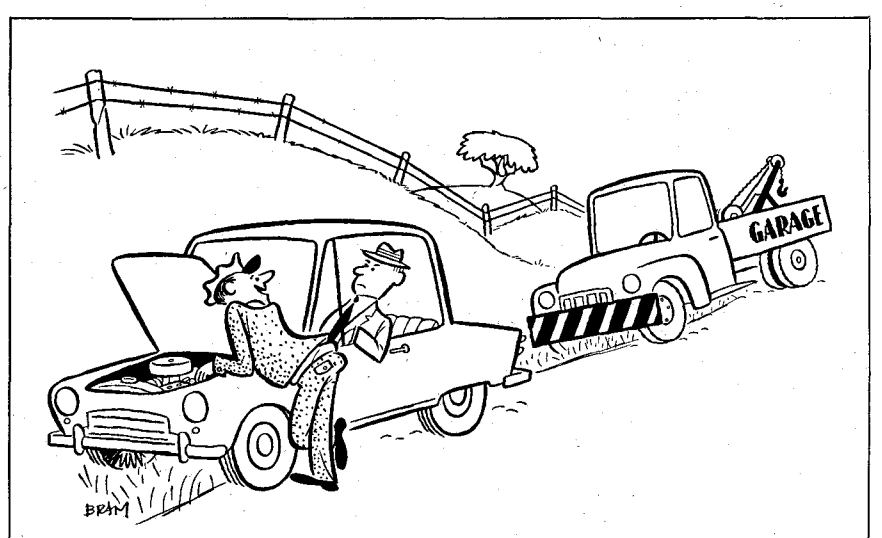
"I have fallen in love with American names, the sharp names that never get fat," sang Stephen Vincent Benét, the poet, and all map makers agree with him. Hammond has a particular fondness for Mole Hill, West Virginia, which changed its name to Mountain; Grave Creek, Oregon, which bowed to the optimists and became Sunny Valley; Hot Springs, New Mexico, which preferred Truth or Consequences. National Geographic rather likes Lousy Level, Nevada, an echo of gold-mine days; Foul Rift, a Delaware River town in Pennsylvania, and the wonderful, wonderful California names—Whisky Bar, Brandy Gulch, Delirium Tremens, Chucklehead Diggings, Gomorrah, Hell-for-Noon City, Love Letter Camp, Muguzzle Flat. Rand McNally quietly points to that proofreader's horror, a forty-four-letter lake in Massachusetts, which reads like this:

Chargoggaggoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaug.

Actually, the United States has no monopoly on the droll and fantastic. In Ontario, bordering no less than three counties, is Punkeydoodles Corners—population six—and in Saskatchewan, Old Man on His Back Plateau. At the northern end of Vancouver Island, the Adam and Eve rivers flow on either side of Mount Cain. The British boast Upper Wallop, Middle Wallop and Nether Wallop, while some tribesmen in Gambia, Northwest Africa, live in Sin.

Thousands and thousands of names, particularly Russian and Chinese, harass the mapmen. Tientsin can also be spelled T'ien-ching, Tienchin, T'ien-ching-shih. Penki, in Manchuria, looks deceptively simple; there are a dozen more spellings for it. In Russia, not only are towns hastily renamed after each new purge but the suffixes are changed as places grow in population and importance.

Knowing this, a New York Times cartographer dug up a notable wartime scoop for his newspaper. As the Russians relocated much of their strength to the east for safety, the Times man plotted the villages which (*Continued on Page 73*)



"Do you want me to poke around aimlessly or shall I tow it right in?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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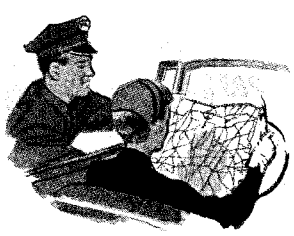

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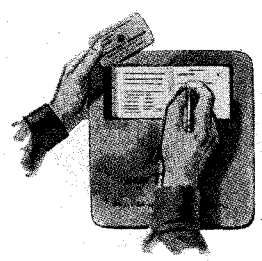

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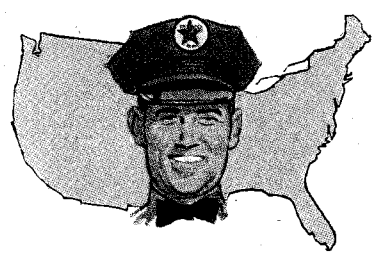

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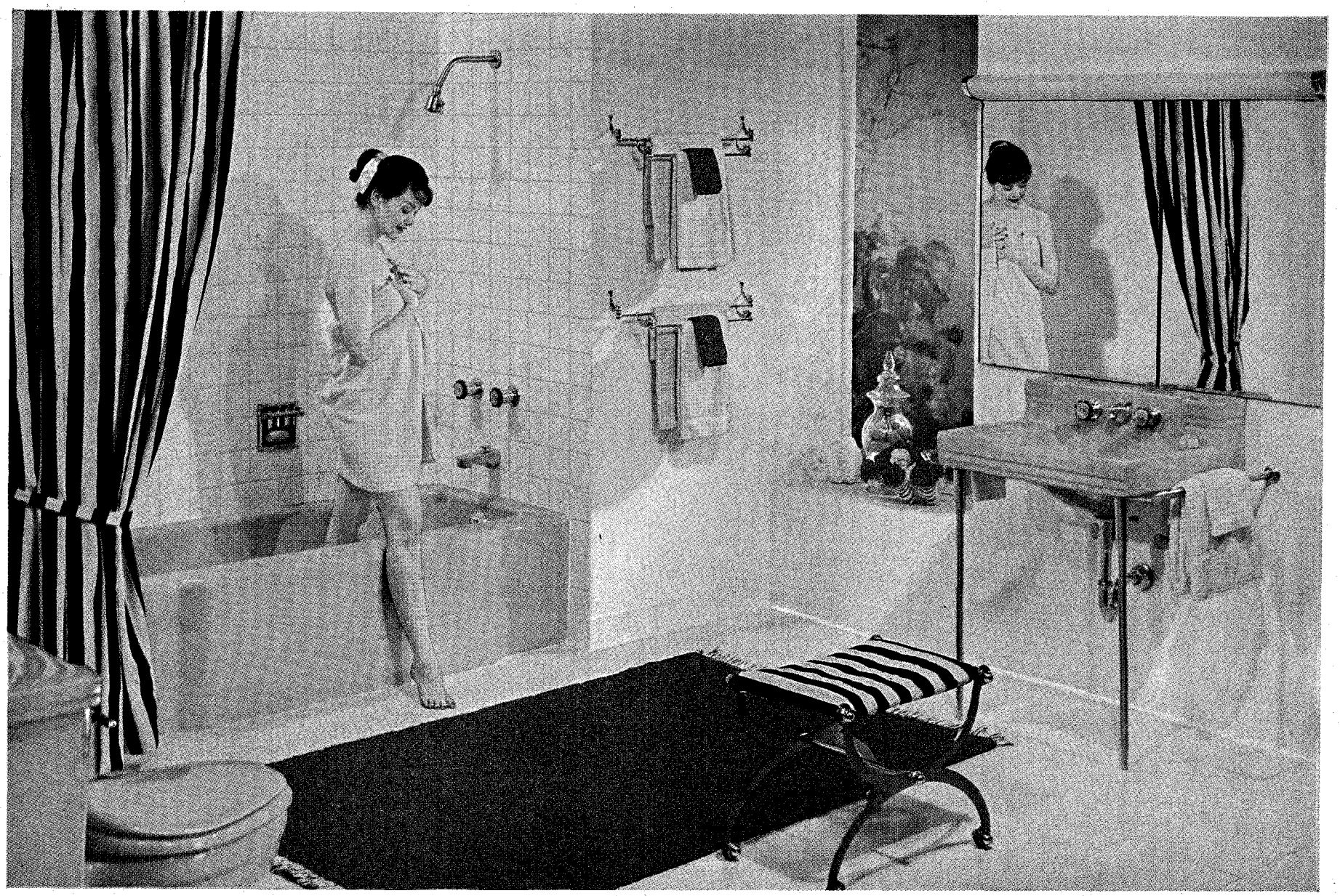
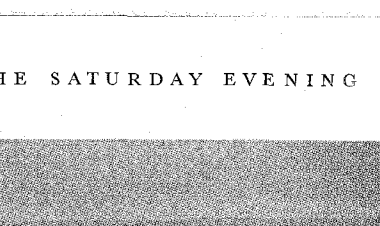


Everybody's ready on time... now that we have two AMERICAN-Standard bathrooms!



Everybody gets dressed at the same time when you have *two* bathrooms. The men of the family take over one bathroom, Mom and big sister the other.

Room for two bathrooms? Of course! A complete American-Standard bathroom can fit into an amazingly small space. If you are remodeling, turn a closet or the end of a hall into an extra bathroom. If you are building, an extra bathroom adds convenience and value to your home.

How much do they cost? Less than you think! $4.26 a week* buys the American-Standard bathroom above, and $2.43 a week* pays for the space-saving bathroom to the left.

Monogramed faucets that personalize your bathroom are a smart, new American-Standard exclusive. Handles come in clear or one of these five colors.

See these new bathroom fixtures at your American-Standard retailer's. He's listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book under "plumbing fixtures" or "plumbing supplies." Or mail the coupon to the left for helpful booklet. AMERICAN-STANDARD PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION, 40 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

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The most beautiful bathrooms are

AMERICAN-Standard

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(*Continued from Page 70*) developed telltale new suffixes. After a while, he was able to tell his paper where the Russians had moved their power.

To bring some order into the chaos of names, the United States Board on Geographic Names, working out of the Interior Department, with advisers from numerous geographic agencies, establishes official spellings—in our opinion, anyhow—for place names all over the world. Back in 1890, United States seamen reported in high annoyance that they couldn't find some towns on their maps of Alaska, and others were known to the natives by entirely different names. Pres. Benjamin Harrison promptly set up the Names Board, which, grappling with some 4000 languages and dialects, handing down some 5000 rulings yearly, has since made sure that State, Army, Navy, Air Force will always know what town the other departments are talking about.

In one dismaying rush job, the board had to take 2,000,000 Chinese names off the maps and translate them into English. Oddly, though, it is the American names which most often cause confusion. Sometimes a town and its railroad station will be differently named, with the result that mail and freight go astray. The board also looks with vast unenthusiasm on our patriotic weakness for naming places after national heroes. Already, there are some two dozen each of Washingtons, Lincolns, Madisons and Hamiltons scattered through the country. For simplicity, the board rules out poetic or outmoded spellings, hyphens and the possessive form, as much as possible. Towns ending in "borough" are instructed to spell the suffix "boro," and the *h* is dropped from "burgh." However, when this rule was applied to Pittsburgh, the local citizens raised so much *h* that the letter had to be restored.

The worst headaches are political. When Hitler seized Austria, one commercial firm had to recall 50,000 maps of Germany just off the presses. Fortunately, by a shift in the lettering and a color change to make Austria correspond in hue with Germany, *Anschluss* could be shown. But trying to depict the more complex steal of Czechoslovakia, with distinctions between "protectorate" and theoretically "independent" puppet states, was a major problem. And with each Nazi, Fascist, Communist grab, the whole thing changed all over again. In one instance, when territory was ceded to Hungary, the official new map renamed some 750 towns and villages.

Actually, the miracle of map making is that the Government and the commercial firms keep up with the job as thoroughly and swiftly as they do. Some time ago, doing over Korea and the China coast, National Geographic expended 5337 expert man-hours over a six-month period. And when Rand McNally took a deep breath and created a brand-new atlas, from the maps up, it cost them $450,000 and required 125,000 man-hours over eight years.

But back in September, 1939, when war came, neither the American people nor their Government was map-ready. In the first twenty-four hours, a map store near Fifth Avenue, New York, sold more maps than it had in all the years since 1918. Map printeries went on day-and-night schedules, and supplies were rushed in daily by plane. In Washington, there was a scramble to dust off the fragmentary collections of foreign maps scattered through various Federal departments, and the Army Map Service, in the War College, assumed control on an emergency basis. Things were put in order with amazing speed. Less than two years after Pearl Harbor, more than 50,000,000 maps had been printed for the military, including 2,000,000 sent to one headquarters alone. Since then, cartography has maintained high military priority. Never again will we be caught with our maps down.

For more than 4000 years, man has struggled to draw the earth as he knew it or thought he did. Probably our first cartographers, the Babylonians traced their maps on clay tablets around 2500 B.C. The early Chinese engraved them in bronze and stone, later adding the concept of the globe to cartography. The first relief maps were made by the Incas of Peru. But it was the speculative-minded Greeks who made the basic observations and guesses which we still largely follow.

In the fifth century, B.C., they introduced the eminently practical system of parallels and meridians, those evenly spaced horizontal and vertical lines which help us pin-point any spot on the globe. Because the Greeks believed the world was twice as wide across as it was high, we still call the east-west direction longitude, and the north-south, latitude. Dividing the longitudes is the prime meridian, a north-south line which connects the poles. Western longitudes are located to the left of the prime meridian; eastern longitudes to the right.

Since there is no reason in geometry for assigning primacy to one meridian rather than another, the prime meridian has floated erratically back and forth down the ages. Ptolemy put it near the "Fortunate Isles," probably the Canary Islands, off Africa, which were then the western end of the known world. Later, more nationalistic map makers rerouted the meridian through London, Paris, Lisbon, Madrid, Washington and Philadelphia as a matter of geographical prestige. But Britannia finally ruled the longitudes because the British Admiralty reckoned its longitudes from Greenwich Observatory, London. Such was its navigational prestige that the meridian through Greenwich came to be generally accepted as the prime meridian.

The chief obstacle faced by early cartographers, of course, was the lack of knowledge about the world. Mapmen often had to rely on reports from sailors and adventurers, not always the most reliable of scientific observers, and even then large areas remained blank. As Jonathan Swift jeered at them:

> "So geographers, in Afric maps,
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er uninhabitable downs
> Place elephants for want of towns."

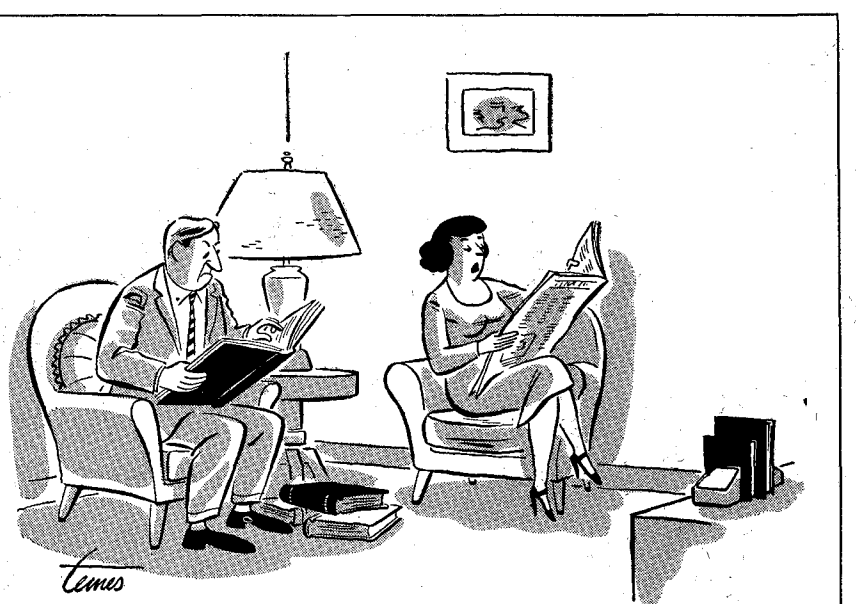
Actually, Swift was not being very fair. After centuries of doldrums, cartography had picked up sharply around 1500, thanks to three breath-taking coincidences—the rediscovery of Ptolemy's full Geography, giving the details of Greek map making; the invention of the printing press, which simplified and cheapened map production, and Columbus' discovery of the New World.

Since then, cartography has suffered only a few setbacks—notably in America. Abel Buell engraved the first map of America after the Treaty of Paris in 1783 and hence might be called the father of United States cartography, but map makers don't talk much about him. He made the mistake of also applying his skilled pen to altering five-shilling notes and did time for it.

Today, such deplorable things just don't happen. Map makers are of the highest respectability, and sometimes, as with the Hammonds, cartography is a family tradition. Caleb Hammond, brown-haired, soft-spoken, still in his thirties, absorbed map lore as a boy from his grandfather, father and uncle, all presidents of the company before him. As a high-school boy, he spent his Saturdays at the plant; later, at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, he studied mechanical engineering, survey and preliminary mapping. Summers, working on an oil tanker, he learned to use maps and charts. Now he is passing on his know-how to Caleb Dean Hammond III. Aged eight, young Caleb for some time has been able to spot Hammond maps when they are used on TV programs, and was overwhelmed when Howdy Doody flashed one of his father's on the screen.

However, in this perpetually unfinished business, there are questions even a Hammond can't answer. "How much do you put into a map to make it complete—and how much do you leave out to make it readable?" Hammond asks broodingly. How do you get your facts; how do you know they're accurate, once you have them?

Not long ago, like some seafarer of old with strange and wondrous things to report, a refugee from behind the Iron Curtain sought out the Hammond plant. With him he brought an exotic geographical treasure, the first "apparently authentic" new map of Russia in a long, long time. Interestingly, it showed that the hook on the upper end of the Caspian Sea, including about 100 square miles of sea, had disappeared. Out of scientific curiosity Hammond bought the map, but there's no way of telling for sure whether it's authentic. Unlike cartographers elsewhere in the world, the Soviet mapmen do not co-operate with their fellow craftsmen in other lands. THE END



"You're going to need more than facts to convince me!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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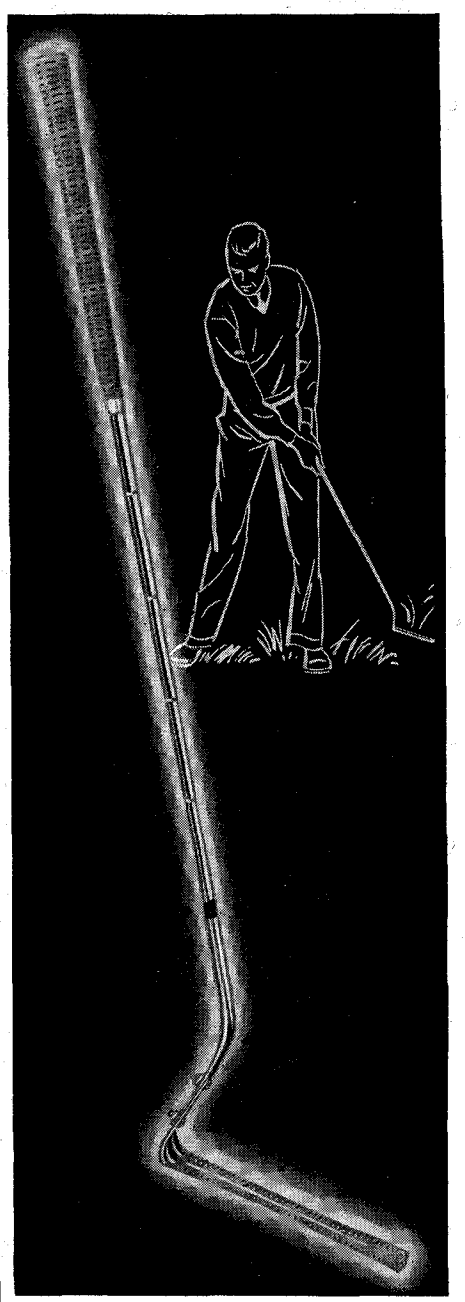
Father's Day News



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Surprise the man in your life with this perfect Father's Day gift. With it, he can practice his golf swing, still keep your lawn neat and trim. The new GOLFER Grass Cutter has a genuine True Temper step-down golf shaft, non-slip grip. It swings like a 5-iron. Golf pros recommend it for practice.

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What better Father's Day gift? See the GOLFER Grass Cutter—another wonderful new product from True Temper—at leading hardware, department and garden supply stores. About $4.95. True Temper Corp., Cleveland 15, O.

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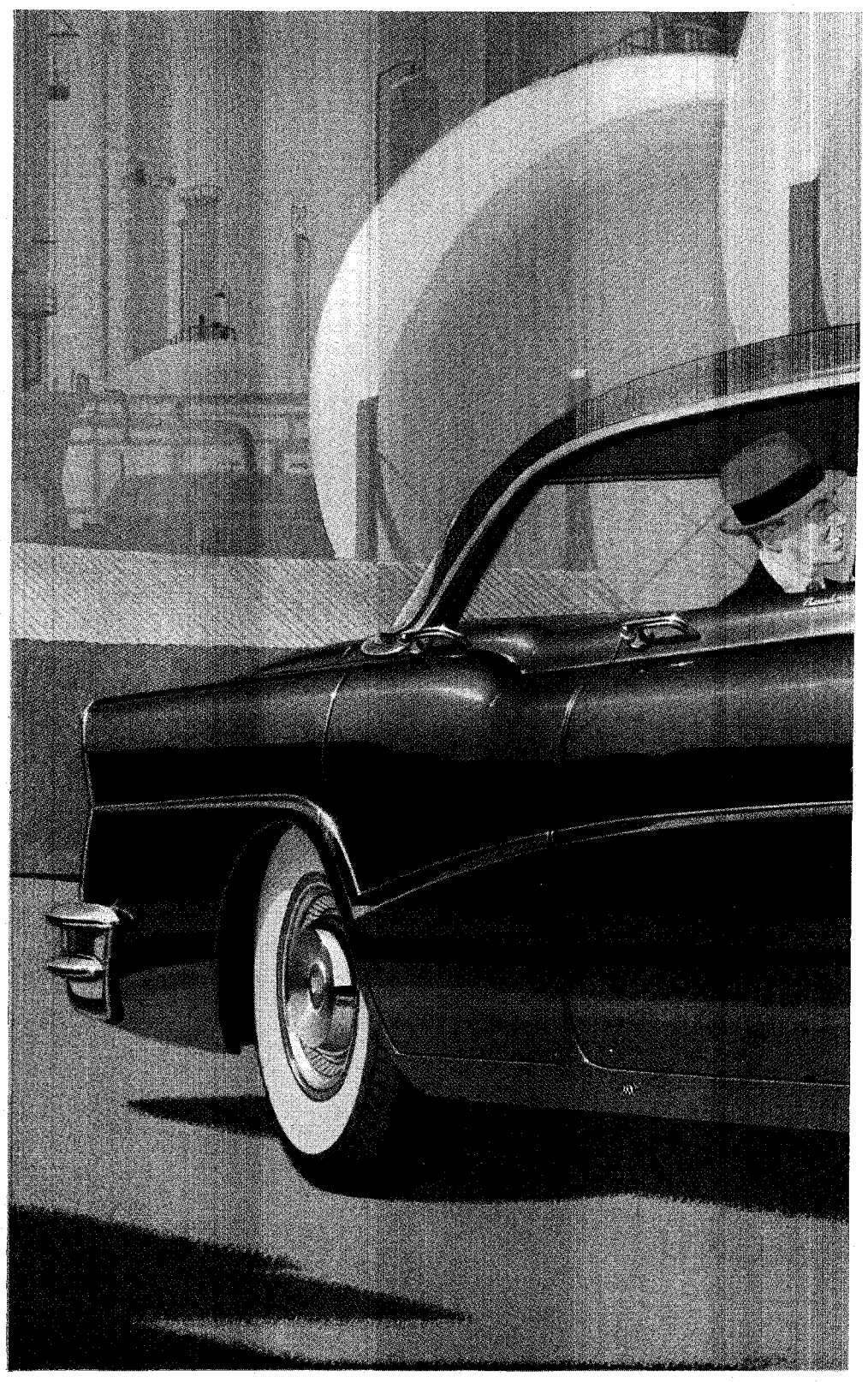

When you come to think about it, Roadmaster makes a singularly fitting choice in fine cars for the man who likes to use his own judgment.

It's not the costliest of fine cars—but it measures up to a standard far more exacting.

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This, we believe, is what appeals to the men who can afford to select worth over cost—value over ostentation.

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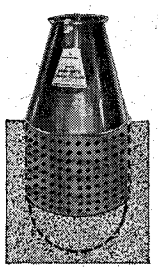

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Bait for a Bachelor

(Continued from Page 30)

I introduced him to my sister Sally, and he sat beside her on the divan.

"Tell us about your trip," Jim Landry said.

Sam shrugged. "I hardly wet a line. Spent most of the time helping Axel build a cabin."

Axel Perkins owned a camp on Sebago—a small place, run down, but comfortable as an old shoe. All of us had used to go there. Axel called us his "boys" and we called him "Pop," yelling the name at him because he was over seventy and deaf as a post.

Only Sam went there now. The rest of us, married, did our fishing closer to home if we fished at all. So, when Sam mentioned Axel, every man in the room was suddenly back there at the old camp, chopping firewood, burning sirloins on Axel's wood stove or just sitting on the cabin steps of an evening, telling fish lies.

I felt Midge's elbow in my ribs and saw her looking across the room at Sally. Fish talk should have bored Sally stiff, but she had turned sideways on the divan and was listening to every word Sam uttered, as though she'd never seen a man before.

Oh, no, I thought. *Not my own sweet sister.*

Being a male, I have no idea what there is about Sam Thompson that makes him interesting to women. I know why men like him: he's a gentle-humored, hard-working lad who gets along with patched-up waders like the rest of us, when, being single and successful, he could buy out a sporting-goods store if he wanted to. He wears well.

But women? Well, perhaps an unwed female just starts reacting—like phosphorus to water—on meeting an attractive male who hasn't been caught yet. All kinds of women had pursued Sam Thompson in vain.

Sam shrugged it off. "They just want to ruin my fishing," he'd say. "The gal doesn't live who can see a man go off on a fishing trip without wanting to tag along and tie knots in his line. Not that I blame you fellows for getting married," he'd say. "You were lucky. You got what you wanted. I'll be burning my own steaks when you all have grandchildren."

He owned his own contracting business. He lived alone in a bungalow he'd built himself, on twelve acres of woodland with a bass pond. Our wives insisted he was not really handsome.

And now, the party over and the guests gone, my sister Sally was saying through a yawn as transparent as window glass, "How long have you known Sam Thompson, Harry?"

She and Midge were doing the dishes. I was fixing Sam's salmon for the freezer. "What?" I said, playing stupid.

"I said"—yawn—"how long have you known Sam Thompson?"

"Since I came here to work for Manson Electric. Four, five years. You'd have met him before if you'd ever stayed for more than ten minutes."

She carefully dried a cup she had just finished drying. "Does he always talk about fishing?"

"Practically always, when he's not building houses. Why? He bore you to tears?"

She shrugged, putting the twice-dried cup aside. "Why should I be bored?"

She had something there. A girl like Sally, only a couple of years out of college, where she'd been campus queen, class president and what not else, definitely did not have to be bored. Nor was she. Sally was a lass who knew what she wanted, went after it and got it—usually with ridiculous ease. She'd wanted to be a fashion photographer. Already she was assistant to one of the best in New York.

I grinned at her. "Old Sam won't be around again," I said. "Strange women scare him."

"I'll bet," she said.

I let it drop, but I was remembering a remark Midge had murmured only last night, before she dropped off to sleep. "You know what Sally told me today, Harry?" my wife had said. "She told me she didn't think much of careers for women, after all. She wants to get married and have a family."

Don't ask me how she did it. She spent the afternoon telling us she definitely was not interested—besides, she hadn't been invited—and furthermore, there was a play on television she wanted to see, written by a friend of hers who was going to be another Paddy Chayefsky—and then I found myself saying to Sam, "We brought Sally along, chum. Hope your fish will feed four."

"Sure, it will," Sam said, grinning as he took her coat. "Make yourselves at home while I add a caper or two. There are Martinis in the living room."

They were very good Martinis, and so was the dinner—but, of course, you took the excellence of Sam's dinners for granted. His Norwegian mother had taught him how, and there wasn't a gal in our crowd who hadn't backed him into a corner and forced him to reveal his secrets—the single ones to show him they were just dying to cook the things he liked; the married ones to please their husbands. I was a little surprised when Sally didn't ask for recipes too. *Not so smart, after all,* I thought.

Afterward, Sam showed us some sketches of a forty-thousand-dollar house he'd designed and was building, and some photos—when Sally seemed interested—of other homes he'd built. Then, because she'd never been in his own house before and there were things in it you didn't find in most, he took her around the place.

We wound up at the edge of the pond—a lovely thing to see in the moonlight, with the bluegills snapping at stoneflies in shallow water and an occasional bass swirling hungrily among the lily pads.

Sam turned to Sally. "Like to fish, do you?"

Sally looked startled. "Me?"

"Are you going to be around long?"

"Two weeks or so," she said, "if Midge and Harry can stand me that long. Why?"

"Come out some evening and try your luck. I'll rig up a rod for you. Look." He took a wooden match from his pocket, broke it and flipped a piece off his thumbnail. The instant it hit the water, a bluegill jumped at it.

Sam chuckled. "Best little pond in the state," he said. . . ."You bring her out, Harry. You and Midge. We'll make a fisherman out of her."

Sally just laughed—but it was a nice kind of laugh, crinkling her face in the moonlight, not the kind to discourage a man. I wondered if I ought to get Sam alone and warn him.

Back in the living room we talked awhile—pleasant, easy talk about this and that—and then Sam touched a wall panel beside the

(*Continued on Page 80*)

The Perfect Squelch

The young art teacher who never could sell his own modern paintings was having a fine time criticizing a realistic landscape of one of his students. "Your trees are all wrong," he pointed out. "You'll have to give them less substance. You'll have to change the lighting, too, and the background. In fact, the whole painting needs an overhaul." He paused to get the full attention of the class; then added with a shrug, "But your realism says nothing, and it's a question if the picture is worth the trouble of changing. It's up to you, of course. Do you want to go to the bother of changing it?"

"Well, sir," the student said diffidently, "I really can't change it."

"You can't? Why not?"

"Because," the student said, "yesterday I sold it."

Margaret H. Platt

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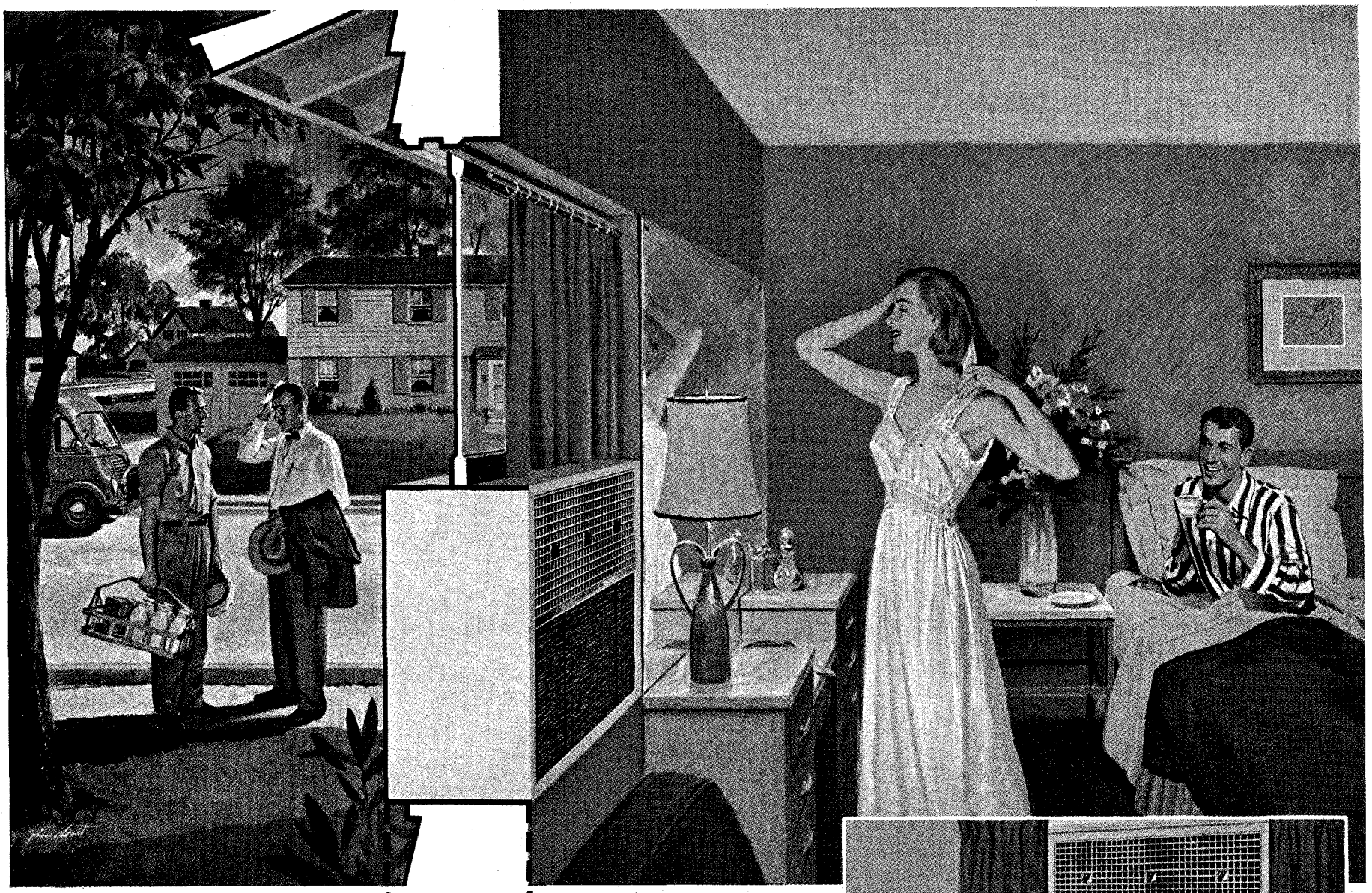

G-E Thinline is 16½ inches "thin"... no unsightly overhang!

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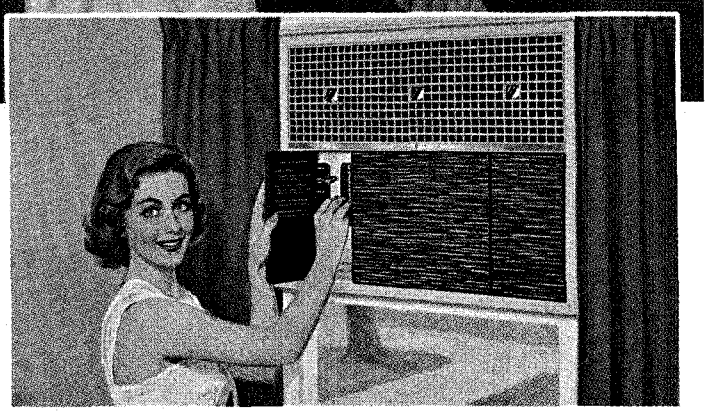
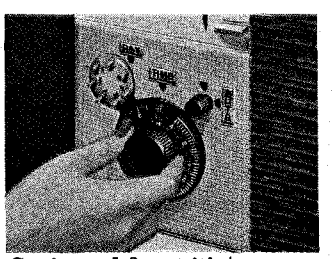
General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department. Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

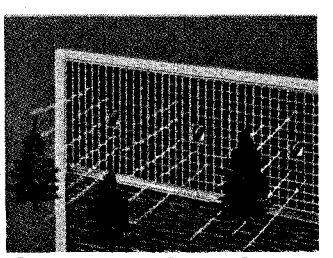
Most models available in Canada.



With a G-E Room Air Conditioner you choose your own weather with the flick of a finger. Knobs on top grille control 3 air directors, send cool, twice-filtered air to all parts of your room. Jet Air Freshener freshens your room in seconds.



Set it—and forget it! Accessory timer (slight additional cost) automatically turns unit on and off at any desired time for each of seven days. Ideal for offices and rooms used only part time.



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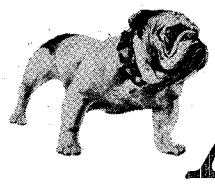

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At iron and steel mills, Mack dump trucks haul slag from the enormous furnaces. Other Mack trucks shuttle semi-finished materials from one operation to the other on precisely-timed schedules, and deliver finished mill forms to warehouses.

Millions of pounds of steel—girders, window frames, beams, pipe and fastenings—for America's new schools, industrial plants and office buildings are delivered exactly when needed by Macks like the husky lightweight tractor shown on the job here.

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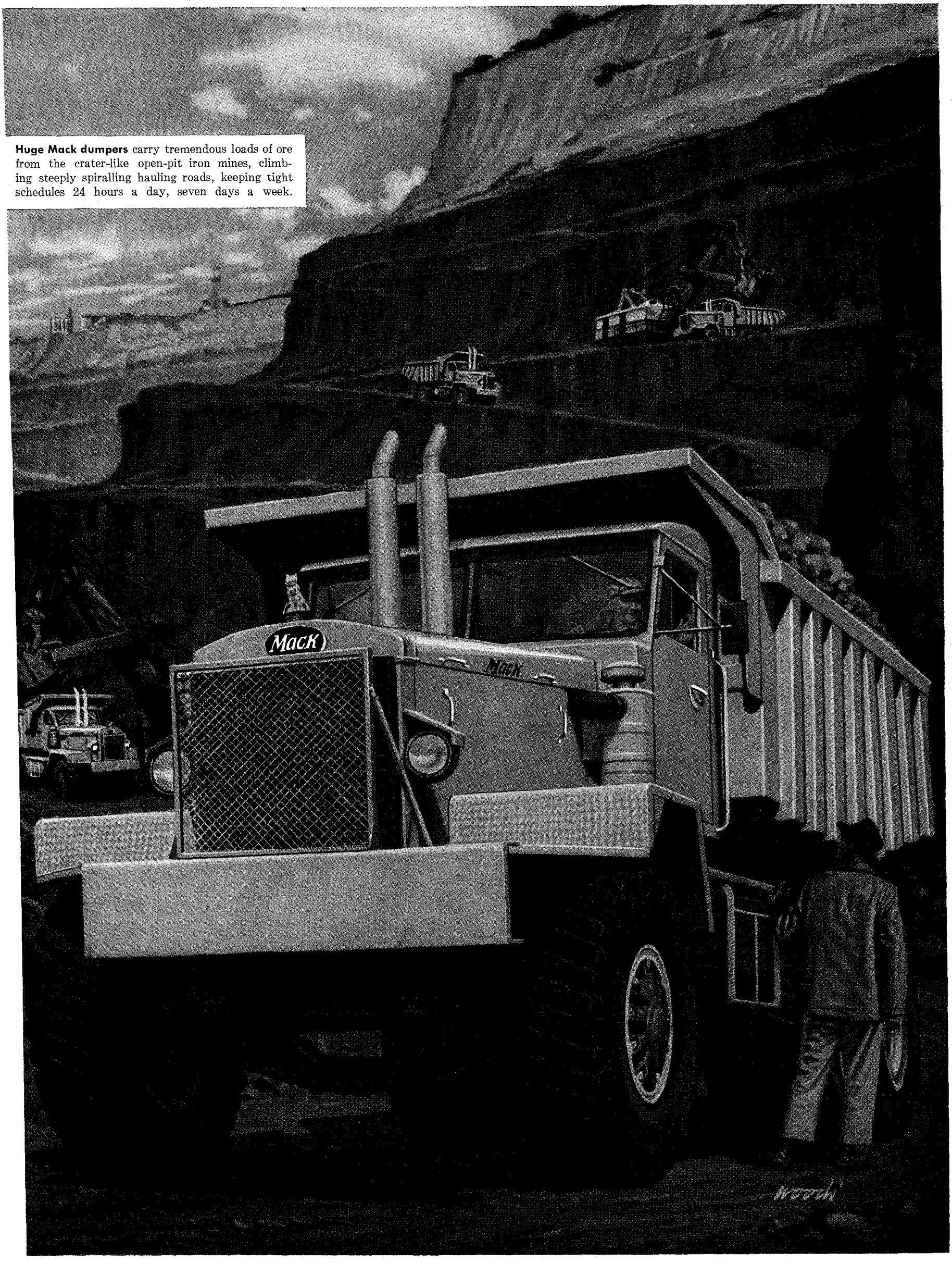

Huge Mack dumpers carry tremendous loads of ore from the crater-like open-pit iron mines, climbing steeply spiralling hauling roads, keeping tight schedules 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

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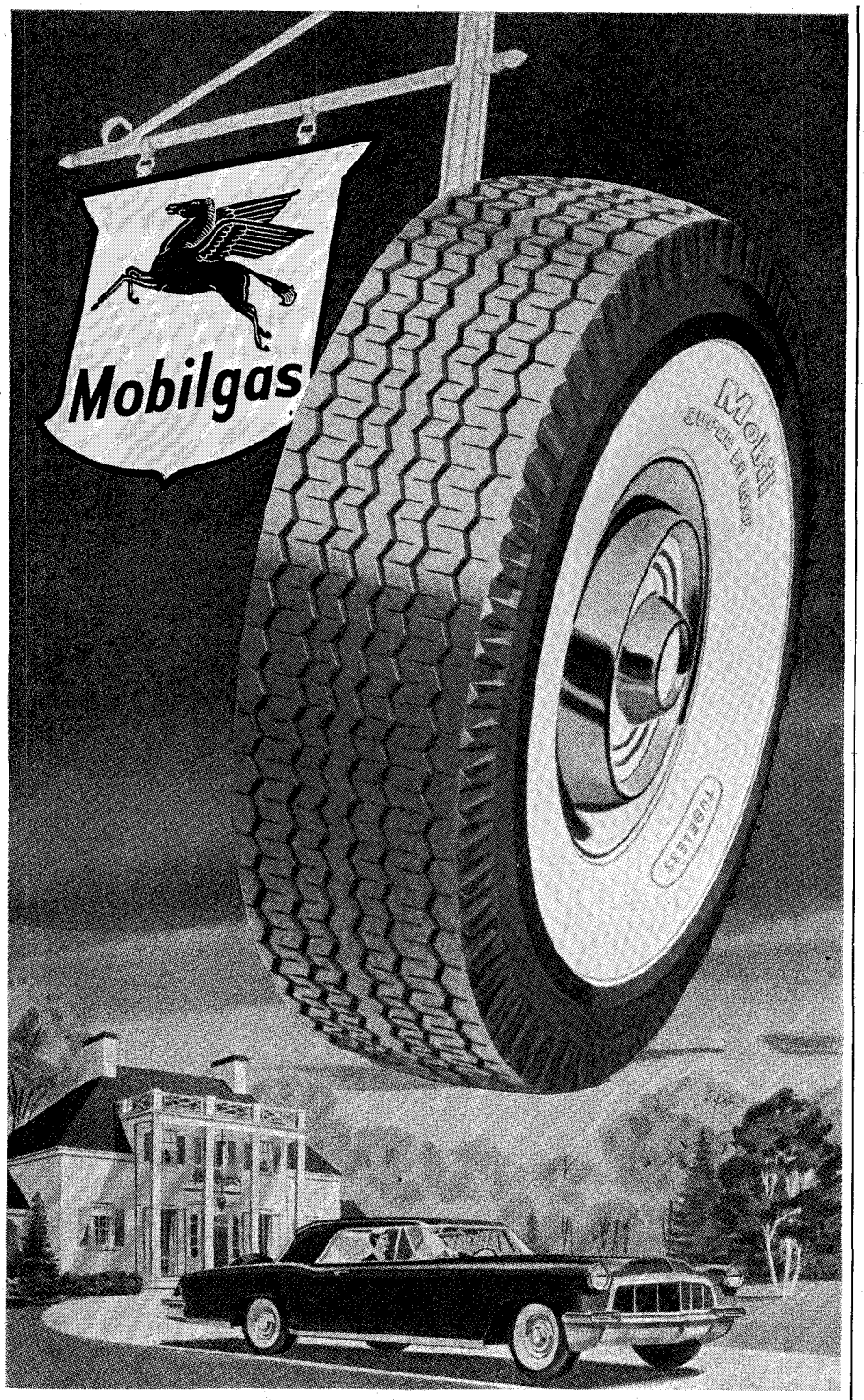

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(*Continued from Page 76*) divan and a record player swung out.

"I finally got this to sound right," he said. "Like to hear it?"

"Sure," I said. "Play that piece with the brass."

That was another thing I liked about Sam Thompson. He could have gone out and bought the most expensive hi-fi equipment available, and put me and my homemade outfit to shame. But he tinkered, same as I did.

He found the record, and the room rocked to a gorgeous howl of trumpets, trombones and French horns. Lovely. I looked at him in amazement, wondering how he'd done it, paying no attention to Midge, who clapped her hands to her ears with a mock shudder. No one spoke until the record ended; though Sally wasn't too interested, I noticed. She spent her time shuffling through a pile of platters Sam had dropped on the divan.

"That's it, boy," I said with unashamed envy. "That's the real thing."

"Thought you'd like it. I moved my speakers around. What I did ——" And he went into details.

My sister Sally stared at him all through the recitation, with a funny little frown on her face.

"Does Sam actually like that awful music?" Sally asked on the way home.

"What's the matter with it?" I demanded.

She made a face as though she'd nibbled at something that didn't taste good. "I shouldn't have asked. You always did have the taste of an aborigine."

My talented sister had played in her college orchestra, I remembered, and could listen to a symphony and tell you who wrote it. I got set for an argument and wished Sam were there to back me up. But Midge came to my rescue.

"I'll have to introduce you to Gil."

"Who?" Sally frowned.

"Gil Brown. He has a marvelous collection of good records. Of course, he wears his hair long and never talks about anything but music, but if you like ——"

"Just make out I didn't say anything," Sally said, and we dropped the music talk.

I mentioned Sam's cooking. Get my wife on the subject of cooking, and you can retire into your thoughts for quite a while without danger of interruption. It seemed Sally was interested too. She cooked for herself in her New York apartment. I relaxed.

When it was my turn to contribute again, I said, "How about Sam's invitation to try his pond, sis? You want to take him up on it?"

"I guess not," she said.

"He doesn't invite everyone," Midge said. "Most of the girls we know have fished harder for an invitation than when they got out there."

"Really?" Sally said. "Then I'll take a rain check."

That night in bed, Midge said to the ceiling, "She's fallen for him, Harry. Do you mind very much?"

"You're crazy," I said.

"I am not crazy. She's fallen for him and she is out to get him. She's smarter than the others, that's all."

"You women," I said. "How do you figure she's smarter?"

"The others galloped madly after him, swinging their lassos, and he got away. Our Sally is going to make Sam do the chasing."

"The only girl Sam ever chased was Dottie Farnham," I said, "before she moved to Boston. And he didn't run too hard."

She kissed me—an odd sort of kiss, deliberate and tender, as though I were someone to be pitied. Almost—the thought jolted me—as though she were kissing Sam on his wedding day. "You wait and see," she said.

That was Monday night. Wednesday evening, after supper, Sam stopped by to see when we were coming out, and when Sally said with her nicest smile, "It's sweet of you, Sam, but—well——" a dazed look hung on his face for a minute.

It was sort of awkward. Sam loved to fish, you understand. Therefore, in his book, all nice people loved to fish; it was as simple as that. And an invitation to angle in his private pond wasn't a thing you weighed and pondered; you snatched at it—not because Sam Thompson extended it, but simply because the pond was the best fishing spot in the state.

Here he was offering her his private piece of paradise, not waiting to be coaxed, and my darling sister Sally was turning the gift down cold.

"Well," he said, floundering.

I said, to change the subject, "You just come from work, mister?"

"The new house."

It was eight o'clock. "You keep this up and you'll be (*Continued on Page 82*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You have to admire his poise."

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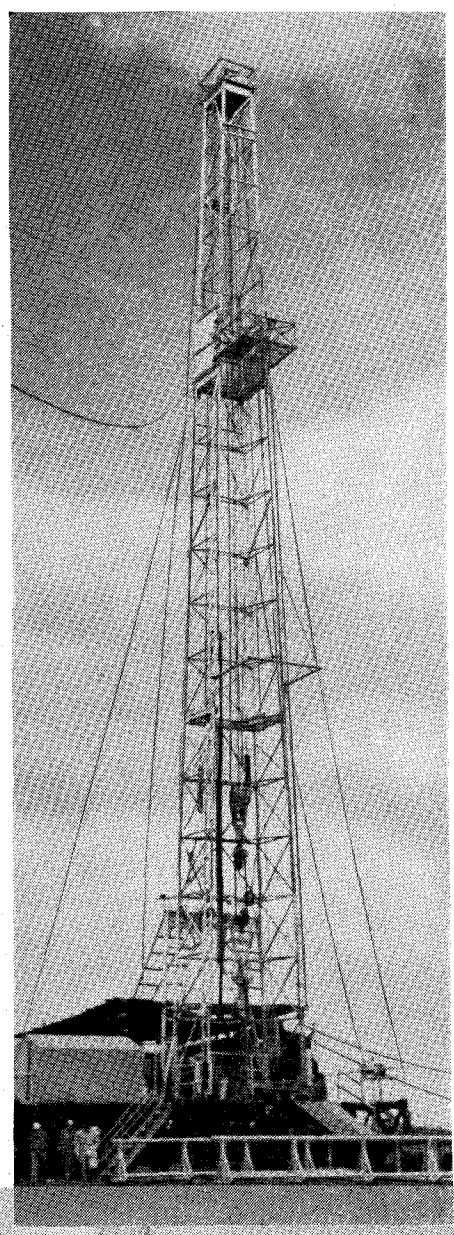
There's a little bit of Wausau deep in the heart of Texas

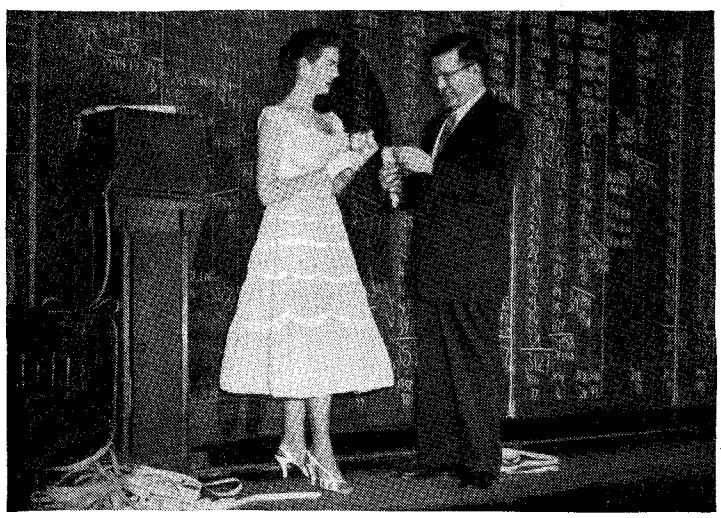
A WAUSAU STORY

by PAUL CRUME, columnist
The Dallas Morning News

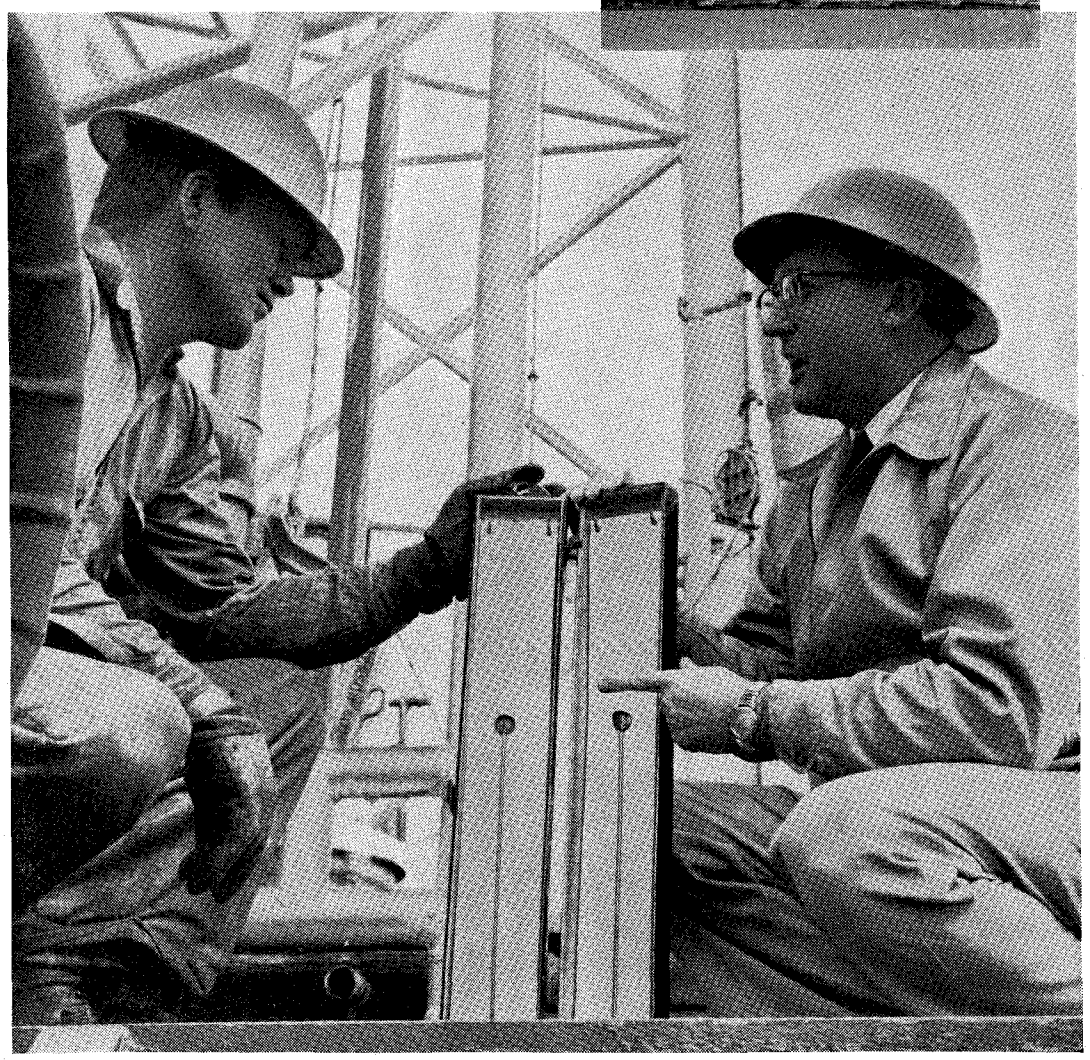
"I write a column for the Dallas Morning News called BIG D. Big is a word we use a lot here in Dallas and Texas. Maybe you've heard. When I got on to this Wausau story I looked for a big angle. Couldn't find it in the size of the town itself. They count only about 30,000 souls up there in Wausau, Wisconsin. That includes those who have gone fishing. But when I got to talking to some of the people who represent Employers Mutuals of Wausau here in Texas and to some of their policyholders, I found a bigness. It starts with a way of doing business that these Wausau people have exported from their own friendly town. Maybe folks who see so much ice and snow just naturally have warm hearts. Maybe a spirit of fairness is inherent in a company founded where the fishing's good and it's only a stone's throw to where the deer run. I'm inclined to agree with their policyholders who keep saying Employers Mutuals are 'good people to do business with.' "



"Oil is big in Texas. I found that Employers Mutuals is big as insurers of oil well drilling operations. In the lower right hand picture you see Mark Johnson (right), supervising engineer for Employers Mutuals, in a typical safety session. He's shown with W. V. Phipps, driller for G. E. Kadane & Sons. Johnson often stays 'round the clock with the rigs in the field on his accident prevention work. It pays off for the policyholders, I'm told. As a Texas newspaper man I was interested to learn that this Kadane rig number 2 operating in Texas has won a safety certificate of merit for their second year without a lost-time accident. Johnson told me Kadane's workmen's compensation savings are substantial and that these savings go into a fund for Kadane employees. So closely does he work with his oil-drilling policyholders that Johnson is a recognized authority in the field, having helped write the Oil Well Drilling Association Manual. Pretty much typical I found of the Wausau way of doing business."



"Pretty 'Maid of Cotton' gets economics lesson. Miss Patricia Ann Cowden, 1956 'Maid of Cotton' had 26 suitcases filled with cotton dresses when she came to Dallas on her nation-wide tour. Over at the Dallas Cotton exchange where they are pictured, Mr. C. E. Archibald, Employers Mutuals' Dallas branch manager, pointed out to her some interesting economic facts about those cotton dresses. For example Employers Mutuals and the insurance industry contribute to the good value in all cotton products. Employers Mutuals' accident prevention program in cotton mills helps lower the cost of production. I learned that the Wausau way of doing business is well known in all phases of the cotton industry —cotton plantations, cotton gins as well as cotton mills."



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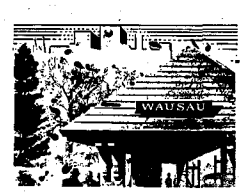

"Good people to do business with"

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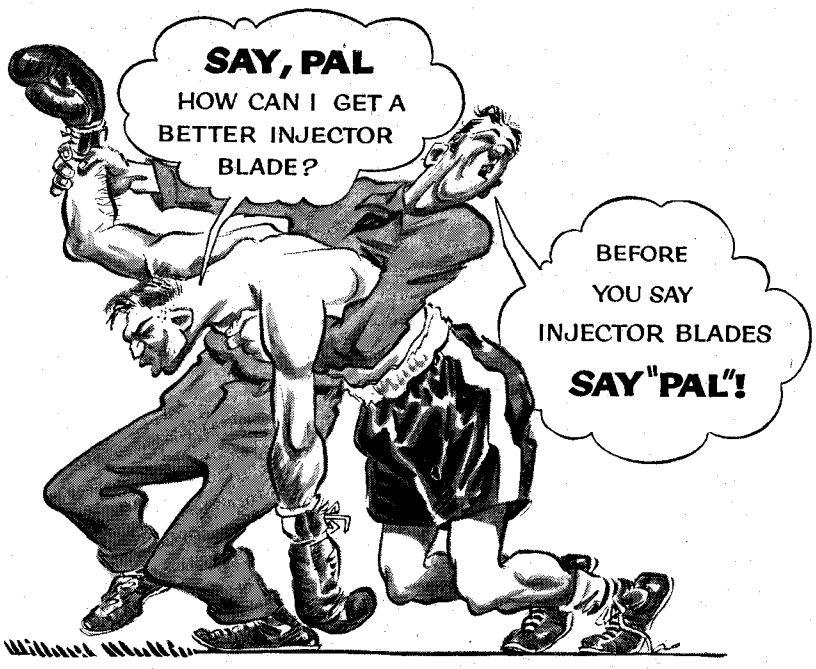

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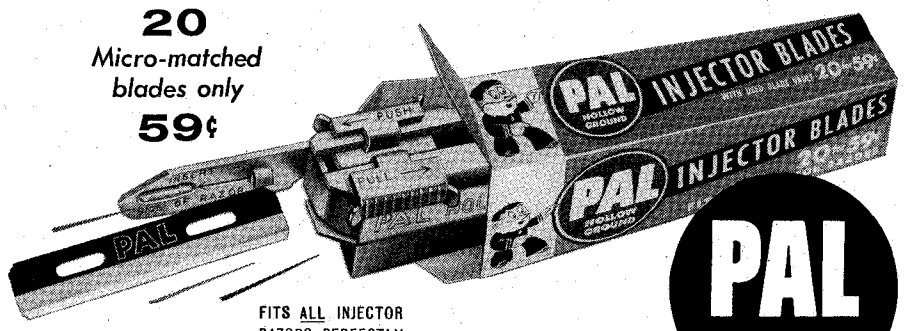

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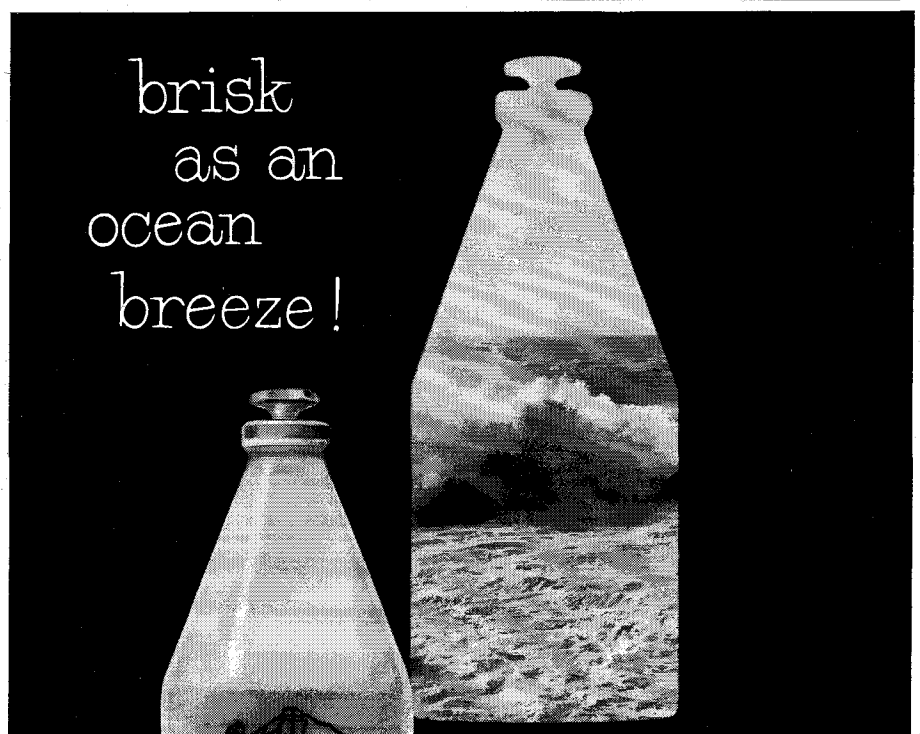

(*Continued from Page 80*) doing your fishing from a wheel chair, like that old boy we saw at Sourdnahunk once." I shook my head, really concerned.

Sam grinned a tired grin and said, shucks, he was all right, and then turned to Sally again, still puzzled. "I'll give you a ring," he said. "You think about changing your mind, hey?" He frowned at me. "You and Midge will be coming anyway, won't you?"

"You couldn't keep us away."

The following evening Midge and I did go out, but Sally stayed home. She was curled up on the sofa with a book when we left, and still there when we got back.

"Sally's quite a reader," I said, when my wife and I were in bed.

"But slow," Midge said.

"What do you mean, slow?"

"Eight pages in three hours. Deep thinkers often read that way." She chuckled; then stopped chuckling and reached for my hand. "Harry, I'm worried about Sam. He doesn't look good. Is he sick, do you suppose?"

"He's tired. The guy works twelve hours a day. If you want to know the truth, he goes up there to Sebago to rest as much as to fish."

"And then spends a whole weekend building a cabin for Axel, without pay?"

"That's Sam," I said. "You can't do anything about it."

It was the darnedest thing. In the beginning I'd felt a twinge of brotherly pity for my sister. Stuck on Sam Thompson, I'd thought, and not a chance. Now, after three phone calls and several oh-so-casual visits to the house, it was Sam I began to feel sorry for.

He just couldn't be gone on Sally, I told myself. How was it possible, when she'd given him not a crumb of encouragement? But he was puzzled and—probably because she was my sister—he was hurt.

"Sally, darling," my wife said with a frown, when our door had closed behind Sam for the third or fourth time, "don't you think you might be overdoing it?"

Sally looked serious for a second. Even sort of scared. But then she shook her pretty head. "Unh-uh."

"Not even a little bit?"

"He knows I can't fish," Sally said.

"I wasn't thinking of fishing," Midge said. "I was thinking of Ruth and Jim Landry. Tuesday is their anniversary. They always have a party. And Dottie Farnham is in town."

My sister looked startled.

"You're crazy, both of you," I said. "All this talk and double talk. . . . For heaven's sake, sis, if you like the guy, stop treating him like a tax collector. And if you don't like him, tell him so."

"Be quiet," Midge said. "Go play with your gramophone."

"Who can do anything with you two mumbling nonsense all over the place?" I muttered. "This used to be a respectable house where people knew what was going on. Now it's ——"

The phone rang. "Hi, Harry," Jim Landry said. "Just called to make sure you and Midge would be coming over Tuesday."

"You know we never miss," I said.

"And Sally?"

"She'll be there with someone," I said. "Don't ask me who."

She went with us, because Sam Thompson hadn't phoned or come around to ask her. Sam turned up with Dottie Farnham.

My little sister Sally hadn't met Farnham before, and may not have been aware she faced competition of that caliber. I mean to say—had she known there was a blonde of those dimensions in the background, she might have used different tactics. She definitely was jolted.

"Darn it," Midge said to me at the punch bowl. "That gal would have to turn up at a time like this."

"Relax," I said. "Sam's had her out before and nothing came of it."

"This is different. Sally's done all the groundwork."

I was a little worried myself when I saw the possessive smirk on Farnham's face. This gal had used Sally's own tactics, I recalled: she'd made Sam do the chasing. True, Sam's pursuit had been somewhat less than halfhearted, but I was alarmed about this talk he'd been handing the boys lately—this "You're lucky, you guys; you got what you wanted." Could it mean he was getting tired of fishing alone?

In my book, Dottie Farnham was no wife for Sam Thompson. Too demanding. She'd smother him.

I watched my sister. She danced with every man who asked her, and all but a couple did. She danced with Sam. She wasn't angry with him, I noticed. On the contrary, she laughed a lot and talked to him a good deal, except for a minute or two when she laid her head on his shoulder and just sort of drifted.

They made a nice couple, Sam tired and a bit shaggy, Sally the prettiest female in the room. I decided then and there that if Sam was going to the altar, he ought to go with my sister.

I began to wonder what I could do about it. (*Continued on Page 85*)

"Okay, men, wherever there's a chair."

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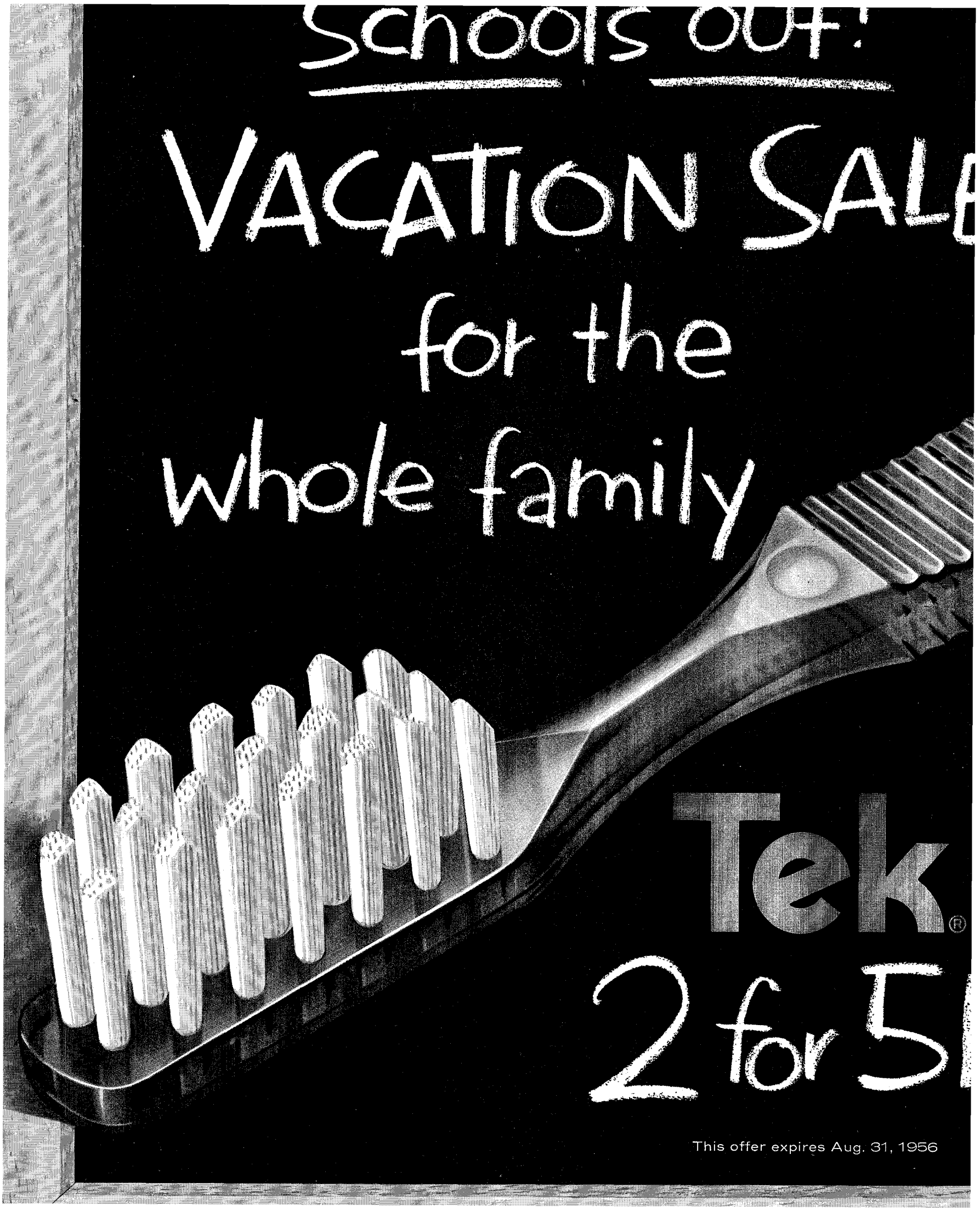

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(*Continued from Page 82*) "Midge," I said to the lovely thing in my own arms, "do you suppose if I had a man-to-man talk with Sam ——"

The dance ended, and Sally steered Sam toward us. Dottie Farnham slunk out of nowhere to snatch him away. I groaned.

"What were you saying?" Midge asked with a glint in her eye.

"This has gone far enough. Do you suppose if I had a talk with Sam ——"

"Darling," my wife said icily, "if you say one word to Sam Thompson, I'll bash you."

"But the gal needs help!" I said desperately.

"Not from you, she doesn't. You stick to your fishing."

I noticed a look of expectancy on my sister's fair face next morning at breakfast, and it was still there when I got home from the office. Sam must have said something to her at the party, I figured. He was going to call her or come around. Maybe she'd have sense enough, at last, to go drop a bass bug in his pond.

But Sam didn't call and Sam didn't come. The look of expectancy faded.

... ...

A Mother's Brand of Logic

By MAY RICHSTONE

Goading his mother to
frequent dismay,
This is my son, unruly and
rough,
My handful of mischief for
whom, one day,
I'll consider no girl quite
good enough!

... ...

Downright anxiety took its place, and an air of tension filled our happy household.

"What's going on here?" I asked Midge.

"Oh, shut up!" she said.

I shut up.

Saturday my good wife went shopping for groceries and was gone three hours, which, even for her, is a long time. "I ran into Ruth Landry at the supermarket," she told me, the minute Sally was out of earshot. "Harry, I think we've lost."

"What are you talking about?"

"Sam not only took Farnham to the Landrys' party. He asked her out to his place the following evening for one of his special dinners, and he's taking her dancing tonight. What are we going to do?"

I laughed. After all, I'm a male. Then I saw that she was on the verge of tears. "Take it easy," I said. "Sam's got too much sense to go for a girl like Farnham."

"Rebound," Midge said.

"Rebound from what, for heaven's sake?"

"Sally turning him down. She thought she knew what she was doing, but Sam was hurt. Before he knows what's happened to him, Farnham will have him caged. Harry, maybe you'd better talk to him, after all."

"It's that important to Sally?" I said.

"It's everything to Sally. Don't you know your own sister?"

I rubbed my nose on her cheek. "I'll go out there tomorrow," I promised. "I'll tell him all I know about women, God love 'em."

But at nine the next morning—Sunday—Sam buzzed the back doorbell.

He looked awful. He hadn't shaved and the circles under his eyes were like trout pools at dusk, and he had on an old pair of khaki pants and a work shirt.

"Harry," he said, "can you use a day's pay? I need help."

"You need a cup of coffee," I said.

I sat him at the kitchen table, and Midge poured coffee, and Sally came down from upstairs and saw us there and joined us.

I said to Sam, "What's the trouble?"

"Kennedy phoned yesterday," he said wearily. Kennedy was the man he was building that forty-thousand-dollar house for. "He and his wife are coming back from their Bar Harbor place tomorrow, a week ahead of schedule. They expect the house to be ready."

"And it isn't?"

He looked at Sally and sighed. "You and your ideas. I should have let well enough alone."

"You changed it?" Sally said, incredulous.

"I changed it. I ought to have my head examined."

"What the devil are you talking about?" I said.

Sam stared at me. "You don't know? At the Landrys' party—while we were dancing, no less—your sister tore my house apart. Kitchen's wrong, she says. Work area's too big, breakfast niche too small. That big counter ought to be moved."

He sighed. "When I mulled it over, I figured she might be right. Mrs. Kennedy left it up to me, and maybe my bachelor ideas wouldn't suit her. There'd be plenty of time to make alterations, I thought." He finished his coffee and got up, holding onto the back of his chair. "Kennedy phoned yesterday at four. These summer weekends—my men are all out of town. I knocked off at three-thirty this morning to get some sleep."

My sister Sally said quietly, "Sam, I'm sorry."

"Not your fault," Sam said. "Mine, for listening to you, doggone it." He looked at me. "How about it, boy? Come out with me?"

"I'll get some work clothes."

"The counter will have to be repainted, won't it?" Sally asked.

"And the wall."

"I'll come with you. I can paint."

My wife said, "When you're through, come back here for dinner. I'll fix a meal I can keep hot."

We got to the house at ten-thirty and worked until four without a break. Then, while Sam and I collapsed, Sally got a broom and cleaned up. My beautiful sister was not very glamorous at that point. She had sawdust in her hair and yellow paint on her face, and, anyway, the slacks Midge had lent her didn't fit where slacks ought to fit. But she had worked hard and now, hands on hips, she surveyed the results of our labors and said, "Sam, it is better. Don't you think so?"

"I stopped thinking two hours ago," Sam said. "I'll take your word for it."

"But it is. And a house like this—a beautiful house like this shouldn't have flaws."

"It's better," Sam admitted, giving her a tired grin.

We locked up and left, and I saw on Sam's face, despite his weariness, the look of satisfaction a man gets from a job well done. I drove, and with Sally between us we headed for Sam's place, so he could change his clothes.

He got as far as his living room, took one longing look at the divan and folded. Sitting there with his head in his hands, he said faintly, "I'm tired. Oh, Lord, I'm tired. Look! (*Continued on Page 87*)

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(*Continued from Page 85*) Would you two mind very much if I just stayed here?"

"Sam," I said, "what you need ——"

"Of course, we don't mind," Sally said, pushing me out of the way. "Put your feet up."

"It's a lousy thing to do, with Midge expecting me," Sam muttered.

"You ought to eat," I said.

"He will eat," Sally said, glaring at me. "Go find a blanket."

When I came out of the bedroom with a blanket, she had Sam's shoes off and a pillow under his head. He looked a little startled, but comfortable.

"Put some music on the phonograph," Sally ordered. "I'm going to fix something to eat."

"Hold on now," Sam protested. "You don't need to ——"

"I'm hungry too," she said.

Sam gave me a helpless look and shrugged. "Women," I said. I went into the kitchen to make a drink or two, thinking that would help, and found Sally with her head in the refrigerator. "What happened to the music?" she said.

"Oh." I went back and put a record on the turntable. Almost before it had revolved twice, Sally was standing beside me, wild-eyed.

"Good grief," she said. "Why don't you hit him over the head with a shovel?" She snatched the record off and found what she wanted. Violins shimmered in the room.

I turned, frowning, to look at Sam. That kind of music for Sam? The gal had lost her mind. But he lay there with his eyes shut and a look of sheer bliss on his whiskers, as though he were being kissed by an angel.

I followed Sally into the kitchen and was told to set the table. "Not there, stupid," she said, when I went to the wrong cupboard for dishes. "That one." She'd been in that house just once, remember. I'd been in it a hundred times, at least. But she knew where things were. Canned goods, potatoes, sugar—she went to what she wanted like a homing pigeon.

"It isn't going to be much of a meal," she said, shaking her head. "He just doesn't have anything."

I said, "Are you crazy? Sam's the best cook in creation."

"When he wants to be, for his friends," she said calmly. "But he doesn't cook for himself. I know how it is, living alone. You can't be bothered or you're too tired."

She did something with a can of mushroom soup and some hamburg Sam had in the refrigerator, while I peeled potatoes.

"Another thing," she said. "Sam's lonely."

"Oh, sure," I said. "It's pure hell being free as a bird, able to go fishing any old time. Makes a man miserable."

"He's lonely," she repeated, busy every minute and not even turning her head to look at me. "That record we're playing—the others in the cabinet—you've never heard him play Mozart, have you? Or Haydn?"

"I wouldn't know."

"You'd know. And you haven't. He keeps them to himself." She took the potato peeler out of my hand and nudged me aside. "When a man plays that kind of music to himself, he's lonely," she said. "I know what I'm talking about."

"Sam likes living alone," I argued.

"Does he? Then why does he go up to Axel What's-His-Name's when he can't stand it here?"

"He goes to Axel's to fish!"

"Only he doesn't fish. Tired as he is, he helps Axel build a cabin—so he'll have someone to talk to."

I said, with a shake of my head, "Sally, you've got rocks in your head," and went into the other room, quietly, to see how Sam was making out. He opened one eye.

"Five minutes more," he said. "Then I'll be O.K., boy." His fingers waggled gently to the music. "Nice, huh? Your sister knows. You, you lug, you've got the taste of a moose."

"You want a drink?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Unh-uh. Just leave me be."

I went back to the kitchen. Sally started in on me again right away. "You want to know why I wouldn't come fishing?" she said. "All right, I'll tell you. Your future brother-in-law doesn't want a girl he can fish with."

That did it. I sat down. "Then why does he invite every potential bride out here and hand her a rod?" I demanded.

"Because of this house. He built it and he's proud of it. You're proud of the work you do, aren't you? You want Midge to be interested?"

"But the pond ——"

"Is just an excuse to ask a girl out." She carried some food to the table and, on the way back to the stove, stopped and put her hands on my shoulders and smiled at me. "You think I'm crazy, Harry?"

I looked at her. A swell kid, my sister. She and I always got along fine—no quarrels, just a lot of harmless kidding, with a deep affection and understanding below the surface. I looked at her and knew she was in love with Sam, which was one hundred per cent all right with me; and I hoped to heaven she was right about him, because if she wasn't, she was going to have her heart broken.

I took hold of her hands, and I was the one who was shaking. "I don't know, kid. I don't know."

Her mouth quivered. She suddenly wasn't smiling. "Harry," she whispered, "I don't know either. I—I'm scared to death."

We just stood around then, waiting for the potatoes to cook. And when they were cooked and everything was on the table, Sally said, "Go see if he's ready, will you?"

I went as far as the living-room doorway. "Sam," I said softly. He didn't answer.

"Asleep," I reported.

Sally frowned. "He ought to eat. We'll have to wake him. He can sleep afterward, as long as he wants."

We went into the living room together and stood by the divan and looked at him. The music was still on, and I pictured Sam lying here of an evening listening to it, all alone, with no one to talk to. Sally leaned against me and I felt her trembling.

"You," I said.

She went to her knees beside the divan and put her hand out and touched Sam's shoulder. "Sam," she said softly. "Sam, wake up. It's Sally."

He opened his eyes, and her face was right there above his own, paint smudges and all. You know how it is when you've been dreaming about a thing and you wake up and there it is—and you can't believe it? He reached up, sort of frowning, and touched her face.

I went into the kitchen. After a while, when the food was good and cold, they came in with their arms around each other, looking a little self-conscious, but, in a dazed way, awfully happy.

"You should have eaten," my sister said. "After all, you must be hungry."

THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Ike backed into Mike's car so hard that the bumpers locked. While Ike nudged his car forward to free it, Mike called to a bystander to jump up and down on the bumpers to disengage them. Amidst the jumping, a third car hit the other two and bounced the helpful jumper onto the pavement. Injured, he sued not only the third motorist but Ike and Mike.

"I was helping both of you to get your cars apart, and you should have kept a lookout to avoid accidents such as befell me," he contended. "As you didn't, both of you were negligent and should pay."

"I didn't ask him to help," Ike replied indignantly. "I didn't even know he was back there, hopping up and down. So how could I have been negligent? Why should I pay?"

If you were the judge, would you hold Ike equally responsible?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Ike, like the others, had to pay. In trying to separate their cars, he and Mike were engaged in a joint enterprise, the court held. Therefore they were equally liable for injuries to any person whom either one called to help them.

Based upon a 1954 Arkansas decision.

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Counterfeit Cavalier

(Continued from Page 51)

fine Arab stock in the valley, but you got to know the people that own them. I ain't had time to get acquainted."

The colonel and Jennifer let that pass.

"If you like to give it a whirl," Artemus said to Jennifer, "I'll get us a couple of gee-gees any time you say. How about I give you a ring?"

"That," she said, "will be very nice."

He brought the car to a stop at the hotel, and father and daughter alighted. They did not ask Artemus to come in, but Jennifer smiled at him charmingly—invitingly.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Baldwin," she said. The colonel, hat in hand, bowed graciously.

"I'll telephone," Artemus said.

"Please do," Jennifer nodded as they turned away to cross the walk and enter the hotel.

Artemus was thoughtful as he drove away. It had been a perplexing afternoon, full of events that he must sort out and appraise. Nothing had happened to enlighten him as to who had sent him the ticket for the ball game or what had been the purpose of the sending. It might have been that someone wanted him to be in the ball park to make sure of where he was or to see to it that he was not in some other place where his presence would be undesirable. It could be that it was a maneuver to give someone an opportunity to look him over. He stated all the possibilities to himself, however remote they might be. It could be that the ticket had come from some member of the Roche family or it was possible the arrangement had been made to bring him into contact with Colonel Beauregard and his daughter. The ticket might have been sent to him by the artist, Walker Bayside. The only thing obvious about the incident was that it had some definite purpose, which eventually would disclose itself.

He drove to his motor-court cabin, where, in the door, he found a slip from the office asking him to telephone a certain number. There was no name. He opened his door, went inside, tossed his hat on the bed and sat staring at the slip of paper. There could be no harm if he made the call. So he walked across to the office and used the coin instrument. A male voice answered.

"Artemus Baldwin," said the Secret Service man. "You want to speak to me?"

"Marvin Leeds speaking," said the voice. "Attorney. I've a business proposition for you. Can you come to my office?"

Artemus made his voice hard and included a sneer. "I don't go to people. People come to me," he said.

"Will it be convenient, then, if I come to see you?"

"When?" asked Artemus.

"Now," said the voice.

"What's the rush?" Artemus asked.

The voice laughed. "A stitch in time saves nine," it said.

"Does this do me good or does it do you good?" Artemus asked.

"It could be profitable to both," the voice said.

"I'll listen," Artemus said, "but it better be good. I don't like people that waste my time."

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes," the voice said.

Artemus returned to his cabin, closed the door behind him and stood scrutinizing the room. A part of his training had been to arrange the belongings with which he traveled in a certain order. The toilet articles on his dresser were always placed in the same way with reference to one another in a pattern that never varied. His suitcase was set at an angle at the foot of his bed. Shirts and underwear in the drawers were arranged exactly. A newspaper was placed in an identical spot. Every possession had its exact place, so that the most cursory glance would tell him if anything had been disturbed—if there had been an intruder satisfying his curiosity. The first thing his eyes noted was that his suitcase no longer stood at a slight angle to the foot of his bed, but was parallel to it. The top drawer was not an exact two inches open, but only one inch. His hairbrushes had been disturbed. He did not need to examine the shirts and underwear and socks in the lowboy to know that someone had been in his room, someone adept at searching and at leaving things the way they had been found, so that his suspicions would not be aroused. But no searcher could return every object so it fitted again into so exact a pattern.

Artemus went to his suitcase and opened it. It was far from being a new piece of baggage, and its lining had become detached in places from the leather. His fingers slipped inside the lining and came out empty. He closed the bag, with a faint smile at the corner of his mouth. The bit of paper that had been hidden there was missing. He sat down in the armchair and waited for the coming of the owner of the voice that had spoken over the telephone.

A motorcar stopped in front of the cabin, and steps sounded on the small porch, followed by knuckles on the door.

"Come in," Artemus called, wondering what manner of man he would see.

The door opened and a slender, small, dapper man minced over the threshold. White, even teeth gleamed out of an ingratiating smile, and gentle, brown eyes glowed as with pleasure at the meeting. The extended hand was manicured and the slender, tapering fingers might have been those of a girl. The voice that spoke Artemus' name was soft, musical, ultra-cultured.

"It was gracious of you, Mr. Baldwin," said the young man who had given his name as Marvin Leeds, "to receive me on such short notice."

"Skip the baloney," Artemus said rudely. "What's your racket?"

"I am," answered Leeds, "a reputable lawyer in this community."

"When I need a mouthpiece," Artemus said, "I'll send for one."

Leeds smiled disarmingly. "I'm not soliciting business," he said. "I came to offer you a business opportunity."

"Why me?" Artemus asked.

"My clients," Leeds replied, "were under the impression that you are a businessman looking for a suitable opening."

"Your clients got names?" Artemus asked.

Leeds smiled. "Excellent names," he said, "but not to be disclosed at this stage in the negotiations. As a matter of fact, my clients are aliens."

Artemus narrowed his eyes. "Chinese?" he asked.

"Indeed not!" exclaimed Leeds.

"Wetbacks?" Artemus persisted.

"Mr. Baldwin, I assure you there is very little money in smuggling Mexicans across the border. Besides, as I told you, I am a reputable attorney. No, sir; my clients are Indians."

"Navajos?" Artemus asked.

"Yaquis," said Leeds.

"Tough people," Artemus said.

"But excellent businessmen, laboring under certain handicaps."

"If," said Artemus, "you got a notion I'm a pigeon you better go to a brain doctor. I'm in the pigeon business myself. What is it, huh? A gold mine or a cache of gold these Yaquis knocked off and can't dispose of?"

"Either one," said Leeds softly. "Take your choice."

"That racket has whiskers."

Leeds shook his head. "The longer the whiskers," he said, "the more certain to land a sucker."

"Me," Artemus said jeeringly, "I'm a reputable businessman."

"Our kind of reputable businessman," Leeds countered.

"What says so?" Artemus demanded.

Leeds flashed his charming smile and extracted a paper from his pocket. It was somewhat

(*Continued on Page 90*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How are they feeding you?"

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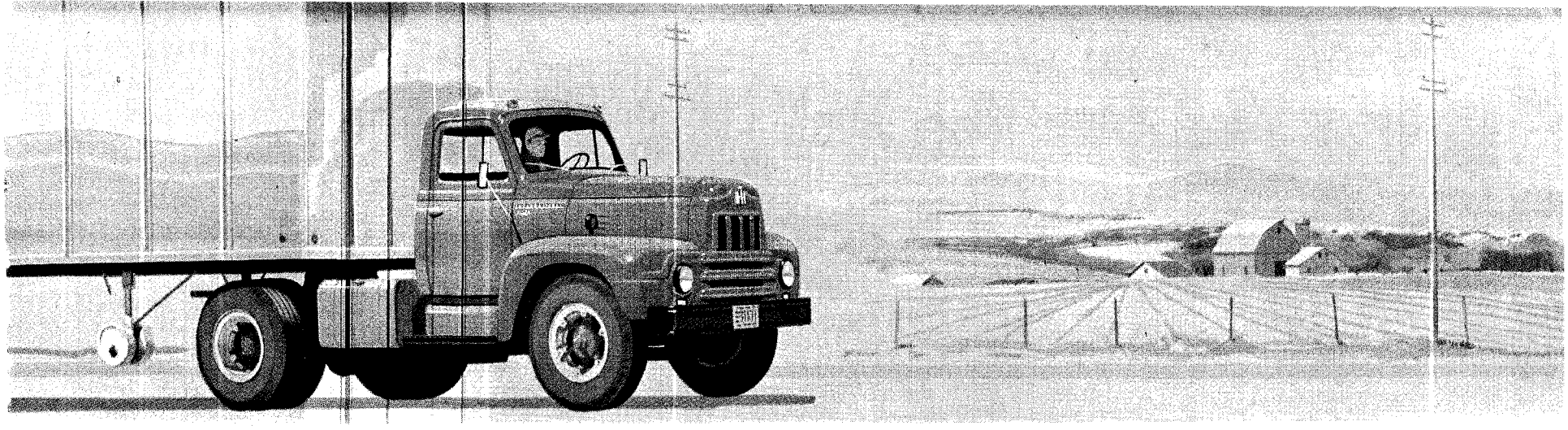

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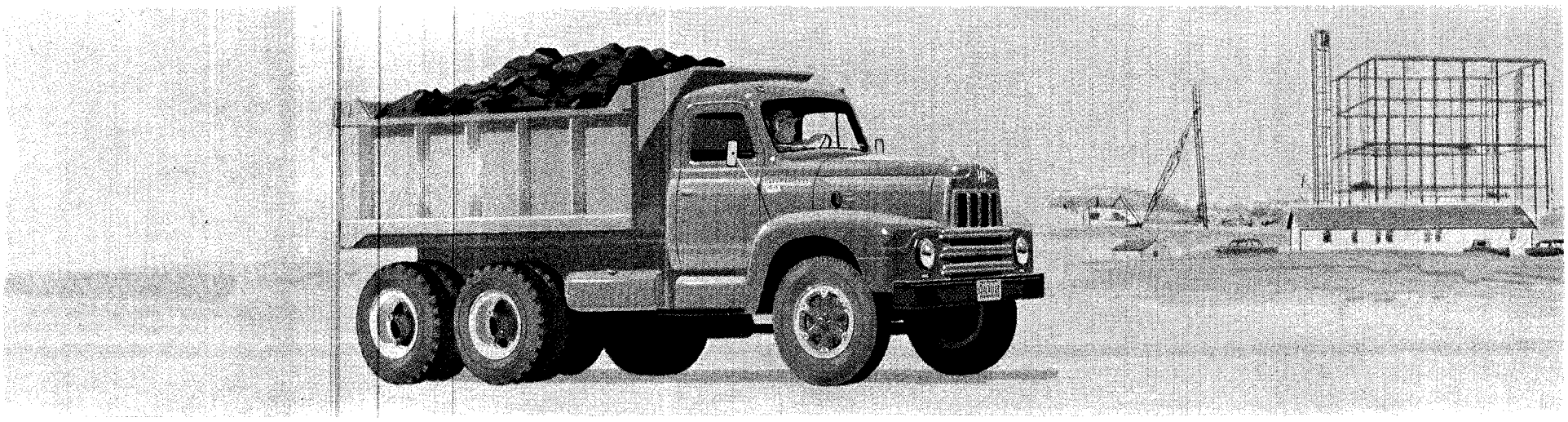

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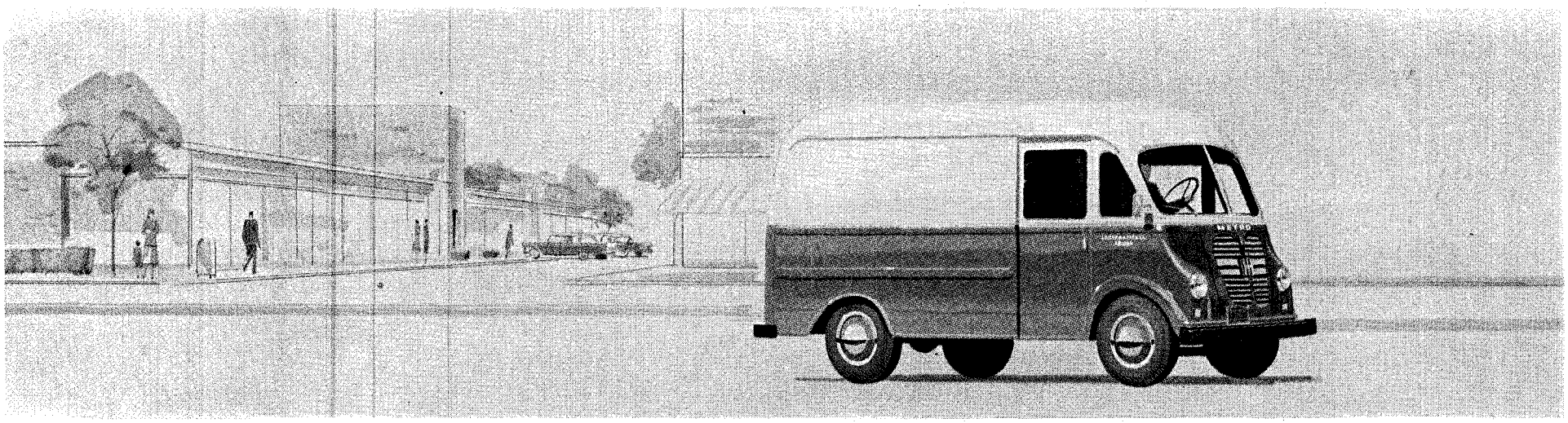

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FIRST with men who know truck costs!

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(*Continued from Page 88*) wrinkled and dog-eared, but Artemus recognized it as one of those fliers which one often sees affixed to the bulletin boards in post offices, displaying the pictures and descriptions of wanted men. Artemus recognized the handbill. It recently had been hidden in the lining of his suitcase. Leeds, still smiling disarmingly, permitted Artemus to take it in his fingers. He studied it and shrugged. Up from the paper stared a picture of himself, somewhat smudged but nevertheless recognizable. The name, however, was not Artemus Baldwin, but Anton Spain, alias Don Anton, the Olive Kid. It stated that he was wanted in connection with the murder of one Cristobal Di Feo in Chicago in August of last year. A significant sentence was added: "This man is dangerous."

Artemus tore the flimsy paper to bits and stuffed them in his pocket. Leeds made no protest.

"And so?" asked Artemus softly.

"A good recommendation," Leeds said. He smiled again his friendly smile. "We like to know who comes to town and why. When a man tosses his weight around we like to know how heavy he is. Disturbing influences worry us. We like it calm and placid."

"You got this town organized?" Artemus asked.

"That," said Leeds, "is for mugs. We specialize. Only enough organization to make everybody happy. So, as long as you're here, we'd rather have you in instead of knocking around."

"If I don't want in?" asked Artemus.

"You'd be surprised," Leeds said, "how quickly a telegram can reach Chicago."

"Like that?" Artemus said.

"Like that," answered Leeds.

"I'm not a punk," Artemus said harshly.

"That we recognize." Once more Leeds smiled pleasantly. "There's room at the top—if you belong at the top. Well recommended as you come, we like to have ability demonstrated."

"So this Yaqui racket is a trial run?"

"You might call it that."

"It's just a side line?" Artemus asked.

"If you flop," Leeds told him, "the dirt won't come off on us."

"This," Artemus said, "could be one of those things. Me to be the fall guy."

"Could be," Leeds admitted cheerfully.

"Sweet Lips Chavez," said Artemus, "did a stretch for the Yaqui caper. I hear he's dead."

Leeds bent his brows as if in an effort to remember. "The name," he said, "isn't familiar to me."

"What do I get to know?" Artemus asked.

"You know me," Leeds said. "That'll do for the present."

"Take it or leave it, eh?" Artemus said.

"There's Chicago to think about," Leeds said blandly.

"You read all that paper said?" Artemus asked.

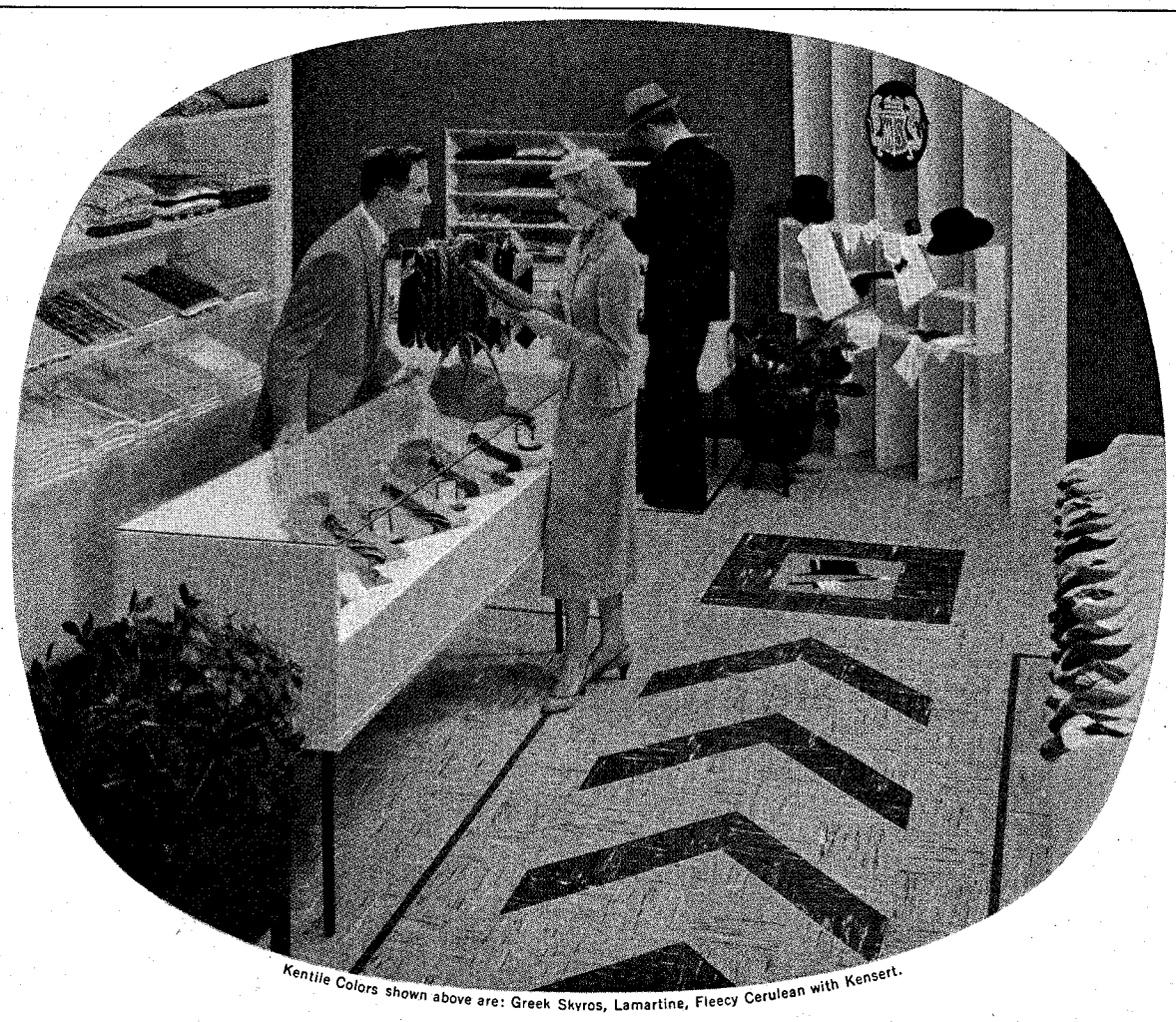
"It said you were a dangerous man." Leeds was genial. He might have been

Can You Name This Star?

This openmouthed babe of ten months grew up in Milwaukee. He joined the Navy at eighteen with his pal, Spencer Tracy, just too late to see action in World War I; studied drama in New York on a state educational allowance for veterans, and arrived in Hollywood via Broadway and road shows. Married and the father of four, his film hits include The Boy With the Green Hair, Criminal Lawyer, Okinawa, Jubilee Trail. Can you name him?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Pat O'Brien



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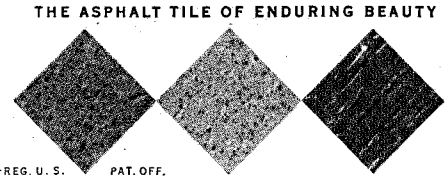

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carrying on an amiable conversation with a friend. He shrugged and held out both his palms with an expressive gesture. "Watch," he said. "Watch closely." There was a blur as his left, not his right, hand moved. The flash of movement stopped and the hand held an automatic pointed steadily at Artemus' stomach. It vanished again as swiftly as it had appeared. "Not dangerous," he said; "just quick."

"You're good," Artemus said.

"It took a lot of practice," Leeds answered deprecatingly.

"It's a temptation," Artemus said.

"Silly to try it," Leeds said. "One of us would get hurt—and no pay-off." He smiled again that captivating smile. "But you may show samples," he said.

"I'll leave you wondering," Artemus rejoined. "I know how good you are. You don't know how good I am. I like it that way."

"So," asked Leeds, "where do we go from here?"

"What's my cut?" Artemus asked.

"You take the jack pot," Leeds said. "Deducting expenses, of course."

"Said the spider to the fly."

"Could be," Leeds said. "Fish, cut bait or get out of the boat."

Artemus pretended to consider this ultimatum. "Do I furnish my own pigeon?" he asked after a moment's hesitation.

"There's one set up for you."

"Yeah? And how do I make contact?"

"You've made it," Leeds answered.

That made it look like Jick Roche's father. That gentleman, eccentric as he might be, did not appeal to Artemus as a man likely to buy the Brooklyn Bridge. But Leeds surprised him.

"It's a honey," Leeds said. "A push-over. Gentleman from the deep South. Professional gentleman who never soiled his hands with sordid toil. Got scissors-cramp from clipping coupons."

"That," said Artemus, "would be Colonel Semmes Bedford Beauregard."

"None other," Leeds answered.

"Thanks," said Artemus, "for the ticket to the ball game."

"We think things out," Leeds said.

"Suppose he had given me the brush-off."

"Unlikely," Leeds answered. "Pretty girl. Stranger in town. Lonesome, with no one to play with except papa. You're a good-looking chap. Maybe you go to the wrong tailor."

"What's the matter with my tailor?" snapped Artemus.

"He caters to Clark Street rather than Bond Street. No offense, friend. And you're not exactly Harvard. But the old gentleman would expect some defects in a Northerner. We figured you'd pass."

Artemus pretended to sulk. Leeds' eyes were amused. "If you don't blot your copybook, Baldwin, we'll take you in hand. File off the rough spots and make an A-One lounge lizard of you."

Artemus let it be seen that his feelings were hurt. "I ain't so wrong as all that," he protested.

Leeds was confident he had found Artemus' Achilles' heel—an inferiority complex, a haunting ambition to be socially right. It was a weakness that might be played upon.

"You'll be traveling with a different set," Leeds assured him. "In six months you'll pass for a member of the Racquet Club. Maybe you'll even be a member."

Artemus veered back abruptly to the main object of the meeting. "Where do I get the Yaquis?" he asked.

"They'll appear," Leeds assured him. "Are we all set?"

"It looks," Artemus said grumpily, "like I can't duck it."

"Welcome to our city," Leeds said, standing up and extending his manicured hand. "Improve your contact. We'll be in touch."

Artemus watched the slender little man mince to the door. As Leeds turned the knob, Artemus growled, "I can take it, mister, but I don't have to like it."

Leeds beamed. "You'll come to dote on it," he said, and closed the door after him.

Artemus had rented riding horses at the Casa Blanca stables. He called for Jennifer Beauregard at the hotel, and by nine o'clock they were in his car on their way out to Paradise Valley. Jennifer did not wear jeans, as was the almost universal custom, but beautifully tailored jodhpurs calculated adeptly not to deface the lovely contours of her legs. Her scarlet silk shirt was open at the throat and she was hatless. As Artemus looked at her, he thought that perfecting his contact with the Beauregards would not be a disagreeable task. She sat beside him, smiling and silent. It did not seem that a girl so beautiful could be either demure or shy, but she impressed him as being both.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The following is a paid political announcement and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of anyone in his right mind."

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you limp as a wet mop...
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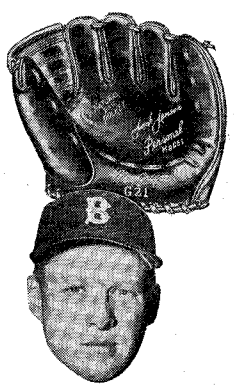

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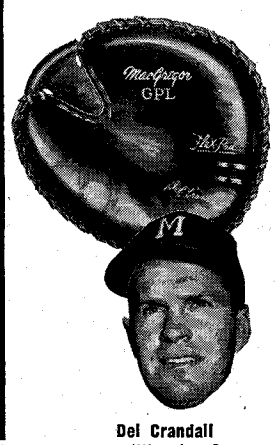

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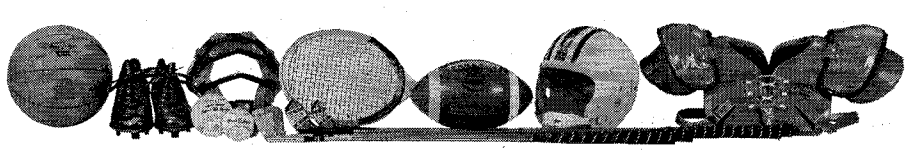

THE MACGREGOR CO., Cincinnati 32, Ohio "*The Choice of Those Who Play The Game*"

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Artemus, as most dudes do on a first visit, had gone Western and rather overdone it. He wore ornate cowboy boots and store-fresh dungarees and a flamboyant shirt embellished with piping. He had selected a white sombrero, and altogether he looked rather like a figure in a store window depicting what the correctly dressed cowboy should wear. It was a carefully achieved effect. Just a little wrong in every detail.

She did not seem the chatty sort; nevertheless, silence did not become awkward. Jennifer seemed to be enjoying herself and sat contentedly. But, Artemus thought, there was no progress in silence.

"You lived a lot in Europe," he blurted.

"I went to school in Switzerland," she answered. "Father likes it abroad."

"How about you? Like France and Italy and places like that better than the United States?"

"I like people here better," she said.

"What's better about Americans?"

She hesitated an instant and bent her brows. "They're not stratified," she said finally.

"That," he said, "I don't get."

"In Paris, in London, Rome," she explained, "you move in a certain set. You know a certain sort of people. Here the lines aren't sharply drawn."

"You mean you can know people out of your class?" he asked.

"Why—I suppose I do mean that in a way."

"Like me?" he asked.

"Like you," she agreed.

"But in Europe you couldn't go riding with a man like me?"

"I probably never would meet a man like you," she answered frankly.

"You'd high-hat me?"

"No," she answered, "I simply wouldn't be aware of you."

"So you like the way it is here—being able to play around with a jasper like me?"

"Yes," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"It's amusing."

"Why?" he asked again.

"It's a sort of adventure," she answered gravely. "Like exploring. Like going into strange places that might be dangerous."

"What you mean—you like to take chances?"

"I don't like squirrel cages," she said.

"But I might be a wrong one," he said.

"Quite likely you are," she said and smiled. "That would make it more amusing."

"But," he said, "you might fall for me."

"Attracted by the novelty?" she asked, and laughed softly. "Well, Mr. Baldwin, if I should fall for you that would be a real adventure, wouldn't it?"

"This is funny talk," he said.

"Extraordinary," she agreed.

"Now, like the mouthpieces say, how about a hypothetical question?"

"Ask and see," she replied.

"Right. So you meet me. So you trot around with me. So I'm different. So there's something about me you fall for hard. Then what happens? Do you take a run-out powder? Do you scram back into the squirrel cage?"

"If," she said a trifle grimly, "I—as you put it—fell for you hard or for any other man, I'd never let him get away from me."

"Class or no class?"

"Class or no class," she said.

"And then," he said, "you'd go to work on him and make him over so he'd belong to your mob."

"No," she answered, "I'd make myself over so that I belonged to his—mob."

"Sister," Artemus said, "I read you all wrong. Or is what you're saying just gobbledygook, for laughs?"

"Wouldn't that," she asked, with a lift of the brows, "be for you to find out?"

"I've joined in on some wild-eyed gabfests," he said, "but this one takes the platinum-plated pump handle."

She relapsed into that odd, demure silence which had sat upon her in the beginning of the ride. Artemus found himself nonplused and he, too, sought refuge in taciturnity. They came to Invergorden and turned north until the Oriental dome of Casa Blanca reared itself above the desert floor. When they stopped at the corral, he helped Jennifer to alight. Two horses were saddled and waiting for them. The girl swung herself into the saddle lithely; Artemus mounted with less grace and sureness. They rode sedately to the unpaved road along which they walked their mounts until they reached the main north-and-south artery. Then they turned to the left, seeking open country.

Open country was not so easy to find. Where, a few years ago, there had been nothing but unfenced desert over which one could ride at will for miles and miles, there were today clusters of little, neat houses in subdivisions, groups of more pretentious houses with green lawns and transplanted palms, guest ranches with their huddles of cabins. The once-arid valley was well on its way to becoming a solidly built community where horsemen must keep to the roads. Fences and walls blocked the way. Before the march of progress one more freedom had vanished. Jennifer and Artemus turned hopefully westward toward inclement Mummy Mountain.

"Isn't that," she asked, "where the Roches live?"

"It is," said Artemus, surprised, for his mind had been on other things than their whereabouts.

"Who are they?" Jennifer inquired.

"I wouldn't know," Artemus answered. "Nice people."

"But not choosy," Jennifer said.

"I thought that was what you liked." He felt moved to come to the Roches' defense. "Maybe they are choosy. Maybe they got a sort of instinct for picking people. Could be they're not so free and easy as they seem to be."

"They puzzle me," Jennifer said. "Mr. Roche I can't place. Eccentric."

"Don't try to sell him any wooden nutmegs," Artemus told her.

"Mrs. Roche," she went on reflectively, "is a personage. She has manner."

"You mean she's off the top shelf?"

"Definitely," Jennifer said. "You don't get that way in one generation. The girl—what did they call her?"

"Jick," said Artemus.

"Undisciplined," Jennifer said. "She could be quite a beauty. Her mother should take her in hand. She takes after her father."

"Could be," Artemus said, "her mother likes her the way she is."

Jennifer glanced at him slantwise. "Do you?" she asked.

"Listen," he said, "I ain't got white whiskers. I got all my arms and legs and a good appetite. When you're like that and you see a dish like this Jick, it don't disgust you."

Jennifer shrugged and passed on to the remaining member of the Roche family. "That grubby boy!" she exclaimed.

"All kids are grubby," Artemus replied. He grinned. "Pomfret Lionel's got all his buttons. Me—I like kids. Yeah. If the neighbors don't shoot him before he gets his growth he'll make the grade."

They were almost abreast of the Roche residence. A wild "Yip-e-e-e" assailed their ears, and Pomfret Lionel atop a pinto pony dashed out of the driveway at a headlong gallop. He was hatless; he wore a faded shirt and disreputable dungarees, but he rode like a centaur. At his heels, mounted on a sleek palomino, came his sister, also hatless, also wearing a faded shirt and disreputable dungarees, and her yip-e-e-e was as shrill as her brother's. They reached the road, swung, with superb horsemanship and without slackening speed, to their right, and then, becoming aware of Jennifer and Artemus in their way, they halted their horses with astounding suddenness, throwing up a cloud of dust and pebbles as they slid to a stop.

Jick leaned from the saddle, slapped Pomfret Lionel between the shoulders and said "Tag" triumphantly.

"No tag," Pomfret Lionel protested. "These dudes got in the way."

"Dudes," said Jick, "count as obstacles, like fences or cows or ditches."

"Ya-a-ah," the boy said disgustedly, and then suddenly he had manners. "Good morning," he said, peering at Artemus and Jennifer. "Hope we didn't scare you. It's Miss Beauregard and Mr. Baldwin, isn't it?"

"We do apologize," Jick said, without looking at all apologetic. She blinked as she took in Artemus and his regalia. "Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed. "Where's the men's fashion show?"

Artemus grinned feebly. "You like it?" he asked.

"Mr. Baldwin," she said, "I'm plumb devastated." She smiled at Jennifer, her quick eyes missing no detail. "You're lovely," she said frankly. "Next time you want to ride, telephone me. I'll lend you a horse with four legs. I'll bet you prefer a postage-stamp saddle. Heading anywhere in particular?"

"Just riding, Miss Roche."

"Come along and we'll show you where. This valley's getting cluttered."

She swung her palomino and took her place beside Jennifer. Artemus and Pomfret Lionel rode side by side behind them.

"I don't get much chance to ride lately," Pomfret Lionel said importantly. "I'm terribly busy. I had to kind of humor Jick this morning."

"What's keeping you so busy?" Artemus asked.

"I'm learning to be a Secret Service man," the boy said. "You got to train and you got to study. You got to learn to shoot, but dad won't buy me a pistol. Only times he lets me shoot is when he's with me. I wisht I could go down to the police pistol range."

"They tell me," Artemus said, "that there are a lot of things you have to learn before you take up shooting."

"Yeah. I'm studying books, but right now I'm concentrating on counterfeits. I bet you I'm as expert on counterfeits as the boss man of the whole Secret Service. Do you know," he asked, "that a lot of nitwits think you got to have an engraver to make plates—I mean, like Jim the Penman. Folks still believe a kind of an artist sits down and makes a plate."

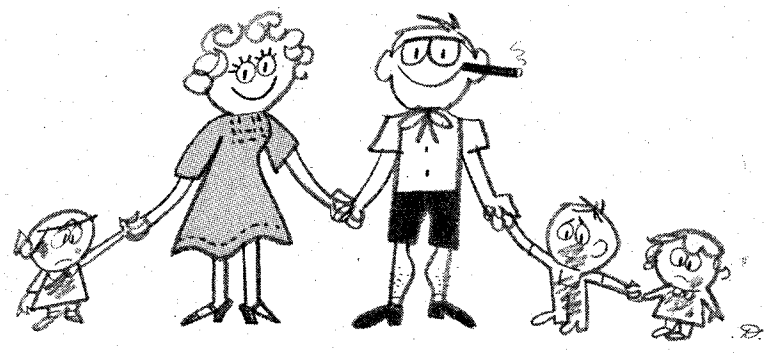
"Isn't it done that way?" Artemus asked guilelessly.

"Photoengraving," Pomfret Lionel said tersely. "You take a picture of a bill and then transfer it to your plate and bring it out with chemicals. Copper plate, generally, but sometimes a steel plate. The Treasury Department prints eighteen bills to the sheet. The way you detect counterfeits is because you can't get your plates so sharp and clear-cut as you can with the ruling machines and things like that the Government uses."

"You sure have studied," Artemus admired.

"Where a good engraver would come in," Pomfret Lionel said, "would be touching up the plates. Getting rid of blurs and making the eyes of the portraits more natural and sharpening up the little points."

Jick swung her palomino off the road where there (*Continued on Page 95*)



The Perfect Squelch

The very young couple with three small children moved into a neighborhood where most of the parents were in their thirties. Proud of being so young and prolific, the newcomers talked incessantly about the advantages of having children at a very early age so they could "grow up with their parents." In practice, unfortunately, they were indifferent about attending to their own young ones. Other mothers were constantly having to wash faces, wipe noses and make lunches for them.

One day the very young mother held forth to a group of the others. "Being so young," she said, "Ray and I are companions to our kids. We can share their games, have the same hobbies, take them camping, teach them to call us by our first names. They'll look on us as friends and pals. What more can they have?"

"Well," one long-suffering mother suggested, "how about a mother and father?"

Ted Berndt

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Wonderful day!

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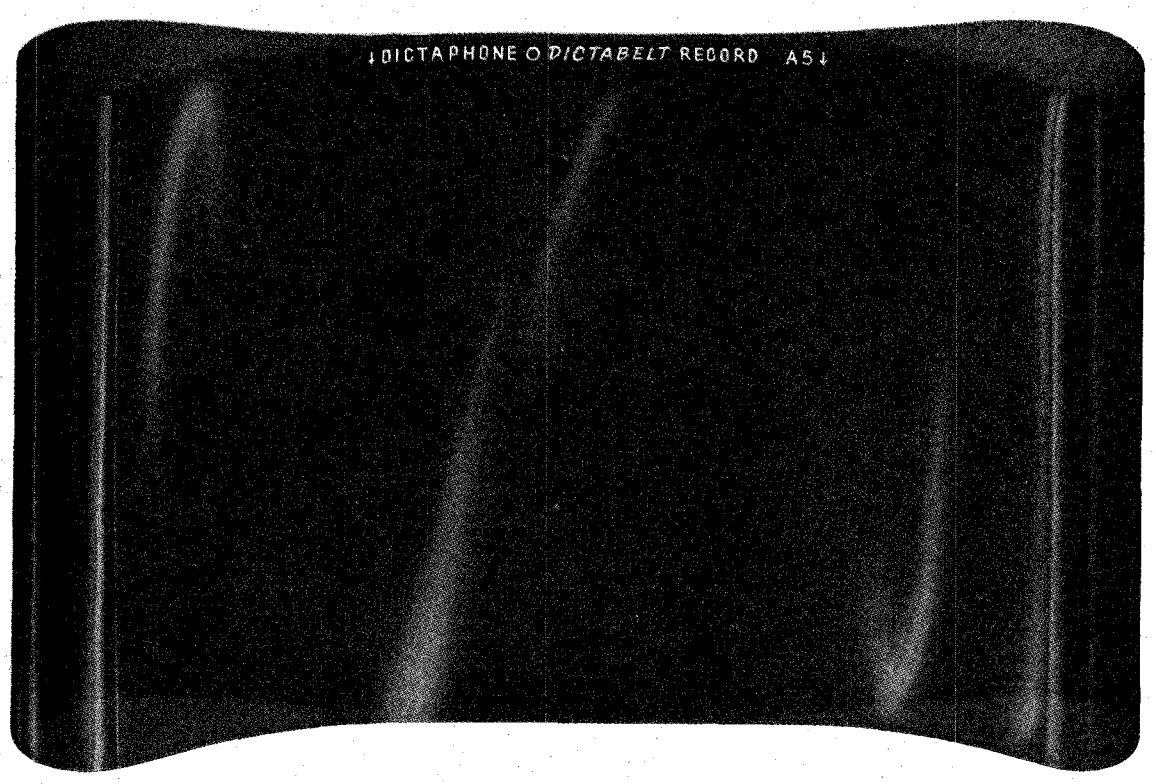

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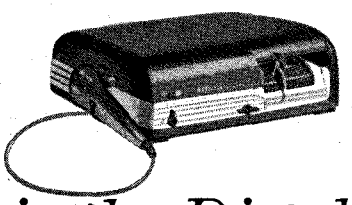
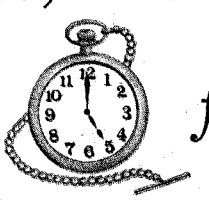
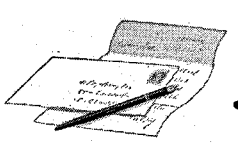
of the world's *most timesaving, worksaving, money-saving dictating machine*  *—the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER. This secret is the Dictabelt Record.*

It's crystal clear, unbreakable, non-erasable, mailable, filable —and it records an average day's dictation  *for the least real cost. Write*  *for Dictaphone's illustrated booklet— "Communication." We'll send you a free Dictabelt, too.*

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(*Continued from Page 92*) was a stretch of open desert. She touched the horse with spurs and darted northward. Jennifer kept at her side. Pomfret Lionel uttered a whoop and dashed past them, leaving Artemus to ride by himself. Over at the left Mummy Mountain reared its bleakness. Halfway up its slope a house perched adventurously. He urged his horse and overtook the girls. Jennifer rode as if in a horse show; Jick slouched at ease in the saddle. They were chatting in a casual, friendly manner, slowing to a walk. Pomfret Lionel circled back to them.

"There's ole Bayside's house," he informed Artemus.

"So." It was a long, low building on a rise which must have given a magnificent view of the valley and the distant mountains.

"He," said Pomfret Lionel confidentially, "is a drip."

"Is that," asked Jennifer, "the artist who was at your house?"

"Walker Bayside," Jick said.

"He invited me to drop in and see his paintings," Jennifer said. "Would it be amusing?"

"No," Pomfret Lionel said promptly.

Jick ignored her brother. "It might be," she said, not with enthusiasm.

"I say he's a droop," Pomfret Lionel persisted.

Jick headed up the slope, alighted and tied her mount to a mesquite. The others followed and trooped up to the door. Jick rang the bell, and in a moment Bayside himself opened to them and became hospitable.

"Now this is nice!" he exclaimed and opened the door wide for them to enter. "This is the first time Jick has honored my tepee. And Miss Beauregard. Do come in out of the sun." He did not include Artemus or Pomfret Lionel in his cordiality, contenting himself with a curt nod and a brief "Hello, Baldwin. . . . How are you, kid?"

"Pomfret Lionel, sir," the boy said with a formality that was almost regal.

"Oh, sure. Sorry. I forgot," Bayside said carelessly. Pomfret Lionel expressed lofty resentment.

"I hope," Jennifer said, "we're not interrupting your work. But after all, it is your fault, Mr. Bayside. You did invite me to see your pictures."

"Delighted. Come into the studio."

He led the way into a large, pleasantly furnished room without the clutter one expects in the studio of a busy artist. There were a few framed canvases on the walls and a half-dozen etchings. The paintings were of desert scenes of dramatic mountain vistas. Artemus, no expert in the fine arts, thought that Bayside was good at his job. Jennifer exclaimed. Jick sat down in a comfortable chair and crossed her legs. Pomfret Lionel stood stiff and resentful. Bayside devoted himself to Jennifer, taking other paintings from a cabinet and exhibiting them on an easel. Artemus strolled over to examine the etchings, conscious that Bayside was watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Interested in etchings?" the artist asked.

"Don't know much about them," Artemus replied. "I like these."

"I do them for recreation. Experiment with them," Bayside said.

"You scratch them on metal, don't you?" Artemus asked.

"You might put it that way," Bayside said, with the ghost of a sneer.

"Yeah," Artemus said, turning his head from side to side. "Have to have a steady hand, what? If you make a mistake you can't erase it."

"We manage," Bayside said carelessly. And then to the girls, "May I offer refreshment?"

"I'd love a cool drink," Jennifer said. "Would you have ginger ale?"

"Of course. . . . And you, Jick?"

"Ginger ale will do nicely."

"How about you, Baldwin?"

"Scotch," Artemus said, with his hands indicating a tall glass.

"And you, Pomfret Lionel?" Bayside asked, speaking the full name in a jocular way.

"Thank you, sir," the boy said stiffly, "I wish no refreshment."

Bayside rang and gave the order to a Mexican houseboy. "Sorry your father didn't come, too," he said to Jennifer. "I would like to know him better."

"He would be interested to see your work," Jennifer assured him. "Particularly the etchings. He has a notable collection of them."

It seemed to Artemus—he could not be sure of it—that a glance of hidden humor passed between Bayside and Miss Beauregard. It was a slight thing and so swift that it was gone in the winking of an eye. Brief as it was, it did not seem to Artemus like a glance that would be exchanged by strangers. It was little, indeed, to go on, but it seemed to Artemus to have had meaning, an intimate, secret meaning. The Secret Service man filed it away in his retentive mind. If he really had seen what he thought he had seen, then Bayside and Jennifer Beauregard were not mere casual acquaintances. It was a slight, a tenuous, thing to build upon, but Artemus determined to build it into the pattern. It could do no harm. It might be false, but until it was proved to be false he would consider it to be true—that there was a hidden understanding between these two, and that Jennifer's desire to view Bayside's paintings was not due to mere curiosity. It could even be that this ride in the valley had been planned by her for the purpose of calling at Bayside's house.

He asked himself what reason there could be for it. Of course, there could be many, but the likely one was that she had come to deliver some message. If this was so, he wondered if she had delivered it. He sat in concentration, recalling every word of conversation.

Jennifer sipped her drink, wholly at ease as her eyes roved about the studio. She got up suddenly and walked over to peer at an etching of a grotesque Joshua tree. It was dark and forbidding, but it had power.

"I'm sure, Mr. Bayside," she said, "that father would be delighted to see your etchings—to add some of them to his collection. I wonder if you could show him some of them. I shall tell him about them. He will, I know, be impatient to see."

Somehow Artemus was convinced that Jennifer had delivered her message.

Jick got to her feet with one lithe movement. "Thanks for receiving us," she said. "If we're going to get in a ride befor noon, we'd better get at it."

"I could give you luncheon," Bayside said.

"Not me," Pomfret Lionel said. "I got a previous engagement."

They went out to their horses. Bayside waved to them from the doorstep. They rode away under the cloudless blue of the sky. Presently Pomfret Lionel broke the silence. "I say," he said firmly and savagely, "that that droop is a drizzling drip."

Artemus Baldwin's job was a lonely one. It was as if he had been cast adrift to sink or swim. In all the huge area of Arizona there was but one other Secret Service agent, but Artemus dared not approach the office in the Federal Building, nor consult with Norman Wessler, the agent in charge. Communication with Wessler was a one-way street, and that to be used sparingly. He knew his every action was watched by suspicious eyes. He was establishing a character and a personality which one false step would destroy. His object was to worm himself into the confidence of the local underworld and to be accepted by them as one of themselves, and in every word, every waking action, he must be consistent with the identity he had chosen. He had made progress but he knew he was being tested before they would accept him completely and admit him to their enterprises.

He had planned to the most minute detail the character he would assume. He had been drilled in its characteristics, its manner of dress, of speech, of gesture. His first step had been to arouse the curiosity of the local underworld; to implant the belief that he was not a man to be trifled with, and to play hard to get. He had planted the spurious handbill identifying him as a fugitive from justice, hoping that his belongings would be searched, as indeed they were. This had resulted in the visit from the mincing little lawyer, Marvin Leeds, and the ultimatum that he was to obey orders—or else. To this moment everything had gone according to plan.

His participation in the Yaqui swindle could be either a test or a trap. Now he awaited the next step in that maneuver. He knew that the counterfeiting industry was allied with other criminal activities, notably with narcotics. There were specialists, of course, skilled in the techniques of reproducing in acceptable form the currency of the country. But on its lower levels it recruited its passers from the ranks of dope peddlers and other petty criminals. A man might be a member of a counterfeiting group and also a confidence man. He (*Continued on Page 97*)

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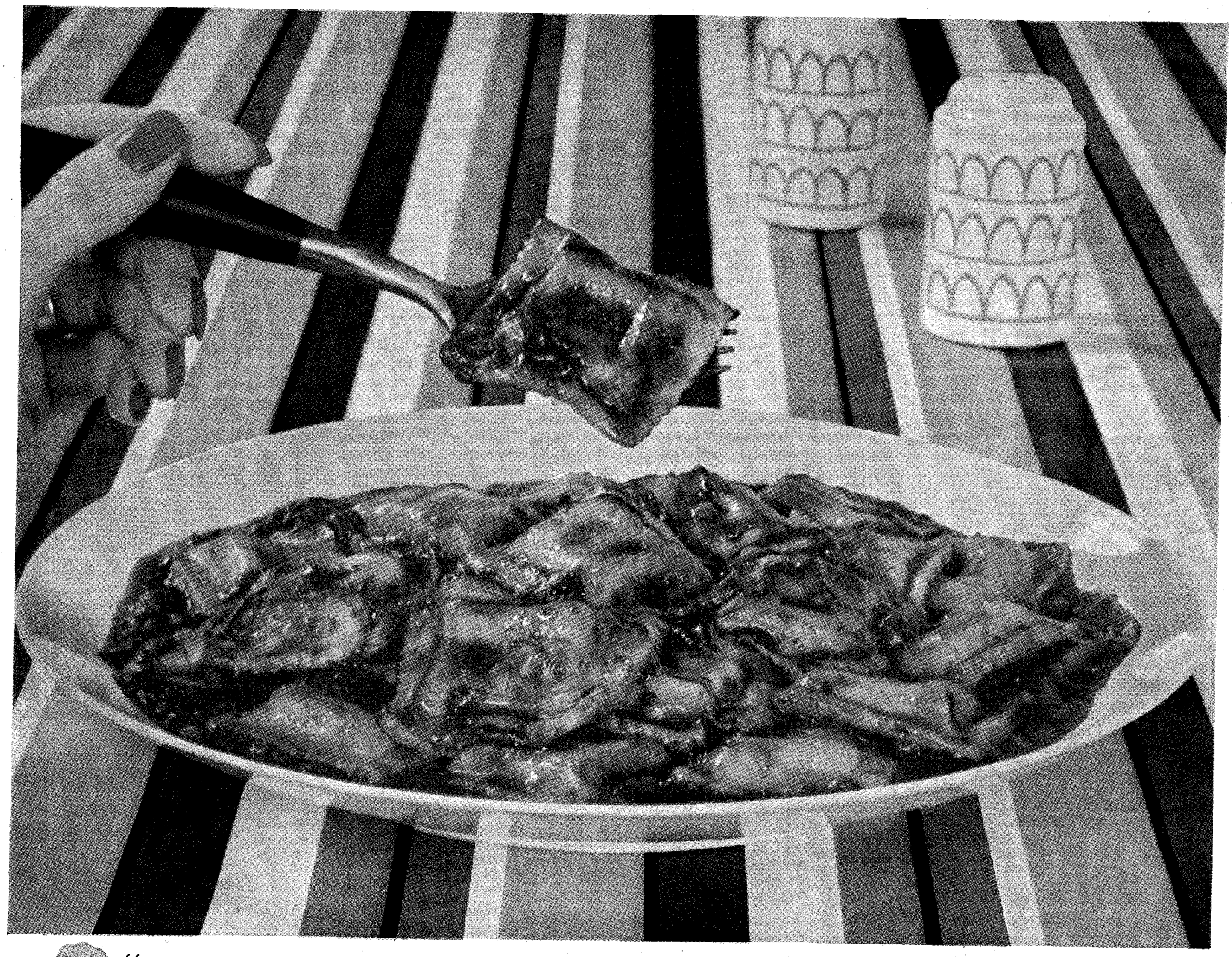

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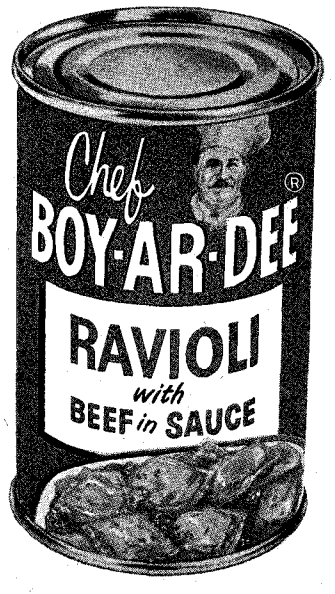

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(*Continued from Page 95*) doubted, however, that the particular gang he had been assigned to thwart would be interested in side issues. To them, if his chief in Washington was correct, the Yaqui swindle, even though its take might come to a considerable sum, would be small potatoes.

The chief had gone over with him information supplied by the International Criminal Police Commission through its General Secretariat and reports of its General Assembly, in Oslo, which indicated the increasingly international character of counterfeiting. It was known that persons in so remote a locale as Central Africa had negotiated with German printers for the printing of pound notes of British West Africa. The French Sûreté had discovered in France a secret press for the printing of Spanish notes. In the Netherlands West Indies was found a large quantity of counterfeit Colombian pesos. Swiss franc notes were printed in Paris, and Japanese yen possibly in Brazil.

The chief, though not firmly convinced, was leaning to the belief that the counterfeiting industry of the world was being organized as it never had been before; that some criminal genius had possibly arisen who was perfecting a world-wide network with central direction and with international headquarters. In Europe the number of cases of counterfeiting had almost doubled.

Counterfeiting, historically, had an international character, was even sponsored by mighty names. Napoleon, before his invasion of Russia, had counterfeited a vast sum in Muscovite money, and had purchased with it supplies for the Grande Armée. Hitler had scoured concentration camps for experts and had equipped them for the wholesale counterfeiting of British pounds. Manufacturing bogus currency could be as dangerous to the economy of a nation as the hydrogen bomb could be to its physical existence.

His telephone rang. The voice of Marvin Leeds came over the wire. "Remain at home, Mr. Baldwin," it said. "You will have visitors within the hour." Then the receiver at the other end was hung up curtly.

Artemus awaited this new development. In less than thirty minutes knuckles rapped upon the door, and Artemus, ready for come what might, opened to find two men on his tiny porch. Without a word they slid inside and closed the door after them. One of the men obviously was an Indian. The other might have been either Indian or Mexican. The face of the Indian was square, his mouth an elongated slit, his black hair long and his beady eyes small and ophidian. His shoulders were broad and his body squat. The other man was somewhat taller, swarthy, not so expressionless as his companion. He spoke English of a rather stilted sort.

"Mr. Baldwin," he said, "we are Yaquis. Thees man iss chief. He come from Mexico. I live in Yaqui settlement here. You expect us?"

"I expected you," Artemus said.

"The chief spik no Eenglish. I talk for heem."

"Talk ahead," Artemus said shortly.

The man spoke to his companion in some guttural tongue. With impassive face, the Yaqui chief fumbled in the pocket of his shirt and extracted a bag which he emptied upon the table.

"Gold," said the taller of the two.

"Looks like it," Artemus said.

"Iss gold, good gold. Now what we do? You tell."

"What's the story?" Artemus asked.

"Yaquis great people. Wild people. Even Diaz cannot conquer."

"Fine. So you're great people. You eat Mexicans."

"Much gold goes from the mine—bars of gold in saddle bags of burros over mountains. Soldiers guard. Not too many. Yaquis keel soldiers. Take gold. Hide gold in our country. Ver' savage country. *Sí?* Cannot sell in Mexico—too much watch. One year, two year, five year. Maybe smuggle across river, eh?"

"I get the general idea," Artemus said. "How much?"

"Many bar," the man said. "Now you sell to thees damfool."

"Right," Artemus snapped.

"W'at we do, eh? You boss."

"Damn well right I'm the boss," Artemus said, scowling. "W'at you do? Does this buzzard speak English or understand it?"

"No, not any."

"I'll bet," Artemus said, "you're a liar." He shrugged. "Now listen. I'm the sucker, see? Me. You work this swindle on me."

"No onderstand."

"You don't need to. Just do what you're told. I do the thinking."

"Sure. O.K."

"When I need you," Artemus asked, "where do I find you?"

"Chief iss wetback," said the man. "Must not be catch. My name eet iss Pedro. You telephone Mr. Leeds. I come. Mebby so the chief come too."

Artemus swept the gold from the table, replaced it in the bag and tossed it to the English-speaking Yaqui. "That," he said, "is all for tonight."

The squat non-English-speaking one stood scowling. He spoke guttural words, to which the other replied, and then to Artemus, "We go now. You telephone."

They went out silently. Artemus flung himself into a chair and frowned at the wall. He wished very much that he dared get in touch with Wessler to discuss the problem, but that would be unsafe. He guessed that he was watched and his every movement reported. There was nothing to do but depend upon his own resources and upon his own judgment.

The telephone interrupted his thoughts. "Hi, Mr. Baldwin," said a voice. "This is Porque—Porque the Egg."

"Hello, Porque," Artemus answered. "What gives?"

"Look. You take a walk, see? You'll have comp'ny. Give 'em the shake. When you dump 'em, come down to Washington. I pick you up, see?"

"Where are you, Porque?"

"I got to duck," Porque said, and the receiver was hung up.

Porque was a naïve, childlike dangler on the fringe of the underworld, but somehow Artemus felt he could trust the pathetic creature. Porque had given him a sort of hero worship. Porque admired and looked up to him for what the seller of dope sheets imagined him to be. There was a lost-dog quality to him, and in Artemus he had found a master. Artemus shrugged. It was dangerous to reach a conclusion like this. Porque, possibly without being aware of it himself, could be a plant. Artemus did not think so. In his business calculated risks were sometimes necessary. The Secret Service man decided to take this one.

He put on his hat and went out to his car. Porque had said that he would be followed, so his first endeavor must be to throw off his shadowers. He drove westward to downtown Phoenix, turned north on Central and dawdled until the light at Adams Street was about to turn red. As it turned he put on speed and crossed just as east-and-west traffic started to move. If his company was in a car, which they must be, he had left them at the intersection. He drove on and finally into a parking lot beyond the Westward Ho Hotel. He walked through the lot to the alley behind the broadcasting station, through the hotel's service yard and out into Central again. He entered the lobby, passed through it and stood in the entrance until a taxi discharged passengers. As they came out, he entered, telling the driver to drop him at the Arizona Club. By this time he was confident he had shaken off any shadows, but even then he took every precaution to determine that he was not followed. After a block or so he was certain he had accomplished his purpose. He returned to Washington and walked slowly eastward to give Porque the Egg opportunity to accost him. Artemus strolled half a dozen blocks and was commencing to believe that something had gone wrong, when a voice hissed at him from the dark entrance to a small grocery store. He stopped.

"Porque?" he asked softly.

"It's me, Mr. Baldwin," Porque answered from the blackness, careful to address Artemus by his family name with the prefix of "Mister."

Artemus, first looking behind him, sidled into the recessed doorway.

"What's boiling?" he asked.

"There's rumbles, Mr. Baldwin. I ain't on the inside. I ain't big enough. Maybe I'm kind of thick in the bean, but I got ears 'n' I got eyes. Honest, Mr. Baldwin, I ain't as dumb as folks think."

"Sure you're not," Artemus said, patting Porque's shoulder. Porque purred.

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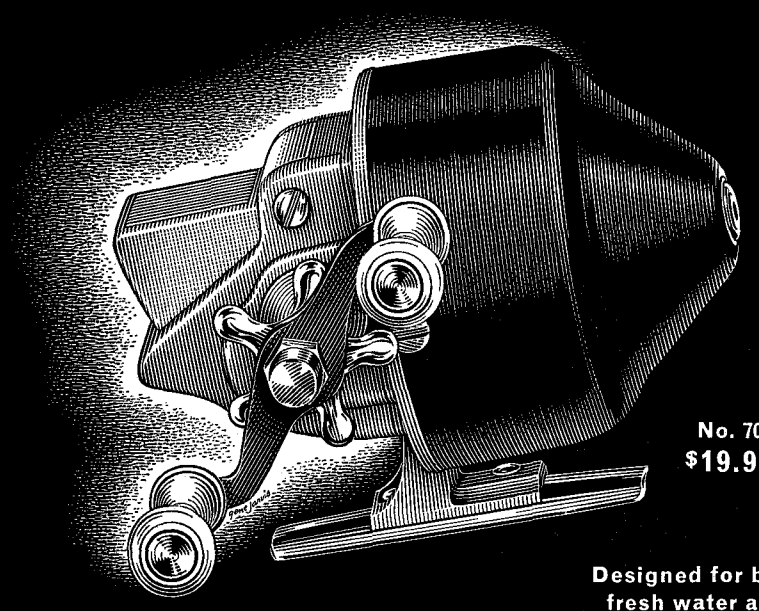

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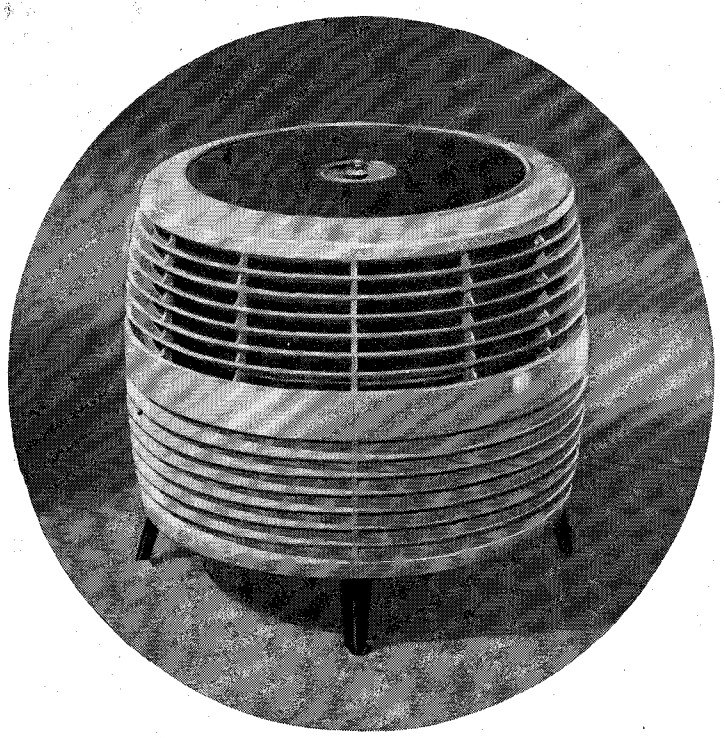

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"Talkin' behind their hands," Porque said, "the boys is sayin' there's goin' to be big trouble. But they can't figure you. There's other things they can't figure."

"Such as?" Artemus asked gruffly.

"There was Sweet Lips Chavez," Porque said. "None of the boys in the old-time rackets are hep to that one. They don't know who or why. There's other things. There's you. You got a double tail."

"Double!" Artemus exclaimed.

"Yeah. There's Moose and Burps. We know about them goons. But there's somebuddy else we don't know. Moose and Burps take turns. This other party spyin' too. It's got 'em wingin'. The talk is, somebuddy's plannin' to take over."

"Me?" asked Artemus.

"Could be," Porque answered, "but it don't figger. The smart ones say you're in the middle." Porque made dubious noises. "Some says you're a buttinski. You ain't pop'lar."

"What have I done to lose votes?" Artemus asked.

"There's boys think they got a patent on the Yaqui racket," Porque said. "They don't like your hornin' in."

"How do they know I'm horning in?" Artemus asked.

"It's been whispered. It'll be whispered more when Moose tells about them two Yaquis that come to see you tonight."

"You were there too?" Artemus asked.

"I got curious. Bein' a friend of yourn," Porque said simply.

"Those two Yaquis," Artemus said. "Aren't they part of the old racket?"

"They're new ones," Porque said. "It'll be figgered they're yourn."

"Is that all of it?" Artemus asked.

"All I know," Porque said.

Artemus found his hand in the darkness and pressed a bill into it. "Obliged, Porque. I'll remember. Now beat it."

Porque slipped away and a moment later had vanished. Artemus trudged toward the Westward Ho and his car, fitting pieces into the jigsaw puzzle as he walked.

The underworld of Phoenix was in a dither. It suspected, for reasons, that someone was muscling in, but it didn't know who. It hadn't placed him—Artemus—as yet. It was inclined to place him as a lone operator, a buttinski. The mysterious other side, of whom Artemus had identified only the mincing lawyer, Marvin Leeds, had maneuvered him into the Yaqui swindle. This, Artemus reasoned, could be for the purpose of starting a war between him and the regulars. That might be the purpose of the caper—to use him as a cat's-paw in the plan to take over Phoenix. He was a man with a reputation, a dangerous man, a cut above most of the local gentry. The people represented by Leeds would, if Artemus had reasoned correctly, egg the situation on to open warfare. He had, as he saw the possibilities of the situation, been finagled into the position of unpaid gunman faced by the necessity of cleaning out the locals or of being cleaned out himself. He found himself in water deep and dark and swirling, in which he would have to swim alone, sink or reach shore by his own unaided abilities. The situation had elements of the sardonic. He, Artemus Baldwin, of the Secret Service, sworn to uphold the law and to apprehend malefactors, had been so juggled that, in very self-defense, he might be compelled to become a killer for an unidentified criminal group.

He tendered his check to the parking attendant, paid the fee and drove out of the lot. He was in no contented mood as he drove into the little garage adjoining his cabin at the motel. He unlocked the door and stepped into the small living room. Seated, one on either side of the door, guns in their fists, were Burps and Moose, grinning like evil Cheshire cats.

"The top of the evenin' to ye, Mister Baldwin," Burps leered.

"And the rest of the day to yourselves," Artemus gave the time-honored Hibernian response.

"The other time we wasn't ready," Moose said.

"So you're here. So you're ready. So what?" snapped Artemus.

"Tough guy," Moose commented.

"Scares me," said Burps.

"All right. I'm tough and you're not scared. What comes next?"

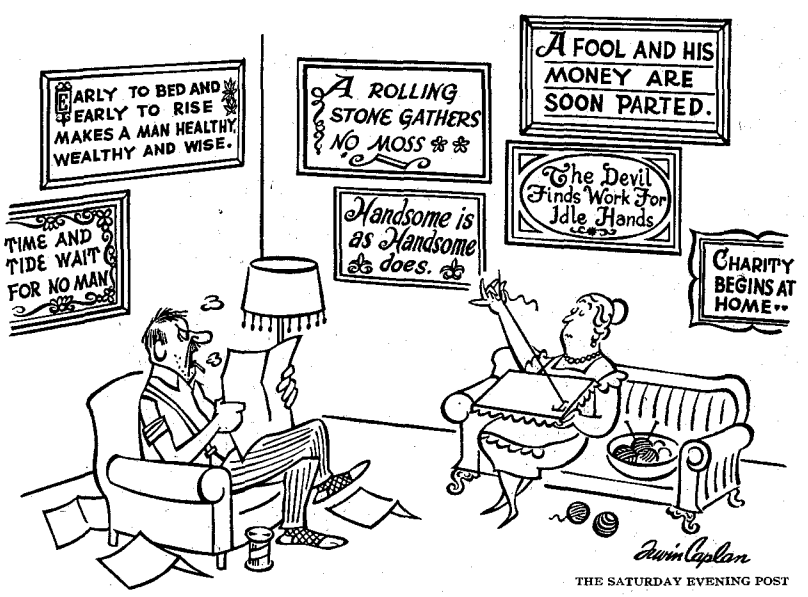
"We're a committee," Moose said. "We didn't have time to get no badges, but we're a committee. We're appointed to escort you out of town."

"And to see," Burps said with a feline purr, "that you don't come back."

"Grab the back of your neck with your two hands," ordered Moose. He grinned. "We're goin' in your car, Mr. Baldwin, with you doin' the drivin'. We sure appreciate your bein' so polite. Get to strollin', and one move earns ye a lead stomachache."

Because it would be futile to do anything else, Artemus turned, walked to his car, inserted the key after settling himself behind the wheel. Burps got in beside him. Moose occupied the rear seat. Artemus felt the cold muzzle of the man's gun pressed against the nape of his neck.

TO BE CONTINUED


EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE MAKES A MAN HEALTHY, WEALTHY AND WISE.
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A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED.
The Devil Finds Work For Idle Hands
TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN
Handsome is as Handsome does.
CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME
Irwin Caplan
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Can't you find some other hobby?"

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Adventures of the Freewheeling Priests

(Continued from Page 29)

The typical Dominican, then, has submitted to a continual massaging of his mind which has activated even the most sluggish brain cells. He has read anything from Aristotle to Karl Marx. He has been told to question everything with the curiosity of a six-year-old, to accept nothing at face value, to go on probing, analyzing, scrutinizing—and chasing after *Veritas*, Truth, the order's one-word motto.

To do these things with an unalterable singleness of purpose, he has renounced two powerful worldly temptations: love and success.

Unlike the typical Franciscan, he is not serene. He was not meant to be. Saint Dominic de Guzman, the order's thirteenth-century founder, was an impetuous, high-strung Castilian priest. Once, traveling through Southern France, then in the throes of the Albigensian revolt against the Church of Rome, he spent an entire night arguing with an apostate innkeeper. At sunrise he had won him back to the Catholic faith. Soon, Dominic was joined by an enthusiastic group of preachers who formed, to state things in contemporary terms, the psychological-warfare branch of the Pope's crusade against the Albigensians.

It was an age of rapid change. The feudal system, which had dominated Europe for so long, was breaking up under the hammer blows of new ideas. Thousands of restless serfs, fleeing their lords' estates, were pouring into newly founded towns where, in the safety of high walls, they turned into a wide-awake, proud, forward-looking citizenry. Their quest for deeper knowledge gave rise to great academies of learning—the universities of Paris, Oxford, Cologne, Bologna lit up the black horizon like bright flares.

Dominic had no more than sixteen disciples when, in 1216, the Pope confirmed his order as an autonomous society within the Catholic Church. Striking out boldly from their monastery in Toulouse, they headed, singly or in groups, for Europe's famous universities. Hence, from the start, the Friars Preachers lodged themselves at the brain centers of the Western world, stretching their preacher's function to comprise books, lectures and debates as well as sermons.

What made the order revolutionary was its freedom. While other brotherhoods, such as the Augustinians and Benedictines, existing since the dawn of our era, had chained themselves to the monastic life, the Friars Preachers used their monasteries—places of contemplation and prayer—as bases of operation. Their brisk aggressiveness prompted the Pope to style them "invincible pugilists of the Lord." Even today, there's something of the athlete about the typical Dominican. It's hard to catch one of them walking slowly. And while the order does not pick its novices for looks, official sources do concede that "natural grace in deportment" can make a friar more effective in his apostolate.

Born of an age which had begun to pay attention to the common man, the order was constructed along democratic lines. Its constitution is one of the most remarkable documents to come out of the Middle Ages. Although it gives the master general monarchical authority during his twelve-year term of office, it strikes an admirable balance between executive and legislative. Superiors, from priors of small houses to the master general, are elected by free, secret suffrage. Power is in the hands of the community, and rules are made by the general chapter—a house of representatives which may, in serious cases, depose the master general himself. This, seven centuries ago, was something new.

Within a few short years, the freewheeling new order, with its spontaneous appeal to the young middle class, was sweeping Europe. Dominican establishments—usually consisting of a priory and a church—went up in the big cities of Italy, Spain, Germany and England, where the newcomers, because of their black mantle, were known as Black Friars. By the end of the convulsive century, the order, counting 30,000 members, had spread into Greece, Russia and the Middle East. The friars quickly earned their reputation as scholars and expounders of the dogma. Who, in all Christendom, could win an argument with a Dominican? Thomas Aquinas, a nobleman from Southern Italy who took the habit in 1243, fell back on Aristotelian logic to build a bridge between man's reason and man's faith—applying, in his Summa Theologiae, the intellect to prove that God exists. Thomism, to this day, remains the granite base for the Dominican approach, with its sharp emphasis on reason.

Precocity can have unhappy by-products. When Rome needed investigators to fight alleged heretics, it gave the job to the Dominicans and the Franciscans, but the Franciscans, for the most part, soon dropped out. Still in its infancy, Dominic's order thus became identified with the dread Inquisition. Its members furnished the investigators, the prosecutors

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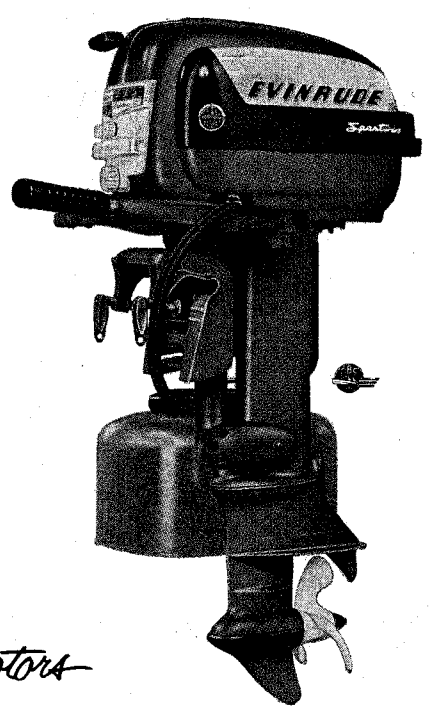

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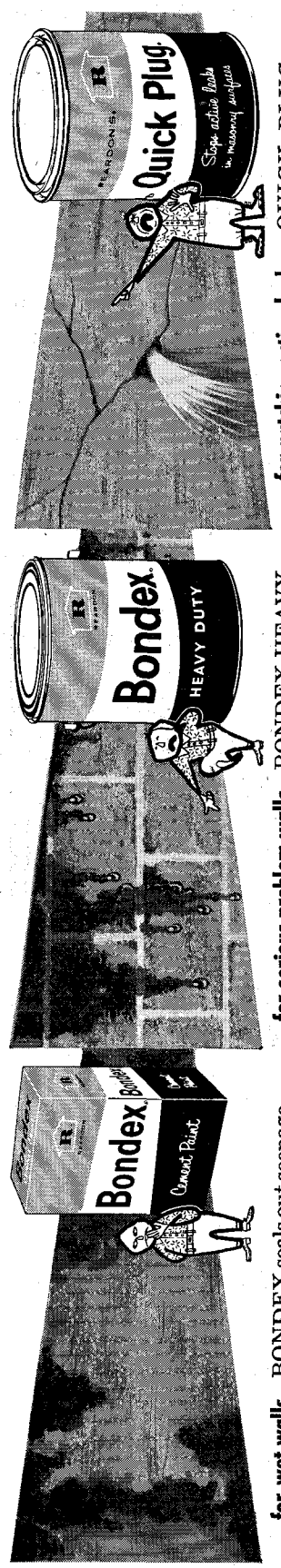

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and the judges in the courts-martial which were rapidly assuming spiritual jurisdiction throughout Europe. And when the Vatican, in 1252, permitted torture, even of witnesses, as a means of getting at the "facts," a horrid chapter opened in the order's history. Soon the Dominicans were dubbed *Domini Canes*—hounds of the Lord.

Dominicans today make no attempt to rub the ugly stain off their white habit. They do recall, however, that heresy, in those long-bygone days, was thought of as a crime as vile as murder. And they point out that, in those secret trials, acquittals far outnumbered condemnations. Even when Spain, in 1480, revived the dormant institution with a vengeance, to use it as a weapon against Moors and Jews and, later, against Protestants, the white-robed, hooded judges delivered but a fraction of the prisoners to the worldly authorities for burning. Of roughly 100,000 cases tried under Spain's joint monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, about 2000 suffered death.

And so we find, in the Age of Discoveries and of the Reformation, the order at the zenith of its power. From Portugal to Poland, you couldn't turn around without confronting a white habit.

But, actually, a decline already had set in. Along the world-wide front of militant Catholicism, the Friars Preachers were nudged out by the more subtle Jesuits, who, after the founding of their society by Ignatius Loyola in 1540, took over the fight against the Protestants. Basing their strength on absolute, unquestioning obedience, they proved more useful to the embattled church than the decentralized, forever-arguing Dominicans. A bitter theological feud, involving the relationship between free will and divine grace, soon split the two fraternities wide apart. There followed a long chain of difficulties, crises and misfortunes, affecting, more or less, all Catholic orders. Curtailed in this country, suppressed in that, expropriated, exiled, harassed by autocrats and liberals alike, the Friars Preachers, by the middle of the nineteenth century, were down to some 3500 members.

It was not the end. Today, with a world membership of nearly 9000, the order takes its place as one of the dynamic forces of Catholic Christianity. Although outnumbered three and a half to one by their old rivals, the Jesuits—whose influence in Catholic affairs, particularly in the field of education, vastly exceeds their own—they have remained the uncontested champions in the stratosphere of thought. The Master of the Sacred Palace—the Pope's own theologian—is always a Dominican. And at the Holy Office of the Vatican which deals with unorthodox opinions inside the Catholic Church, the job of commissary, or attorney general, invariably goes to a Friar.

You can find Friars Preachers in many likely and unlikely spots. They serve as missionaries, research scientists, publishers, prison chaplains, university professors, bishops—and especially in the United States—as parish priests. Two Irish Dominicans I know are traveling through Italy microfilming ancient documents bearing on the history of Eire. Father De Vaux, one of the best-known Friars Preachers, is rattling all over the Holy Land in an old station wagon, looking for archaeological finds. One Dominican had a hand in preparing the recent flight of Dr. Otto John, former West German intelligence chief, from East Berlin to Bonn. Another friar spends half an hour every day instructing Juan Carlos, aspirant to the Spanish throne.

The classic Dominican establishment, however, is still the priory—a base of operations from which the friars journey forth, sometimes in groups of two or three, to preach cycles of sermons in Catholic churches or houses of retreat. No longer mendicant, as they were in the early centuries, the friars must support themselves by way of sermons, publications and teaching jobs. Every priory is expected to be self-sustaining—with enough cash left over for the administration of the Dominican province to which the priory belongs. The provinces, in turn, support the general headquarters in Rome. Needless to say, with twenty-five dollars the going rate for a weekend of preaching in the United States, and less in Europe, the excess revenue frequently stays in the realm of speculative thought.

The order's membership is nicely spread. With some 1230 friars in the Spanish provinces—including the Philippines and parts of Latin America—some 950 in France, 840 in Italy and 330 in Ireland, it has regained a solid footing in countries with a largely Catholic population. There are some 580 Dominicans in Holland, 470 in Germany, 230 in Great Britain. As many as seventy friars are still accounted for in Yugoslavia, while Poland, with an estimated 240, remains the only nation in the Soviet orbit still tolerating the Dominicans.

In the United States the Friars Preachers were not only latecomers, but when they did arrive, 150 years ago, they managed to get off to a poor start. The first English-speaking native of America to join the order was John Fenwick, a Catholic from Maryland who studied with some exiled English friars at Bornhem, Belgium. It was his enterprising nephew, Edward, who founded the first province in the United States in 1805. It wasn't until decades later that their brethren invaded the big cities.

Today the order boasts three full-blown provinces in the United States—St. Joseph's, with headquarters in New York City; St. Albert the Great, headquarters in Chicago; and Holy Name, headquarters in Oakland, California. The friars have a college of their own in Providence, Rhode Island, staff two pontifical faculties, operate a couple of high schools and run a publishing house, the Priory Press, in Dubuque, Iowa. What with some seventy priories going, and with some sixty-five "vocations"—new entries—every year, the order has become part of America's religious landscape. Meeting a friar on the street, however, you are likely to mistake him for an ordinary clergyman.

The habit, throughout the United States, is worn only indoors, and the characteristic tonsure—the shaven pate—has gone out of style.

A French Dominican, by contrast, will wear the habit on the boulevard, but he may top it off with a beret just to assert his independence. Outlawed by the French Revolution, the order was revived in France in 1840 by J. B. H. Lacordaire, an actor, lawyer, journalist-turned-priest whose liberal writings brought Rome's disapproval crashing down on him—and who, as preacher at Notre Dame Cathedral, was the toast of Paris. Lacordaire's daring thesis that Christianity must actively participate in the solution of the social problems of the day became the credo of the reborn order.

The Rev. Hugh Halton, a Dominican friar, is Catholic chaplain at Princeton. When students invited Alger Hiss to speak last April he angrily jumped into the fray with Willard Edwards of the Chicago Tribune (center) and Rep. T. James Tumulty of N. J.

The three French provinces are, to this day, known for their passionate concern with *liberté, égalité, fraternité*. France's Dominicans embarrassed Rome during the Spanish civil war by sympathizing with the Loyalists—while their long-suffering Spanish brethren were joyously acclaiming Franco. During the German occupation of France, Dominicans were active in the Resistance. One Paris friar was decapitated, another perished in a concentration camp, and several were jailed. Hence, at the time of liberation, the Paris group was closely associated with left-wing elements, inside the Catholic Church and out. A clash with Rome began to look inevitable.

One of the first to find himself in trouble was Father Montuclard, a former professor of theology and founder of Jeunesse de l'Église, an openly procommunist discussion group of some 300 intellectuals and workers. Convinced that it was possible to be a Christian and a communist at the same time, Montuclard advocated, in his writings, a coming to terms with communism, which, he argued, was here to stay. "Whatever happens—tomorrow belongs to them." Called to Rome in 1953 to explain himself, he asked to be relieved of his vows as a friar, and his unusual request was granted. Today, plain Monsieur Montuclard, a member of the CGT, the communist-run labor federation, (*Continued on Page 102*)

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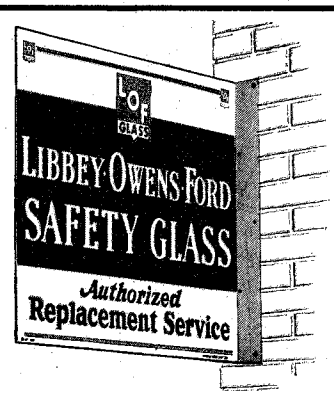

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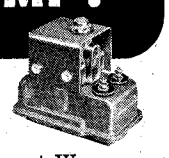

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(*Continued from Page 100*) works quietly in one of France's largest airplane-engine factories.

But the idea of a "positive approach" to the French proletariat appealed to more than one Dominican. "Our working class is almost totally de-Christianized," one friar said to me in Paris. "As Christians and Dominicans, we felt the situation called for action—recapturing nonbelievers for the church was, after all, the original mission of our order." When, soon after the war, a number of French priests donned overalls and went to work, for union wages, in factories and shipyards, in mines and on the railroads, hoping to spread Christianity among the faithless, many Dominicans gave their enthusiastic backing to these "workers' priests."

Alas, the flesh was weak—some of the young apostles were themselves converted. Exposed, day in, day out, to communist indoctrination, several workers' priests went over to the enemy. Some left the priesthood altogether and founded families. Others took part in communist street demonstrations against Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, then NATO commander in Europe. Clearly, the thing was getting out of hand. Late in 1953 the Vatican ordered the termination of the entire project.

True, the Dominicans had but a minor part in the crusade. Of 106 workers' priests, no more than ten were Friars Preachers, and none of these had misbehaved. But a degree of "guilt by association" could not be denied. Some prominent Dominicans had served as mentors to the group of workers' priests and had endorsed the movement in their writings. Father Avril himself, head of the Paris province of the order and beyond doubt the country's leading and most popular Dominican, had made no secret of the fact that he saw a great deal of good in the experiment. He had done his utmost to delay the Vatican's decision to pronounce its doom.

Nor was that all. Dominicans had written, on occasion, for La Quinzaine—the Fortnight—a leftish Catholic periodical since condemned by Rome. They had, in various private and public utterances, agreed with those who wanted to transform the "bourgeois church" into a "people's church." The order's publishing house, Editions du Cerf, had manifested similar tendencies in picking its material and its authors. All this, it was alleged in more conservative circles of the French clergy, had gone on with the blessing and, indeed, encouragement of the three provincials of Paris, Lyons and Toulouse, who form the order's highest echelon in France.

Before the Vatican, deeply alarmed by such reports, could take the kind of action that might reflect on the order as a whole, Dominican headquarters in Rome decided on a hurried house-cleaning. Father Emanuel Suarez, a Spaniard then serving as master general, arrived in France in February, 1954. And, though there was no public *auto-da-fé*, the purge he executed was as drastic as anything that had occurred in the Dominicans' own little world since 1498—when Fra Savonarola, abandoned by his master general, was hanged and burned in Florence for having roused the people against corruption in high ecclesiastic quarters.

All three provincials, including Father Avril, were asked to resign. Four other prominent Dominicans were disciplined: Father Chenu, one of the order's leading theologians, who had been linked with both the workers' priests and La Quinzaine, was transferred to Rouen; Father Féret, a former professor at the Dominican Academy of Saulchoir, near Paris, was sent to Nancy for compromising public remarks; Father Congar, another Saulchoir professor, suspected of undue warmth toward Protestantism, was given an assignment in Cambridge, England; and Father Boisselot, head of the order's publishing house, was moved to a minor position in the firm. All seven friars were subjected to severe limitations of their public activities.

It was a crushing blow. And yet, for those who had, at first, welcomed the purge, it turned out something of a Pyrrhic victory. The Friars Preachers throughout France enjoy respect and popularity, and Father Avril, in particular, was a beloved public figure. There was an uproar in the Paris press which echoed beyond France's borders. England's Catholic periodicals did not conceal their admiration for the demoted friars, and a prominent Geneva paper glumly spoke of a "spiritual catastrophe." Even in Rome one could hear many sympathetic voices. Poor Father Suarez himself was killed in an automobile crash four months later, and those he chastised, convinced he acted with a heavy heart, speak of him without bitterness.

Did he resolve the crisis? Like Frenchmen in general, French Friars Preachers are a breed apart. With such high-flying monthlies as La Vie Intellectuelle and La Vie Spirituelle; with their close ties to academic circles; with their innumerable contacts in the world of art and letters, they share in both the audacity and the malaise of French contemporary thought. Because the French provinces of the order maintain no schools for boys of college age—common in other countries—most novices join up in their late twenties, after years of exposure to the sophistication of France's universities. A good many have seen something of life. The group includes a number of former scholars, lawyers, architects and economists, whose razor-edged French minds remain extremely sensitive to the great problems of this age.

These men are neither fellow travelers nor parlor pinks. But, being good Dominicans, they do not feel like staying on the side lines. In fact, the controversy between Rome and Paris merely projects the grave dilemma confronting European Catholicism—whether to allow the working class to cast itself adrift or to recapture its allegiance by pushing social reforms. "In the United States," one French Dominican explained, "where working men are better off, you have no communists to speak of. But over here, where communism feeds on very real misery, it won't do much good to fight it with fine words. If we don't press for social improvements, the communists will be the only ones who stand for 'progress.' Why hand them that monopoly?"

So, the debate continues, with future crises not excluded. But then, Dominicans will always be Dominicans, and they are likely to go splashing through hot water as long as they're around. Luckily, Father Michael Browne, who, in April, 1955, became the order's first English-speaking master general, has what it takes to keep his flock of rugged extroverts in line. A former president of the Angelicum, the order's international university in Rome, and, lately, chief theologian to the Vatican, he's come a long, long way from Tipperary, where his father taught school. A brilliant scholar, steeped in the intricacies of Thomist thought, at home in half a dozen languages, the sixty-eight-year-old, soft-spoken Irishman is a fair match even for the most advanced French eggheads. His huge dimensions—he is six feet, three inches tall and put together like a boxer—seem constantly at war with the white delicacy of his hands, the million crinkles of his parchment face, and the mild irony that flickers in his eyes.

Ably assisted by his American procurator, Father Smith, and by a hand-picked council of eight friars—an Englishman, a Pole, an American, a Spaniard, a Dutchman, a Belgian, an Italian and an Argentinian—he runs the order's thirty-six provinces with a keen sense for practical solutions. He strongly feels that a fraternity such as his Friars Preachers, striving for the ennoblement of mind and soul within the Catholic orbit, still has a function to fulfill—a function which, in this age of anxiety, makes as much sense as ever. And, what with keeping track of the order's myriad activities, co-ordinating a vast range of projects and assignments, and driving over to the Vatican occasionally to explain the latest vagaries of the French brethren, the No. 1 Dominican almost lives up to what they say of him in Rome: "Good Father Browne—too busy even to cross himself."

THE END

"Help!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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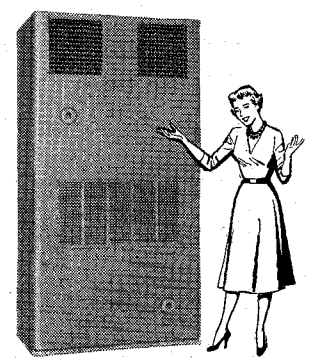

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The Fall of Edie Markham (Continued from Page 27)

internally, fawning, cringing away from her. Suddenly she was sick of it. What was she doing, fighting a war? This was a store, a business. Why was she making it a cause?

"Look," she said, "go home. Do better, but go home." They sprang to their feet, reprieved till morning. There were little cries of "Good night" and "We'll get on the ball," and they were headed for the door and the blessed obscurity of their private lives.

Billy Ecland had almost made it when her voice stopped him. "Billy, wait. I want to talk to you."

Somewhere inside his intestines acid bit against flesh. Billy waited. Then he turned to face her. Edie Markham, coordinator of Harrington's, seventy-five-thousand-dollar-a-year woman, mother, mind reader, tyrant and terror from whom all blessings had to flow. She didn't look the part, he thought. Maybe a little thinner than she ought to be, but flesh was for women who stayed at home living softly and gently. He'd watched that face for fifteen years. He'd seen Hell's Kitchen bred out of it and Madison Avenue take over. He'd seen the making of a machine, smooth, efficient, awe-inspiring. And he had a bad stomach.

"Billy."

"I know, Edie; I know. We're changing advertising managers. I raised the roof with Baylor, like you told me. I told him he was out. Old Baylor got tears in his eyes, but he's through and he knows it."

"Billy," said Edie quietly, "I want you to take a vacation."

Billy winced. She was firing him. After twenty-five long, draining, exhausting years, she was throwing him out. A man sixty years old can't start over again. He wanted to sit down and put his head on his knees and cry.

"Edie," he said imploringly, "I'm doing my best, so help me." His voice quavered. Then he waved his hand in a kind of begging, futile gesture; finally he just stood there, head bowed, unable to look at her.

Suddenly Edie slammed her desk. Her fists knotted and came down with a jarring crash. "What am I?" she shouted. "Some kind of an ogre? Some kind of a monster? I said 'vacation.' Don't read anything else into it!"

Billy's knees failed him. He groped for a chair. "Sure," he said, "sure you meant vacation."

Edie glared at him. "How long have you been with me?"

"Long time," he mumbled.

"You look it," she said; "you're gray in the face."

"I'm fine."

"You're not fine. You're sick as a dog." She drew a piece of paper toward her and wrote on it. "He's my doctor. See him. Tell him the truth. Tell him your job is killing you. I'm killing you. Make him do something about it."

"Thanks." He got up and then lingered. "Aren't you going home?"

"Sometime."

"It's late."

"I know."

He felt a pang course through him. He'd felt it before, a lifetime ago, when this woman had come to him for her first job. Raw, a girl standing in his office in a cheap navy-blue dress, trying for a style; trying to get to him:

"I'm good, Mr. Ecland. I'm fast and smart. Look at my references. I could have kept my job, you understand, only I'm bettering myself."

"I'll try you," he had said. Now, months and years, and ulcers later, he stood in her office accepting bounty from her and proffering pity which she did not see or hear.

"Edie," he said, "what are you hanging around for? It's time for you to go home."

She smiled at him. She had a kid's smile, young and wide. "I'm putting it off. For a crazy reason."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Boy, what a day! Am I glad to be ho——"

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THE JOHNSON JAVELIN has the power and the features to give you *all* the fun you want in outboarding. It is perfect for water skiing—ideal for cruising—thrilling on runabouts. And, thanks to its beautiful full-range performance, it is fine for fishin' too. Its versatility means fun for *every* member of the family!

It drives as simply as your car, with electric starting, full gear-shift and remote control from the steering wheel. Press the button and 30 horses leap to action—dependably and *quietly!*

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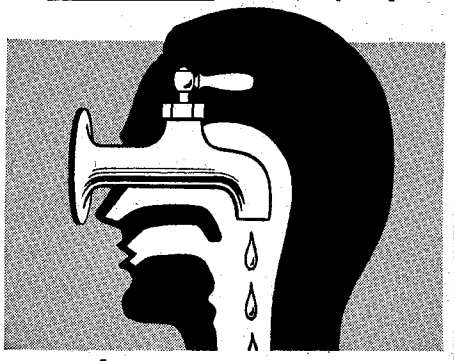

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SUPER ANAHIST NASAL SPRAY, with an exclusive *antibiotic* formula, clears out your "drip zone." It's the same type therapy doctors prescribe—yet costs only 98¢!

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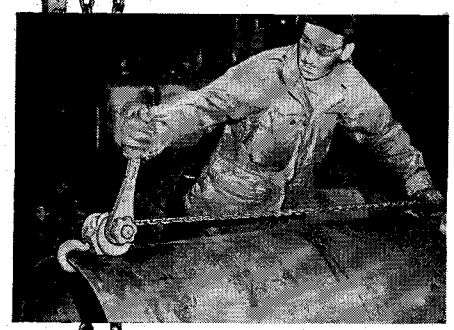

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He was old enough, he had known her long enough to ask.

"It's my birthday," she said, "my frightening fortieth."

"Well," he said shyly, "happy birthday."

"Maybe you'd have a drink with me?" she asked him.

"I'm off it. It murders me."

"Maybe you'll smoke a cigarette. Just to kill time."

"What's the matter? You against birthdays?" He sat down and took a cigarette from her.

"Billy, I said 'forty.'"

"So?"

"I've got an eighteen-year-old daughter."

"Fine. That's the best."

She didn't answer. Then she spoke slowly, "Do you remember when I first came here? You were in personnel then."

"Yeah."

"I was green. Mossy green. Now I'll tell you something. Inside, I'm still that kid."

"Lots of water under the bridge," he said.

"You mean I've changed. You mean I'm one of the ten best-dressed neurotics in the business world. Billy boy, I've seen the movies about the female executive. I've read the books. Any resemblance to me is strictly in your mind."

"Think so?" he asked gently.

"How do you see it?" she asked. Her voice was momentarily self-conscious.

"Who am I to say?" he began carefully.

"I asked you."

"I think maybe it would be smarter not to answer."

"So don't be smart. Be friendly. The store's closed."

"I could be wrong," he said tentatively, "but I think maybe you're a sort of a huckster, Edie. That's an awful thing to say," he offered contritely.

She shrugged. "I think I have a heart."

He grinned at that. "So do I, Edie. And thanks for the time off. I need it. Come on; I'll flag you a cab."

"Not yet."

"Look, honey, you can't sit here all night. They'll see you."

"Who?"

"The whole town. They'll think you have no place to go."

"Can't let them think that," she said, getting up. "Every rat has his hole."

Together they started out. Billy reached for the lights.

"Leave them on," she said.

He looked at her, puzzled. "Nobody here."

"I can see them from my apartment," she said slowly, "and I like to know they're on."

Edie Markham lived the way a mover and a shaker has to live. She had submitted to the decorator, the art dealer, the subtle social pressure brought on by her job. Her apartment had the right Renoir, the right rugs, the right view of the river. Only a few relics from the past remained. She clung to worn-out felt bedroom slippers, an old enamel coffeepot and a really hideous painted rocker, which stood defiant amid the beautiful bedroom furniture, the collection of ivories and the soft shimmer of silk. All else fitted the pattern of elegance. All else except Maggie Markham, her daughter.

Maggie, a misfit, like the painted rocker, raw and raggedy, despite Vassar and Switzerland and the endless manipulations of couturiers and hairdressers. She should have been melting and marriageable. She was not. She was angular and wind-blown and clever. She read books. She cooked. She wore bulky, unbecoming woolen sweaters and sensible shoes. She could add and subtract. And more. She heard Edie crying when she was not meant to hear it. She read the signs in her mother's face, and understood them. She loved Edie the way no one in the world loved her; she made no excuses for her, but she loved her without reservation. And now she was upset. Drinks had been chilling and dinner ruining itself for over two hours. And there was a guest. One who could no longer be coped with.

Sam Standish slammed his glass down on the table and glowered. Like Maggie, he did not belong. He was handsome enough to be the lover, the escort, the strong right arm of Edie Markham. He was none of these. His was an old claim beginning in those first days when Edie had been alone in the city, alone with a little girl and the fight she had to fight. He had lived in the apartment next to hers. He had drunk from the enamel coffeepot, had rocked in the rocker. He had come to love her fiercely and without satisfaction. A woman with a fight like Edie's had no time to marry a salesman—a man who didn't like to fight, not anything or anybody.

And so he loved her still, but wearily now and angrily. Now he was only there when needed. There was the time when Maggie graduated from high school and Sam came to act the part of father and husband. Edie had asked him because it would look better. She had asked for appearance's sake and had held his hand all through the ceremony. He came when she was sick and when she was lonely. But he couldn't stay on a prescription basis: "Sam Standish, take when needed for the aches and pains of being a career woman." It didn't go down, so there weren't many times together. For the most part, they quarreled. Now he was having his say about her at the top of his voice.

"I know your mother!" he shouted. "I know that woman! She's at the store, chopping off heads! She's liking it! She will not be home for dinner, birthday or no birthday, and what am I doing here anyway? I must have been out of my mind!"

"You're the only friend she's got," said Maggie mildly. "Did you bring her a present?"

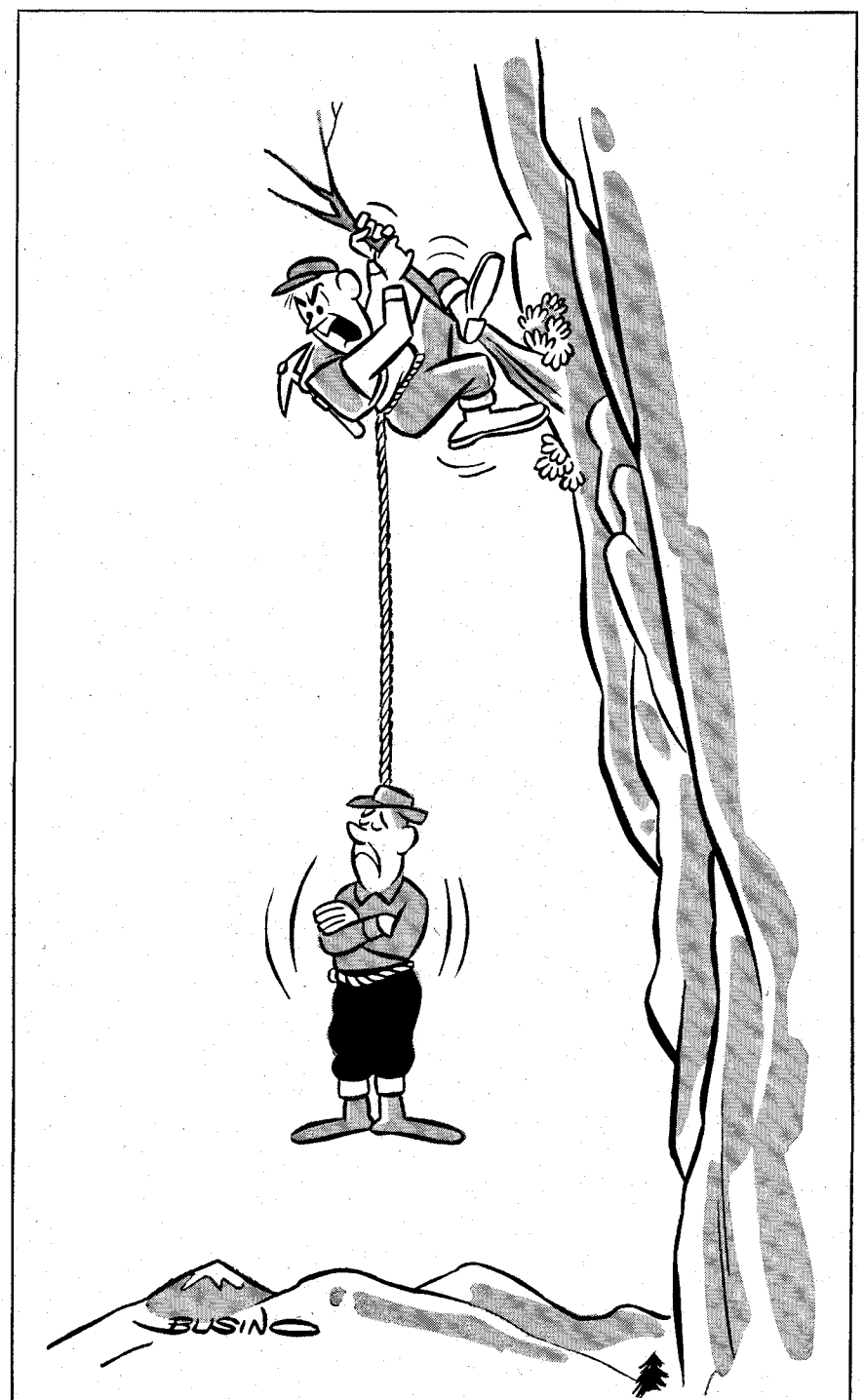
"No, I did not!"

"Why not?"

"She doesn't need presents. She owns the world, doesn't she?"

Maggie looked at him sternly. "Edie's really blue over this birthday. You shouldn't have come if you're going to be grouchy."

"We don't get along," he muttered; "we never have. Besides, I came because I wanted to see you." He flung his long, bony length on the couch. Then he stared long and (*Continued on Page 109*)



"I hate a quitter!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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June 9, 1956

HOUSE PAINT

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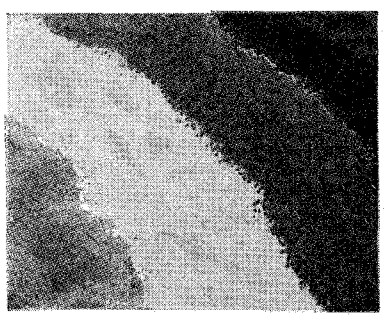

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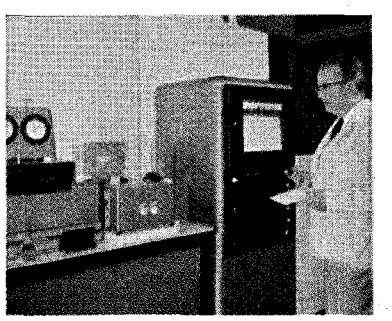
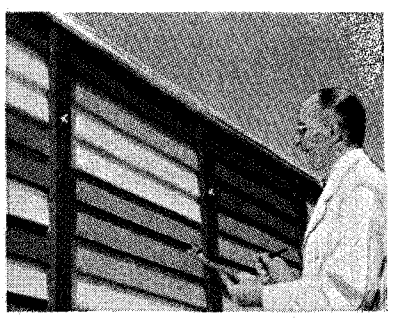


Every phase of manufacture is controlled by rigid tests



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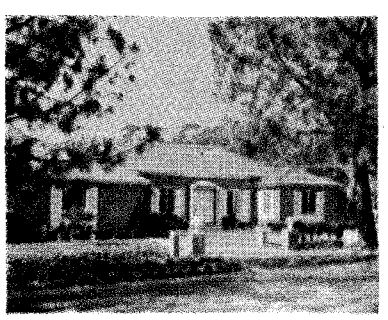

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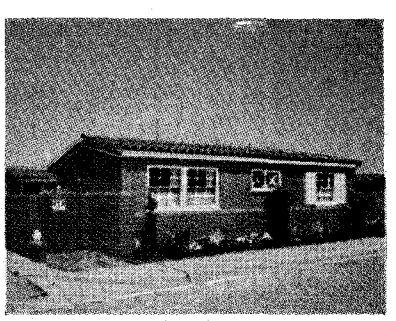

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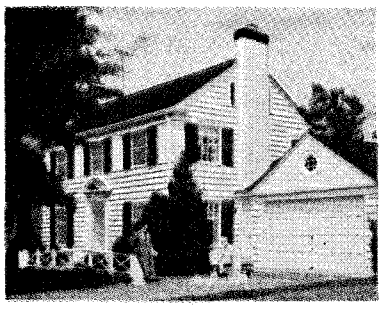

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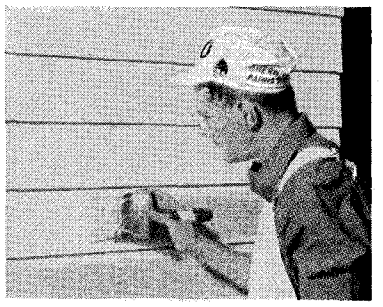

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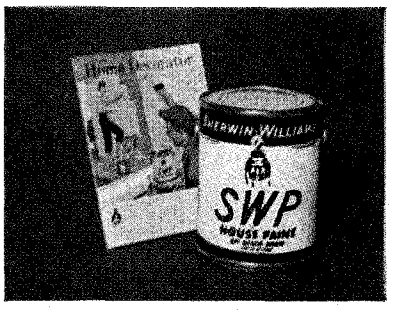

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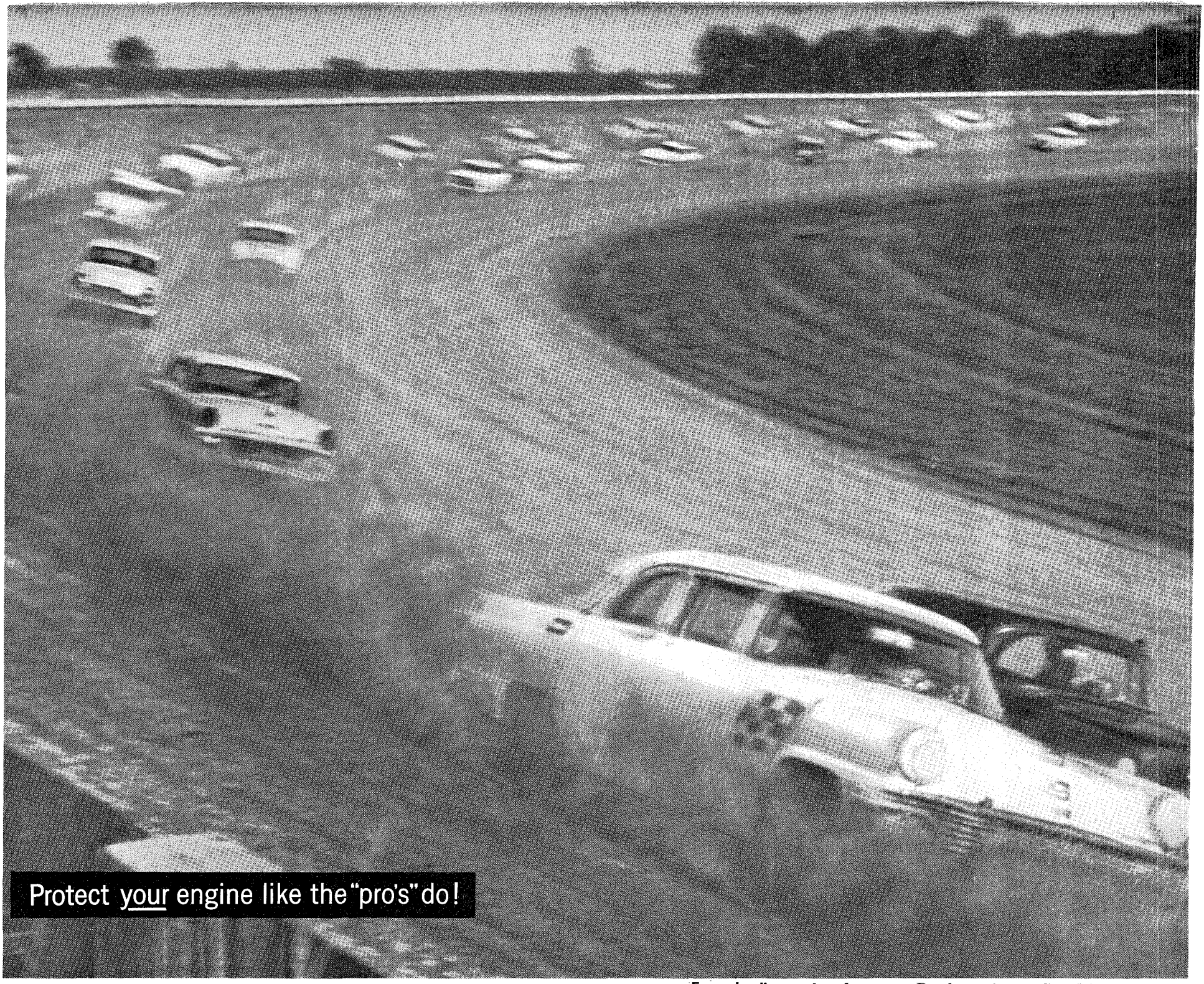

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Proved best for every make of car

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(*Continued from Page 106*) searchingly at Maggie. "Lord, but you're getting old," he said abruptly. "What are you going to do with your life?"

"I'm not sure," she said. "I'm trying to make plans."

"Yeah? Does the master builder know about them?"

"Edie's a good mother," said Maggie defensively; "she wants me to be happy."

"According to her gospel, yes. Well, so do I, honey—so do I."

Maggie sat down beside him, her legs curled up under her. "What about you? Are you happy, Sam?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said emphatically.

"Really?"

"Well, almost happy. Which gives me a slight edge over the rest of the boys. What's more, I plan to be absolutely one hundred per cent certified happy before I'm fifty." He leaned back and closed his eyes. "Then I quit," he said; "I quit and I plant trees. New York never sees me, my ulcers leave me, I live to be very old."

"It sounds lovely."

"Lovely it is. I've got the place all picked out. In New Hampshire. A red stone house which has been falling apart since 1790. I now owe seven thousand five hundred dollars on the whole package."

"I thought you were rich," said Maggie. "You're a big salesman."

"I'm liked," he said. "I'm well liked. I loaf. You can't be liked and loaf and be rich."

"Why don't you work harder, then? Make your dream come true."

"Because if I work harder I'll never live to see it. I'll have to will the whole shooting match to your mother."

"Well, please be nice tonight. Promise?"

He leaned over and rumpled her hair. "I'll charm the ears off her," he said. Then they heard the whine of the elevator in the foyer.

"Look," said Maggie hurriedly, "go into the other room. She doesn't know you're here, and I want to surprise her."

He ambled toward the bedroom. "She's not going to like this."

She waved him wildly out of sight as the door opened on Edie. She paused on the threshold and kicked off her shoes.

"Your old lady's home," she said, "and I do mean old lady." Then she saw the packages, the table set and candlelit, the flowers, the wine in the cooler. "What's all this?" she demanded.

"You know perfectly well what it is." Maggie smiled shyly. "I got you heaps of gorgeous expensive things—and happy birthday!" She went to her mother and gave her a long, wordless hug.

Edie came out of it sniffling and groping for her handkerchief. "You blessed, crazy child. It's lovely in an awful kind of way." She collapsed into a chair. "I'm forty," she said, "really and truly forty. Now they'll stop calling me 'clever, thirtyish Edie Markham.' I'd better have a drink."

"That's a good idea," said Maggie. She went to pour it out. "Do you really mind it or is this an act?"

"I really mind it. It seems like a sort of grisly milestone. I don't know why."

"Well, I do," said Maggie grimly. "It's the way you live; the way you work. You haven't had a vacation in years."

"I had my appendix out," said Edie dreamily. "Five days in the hospital."

"A real rest."

"Don't scold, baby. I've just come from a terrible session at the store."

"But that's just what I'm talking about. Terrible sessions. Why don't you tell Paul Gilbert you're retiring? Give him back his store and let him hire someone else to run it."

"Paul Gilbert's a good boss as bosses go."

"You know how I feel about him. He's always hovered over you like—well, like some bird of prey."

"M'm-m-m. Well, I'm used to it. In fact, alone here with you and this very satisfactory drink, nothing in the world bothers me. Not even Paul Gilbert."

"Good," said Maggie. "Then I can let him come out."

"Him?" Edie looked around the room. "What him?"

The door to the bedroom opened and Sam came out. "I was supposed to pop out of a pigeon pie," he said. "Hello, Edie."

"Oh, holy Moses," she said.

"I told you she'd take it big," he said to Maggie.

"Sam—Sam Standish."

"Boyhood friend. The very same. You're as thin as a rail and you look like the wrath of the Lord."

"And I'm glad to see you, too," she said, and then grinned. "Really glad. You haven't been in my neck of the woods for quite a spell."

"They wouldn't let me in," he mocked. "What with my pushcart and all."

"Are you taking a line on the road?" asked Edie.

"Yep. Calimer and Shlesinger. Your house wouldn't touch their merchandise, and if I can't sell you—I don't see you. Isn't that the way it goes, Edie?"

"You don't have to sound like an untouchable. I see all kinds of people."

"Always the democrat," he said. Then he sat down opposite her, nodding his head. "Same old Edie."

"Older Edie," she said, "and if you've come to gloat ——"

"He came to celebrate," Maggie said, "and I wish we'd get to it. That is, if you two can stop sparring for a moment."

"I can," said Sam promptly, "and I will." He began to sing "Happy birthday!" in a terrible, off-key baritone. When he was finished, he got up, crossed to Edie and kissed her lingeringly on the mouth. "Don't fight it," he said to her softly. "*Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be.*"

"Robert Browning!" cried Maggie delightedly. "I didn't know you read poetry."

Edie was still holding onto him. It was a fierce, clinging embrace. Then suddenly she let go. "Well," she said briskly, "that's enough of that."

Edie moved toward the bedroom. "I'll just be an hour or two," she said. "Have another drink." As she spoke, the phone rang.

"I'll get it," said Sam. "Go take your girdle off." He picked up the phone. "Miss Edie Markham's residence," he said. Then his face darkened. "Just a minute." He put his hand across the mouthpiece. "It's Paul Gilbert. I'd like to say you're out."

"Don't you dare," Edie whispered, and ran across the room.

"If it's private," said Sam, "I'll stay."

She waved him aside impatiently and then took the phone. She talked briefly and nervously, nodding her head in answer to what was apparently a series of questions. "I'll see you tomorrow, then. . . . No, I won't say which birthday. Good night."

"How is the merchant prince?" asked Sam coldly.

"All-powerful," she said.

"Still trying to play house with you?"

"I'm going to change my clothes," she said.

When she came back she looked beautiful, but all the party mood seemed to have left her. Dinner was not a success. Edie sat lost in thought while Sam and Maggie tried to keep the conversation from grinding to a halt. Finally, over coffee, he spoke up. "Edie, get your coat," he said, "and we'll go out on the town."

Edie looked up, bemused. "Maggie's giving the party," she said almost absently.

"I was," said Maggie, "but now I'm running out on it."

Edie eyed her shrewdly. "Got a date?"

"Yes, I have," said Maggie, blushing. "I know it's unusual, but I have. Well, not a date, exactly. Not a date at all. I'm going to the movies with a girl friend."

"You didn't have to do that, baby."

"Yes, she did," said Sam, grinning. "I laid down the law."

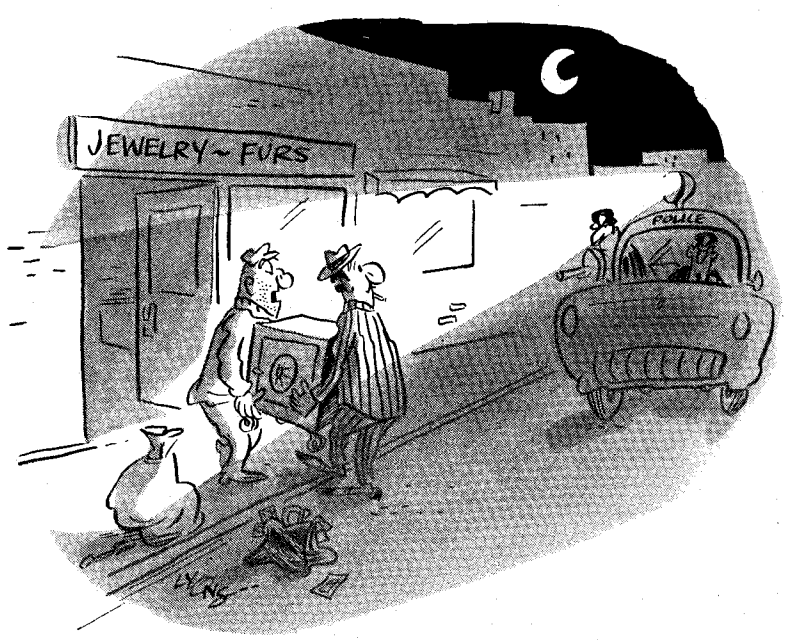
Maggie glanced at her watch. "I've got to scoot. I'm late as it is. Have fun, you two," she said, and was out the door.

"My little ugly duckling," said Edie. "I wonder if she'll ever be a swan. She's so vulnerable."

"Like her mother," said Sam, taking her hand. "Edie, what's the story? What's eating you? Ever since Gilbert called, you've clouded up."

"I don't know. Bad omens or portents or something. Paul sounded funny on the phone. Amused at my expense. Sly."

"And that's enough to throw you into a funk?" Sam got up and started to prowl the room. "Look, Edie," he said. "This is your birthday. People are glad you were born. Who gives a hang about Paul Gilbert?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Act nonchalant."

Gentle
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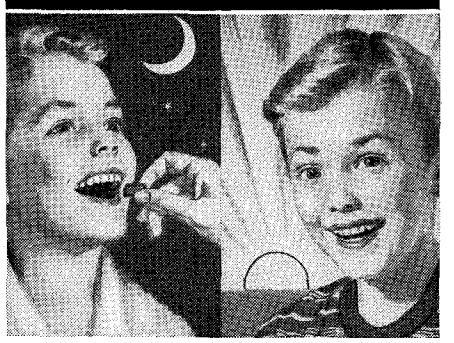
YOUR CHILD TOWARD
His Normal
Regularity



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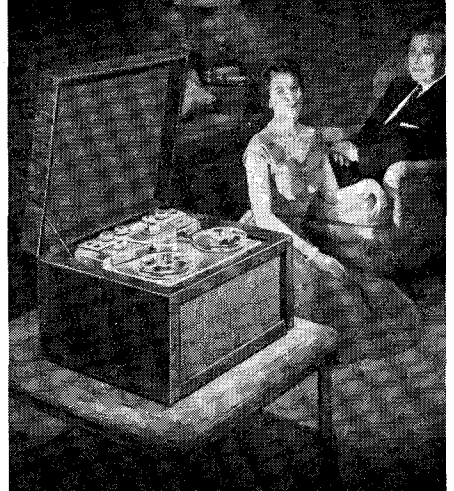

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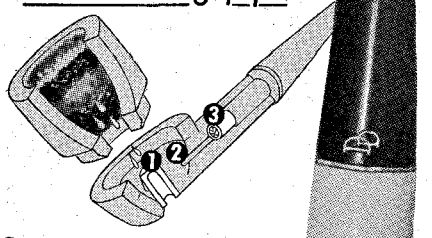

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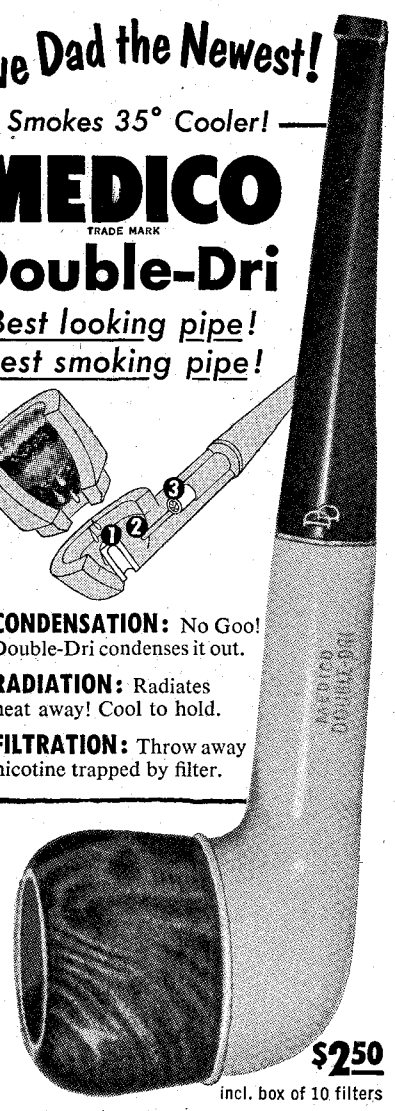

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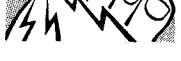

When pointed part of corn is forced down into tissue, it hurts! Dissolve corns fast, easily with Gets-It Liquid Corn Remover.

"I do," she said stubbornly. "He's in a position to give and to take away."

"Doing the Lord's work now?"

"That's not funny. I've worked like a savage to get where I am. I don't want any rugs pulled out from under me."

Sam shrugged. "I remember when I was a kid and it snowed down by the El. We'd take wooden slats and scrape it together—a big pile of snow. Then we'd fight each other to get on top of the heap. We called it King of the Mountain. We darn near killed each other, kicking and gouging to make it. Once I got up on top. I had a bloody nose and a cut eye, but I was on top. King of the Mountain. King of a slush pile."

"It's not the same, and you know it."

"O.K. So you're a big woman—a top banana. I admit it."

"Sam, Sam," she said wearily, "you don't understand."

"Try me."

She clasped her hands together. "When I hit this town," she said, "I was twenty-one years old. I had a child here. I had a husband who ran off and left me two days after she was born. I wrapped packages in the basements of department stores with one hand and fought off amorous delivery boys with the other. Then I moved up. I sold candy, jewelry, stationery, gloves, and I fought the same fight, only with floor managers and buyers and customers. You've never had to fend anyone off, Sam. I did from the beginning."

"And you're doing it now with Gilbert."

She nodded. "He's always been after me. He's a patient man, Sam."

"How's his wife?" asked Sam grimly. "Is she patient too?"

"She's a nice woman. She has gray hair. She lets it stay gray."

"So what's the problem?"

"I want my job! I want it guaranteed! Paul can make that happen any time he wants to. Or ——"

"Or what?"

"He can throw me out."

"Is that a tragedy, Edie?" asked Sam gently. "Is that the end of the world?"

"Of my world."

"I've put it to you before," said Sam quietly, "and I'm going to again. One more good year and I'm in the clear. My place will be paid off. I'll have enough dough to take care of me and my loved ones. You and Maggie are my loved ones, Edie."

"Oh, Sam!" Tears came to her eyes.

"Baby," he said, "face up to it. This isn't the old, old story of career versus the love of a good man. You're after power. If you keep on stringing Gilbert along, you'll come to a showdown. And you'll give in. You'll give in and there won't be any of you left over for me or my house or my barn."

"Trust me," said Edie.

"I'll do better than that," said Sam. "I'll keep on asking you." He got up. "Let's go hire a hack and see some stars."

"Not tonight, Sam. I'm dead. And there's tomorrow."

He pressed her hands tightly. "Why worry about tomorrow? Today's paid for."

"I've got to be ready. Fresh."

"You won't win, baby."

"Why? Why do you say that?"

"Because you can't handle Gilbert."

"He needs me. The store needs me."

Sam shook his head. "You're shrewd. You're beautiful. You're doing the job. But you're expendable."

"You're trying to scare me."

"I'm not telling you anything you don't know. Well," he said, rising, "I think I'll get lost."

"When will I see you again? Where can I find you?"

"I'll be on the road most of this month. The Willy Loman life. Two heavy suitcases, bad food, bad liquor and bad dreams. Then I'll be back at the old stand."

"Will you call me when you get back to town?"

"Want me to?"

"Yes, Sam. Please." She got up and hugged him. "Someday," she breathed close to his ear.

He looked down at her. "Quit while you're still champ," he told her.

"Never."

"Then God bless you," he said and walked out, closing the door behind him.

An hour before Edie's luncheon appointment with Paul Gilbert a large box of hot-house tulips arrived from him. Edie had them put in water and set them out in the foyer of her suite. The place on her desk was reserved for a scrimpy little bouquet of violets, none too fresh, which had come by messenger from Sam. It gave Edie an unaccountable satisfaction to have them close to her, where Paul could see them and wonder.

When he came into her office, he was not alone. The girl with him was atypical. Edie could tell at a glance that she was not a debutante, not a chorus girl, not a model. Whoever or whatever she was, she counted. Her clothes were expensive and quiet and faintly careless—the casual standards of the poised. She was young. Edie felt a sudden chill. This girl was the shape of the future; she knew it with a deadly certainty.

Paul Gilbert watched. Now he was looking on with a faint smile as the two women sized each other up. He gave them an uncomfortably long time to do so. Then he performed the introductions.

"This is Betsy Harris," he said, "and this is Edie Markham, my alter ego. I wanted Betsy to see you in the flesh. She already knows the legend."

Edie's face remained impassive. "I give two shows daily," she said without smiling. "There's no charge."

The girl laughed. "Paul's not terribly tactful," she said.

"Won't you sit down?" said Edie. "I think I can provide a drink. There's a bar concealed about the premises for visiting firemen."

Paul took a chair and leaned back, exuding ease, enjoying himself. "She's not a visiting fireman, and if she'll be a good girl and give us a few moments, I'll tell you all about it."

The girl accepted the dismissal calmly. "I hope to see you soon again," she said to Edie. She said nothing to Paul. Edie watched her cross the room. Smart girl. No sign of annoyance; no questions.

Edie arranged some papers on her desk. "Well, Paul," she said, "let's have it."

"You look lovely this morning, Edie," he answered. "Like many fine things, you improve with age. You've grown more subtle, more delicate, more perceptive."

"I perceive, all right," said Edie. "Right now I perceive the handwriting on the wall."

Paul put up a detaining hand in a calming motion. "Don't be hasty," he said. "You know how I value you, although you give me very little opportunity to show it. The burden and the responsibilities of this job are enormous, so"—he paused and smiled—"I'm going to give you some help."

"In the person of Miss Betsy Whosis?" demanded Edie sharply.

"She's a very clever young person. I'm only thinking of your future, my dear."

Edie smiled mockingly. "Which is none too certain, eh, Paul?"

"You've fenced with me a long time, Edie, darling," he said quietly.

"You're married," she answered coldly.

"And you're ambitious," he retorted with a thin smile. "So is Betsy. It should be interesting." He got up and moved toward the door. "Next time *I'll* send you violets," he said, and then he was gone.

Edie sat down in her chair and smiled grimly. Edie Markham, head of Harrington's, worldly, assured, successful, was being offered a walk down the well-traveled primrose path. Paul was a fool. He had no sense of values. He was equating all that she had done for this store with his desires, and his desires won. Well, not yet. Not till she had given Miss Betsy Harris a run for her money. But where to begin? Meet the enemy head-on, she told herself, and had her secretary find the girl.

A few moments later, Betsy stood in the doorway. She seemed completely relaxed, as if she knew that one giant step would bring her into Edie's place behind the desk.

Edie leaned forward. Her smile was warm, almost welcoming. "Miss Harris," she said slowly, "you are in for a very rough time."

Maggie saw the notice in the paper while she and Edie were at breakfast. "For heaven's sake, they're tearing it down. Listen to this." She read aloud from the paper. "'The Blakely Arms Hotel is to be demolished to make way for the new Bedford Insurance Housing Project. This old landmark will be replaced by a thirty-story ——'" She looked up. "That's our old cave dwelling, isn't it?"

Edie nodded. "It was a dump," she said, "but it was home. So they're wrecking it."

"Let's go down and say good-by to it," said Maggie (*Continued on Page 112*)

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Snails

By Virginia Earle

After the rain, the snails
across the terrace
Go out on their
unfathomable business,
Gliding on tracks that seem
as predefined,
Invisible before, silver
behind.
They wear their little
stippled shells so pertly
And thrust their horns so
long and so alertly,
I feel I could effect
communication
If I knew how to start the
conversation.
Under the grapevine, where
the shade is deep,
They suck themselves into
their shells to sleep
Wound up like clocks which
tell a secret time,
Sealed in their being with a
dab of slime,
But spiraling a sort of praise
around them
To the unfathomable hand
that wound them
And painted shells in
microscope details
For an expanding universe
of snails.

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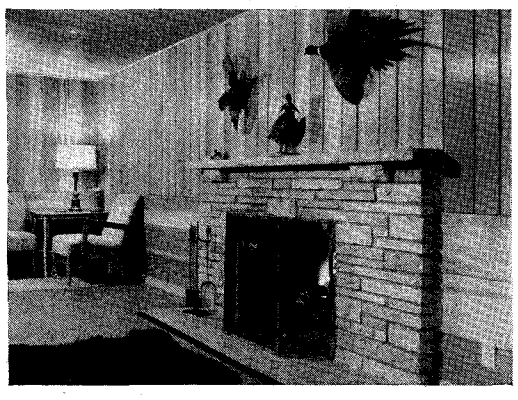

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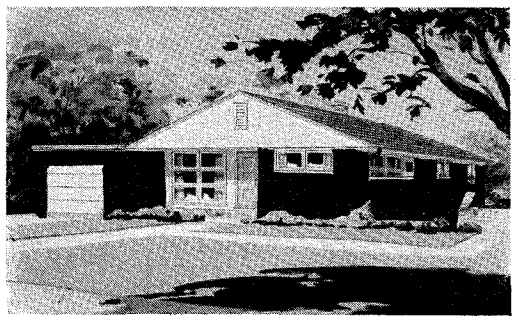

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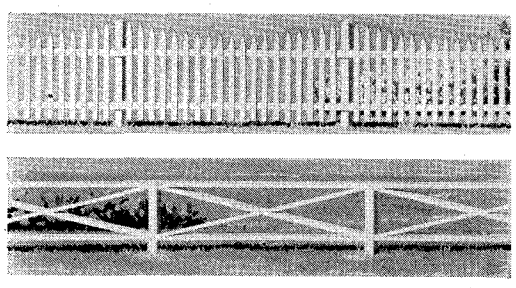
"Sidings for Ideal Homes of Wood" shows how various sidings can be used to gain the desired effects on many types of homes. This new section in the Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Home Building Service portfolio also is available in book form, as is the paneling material described above.



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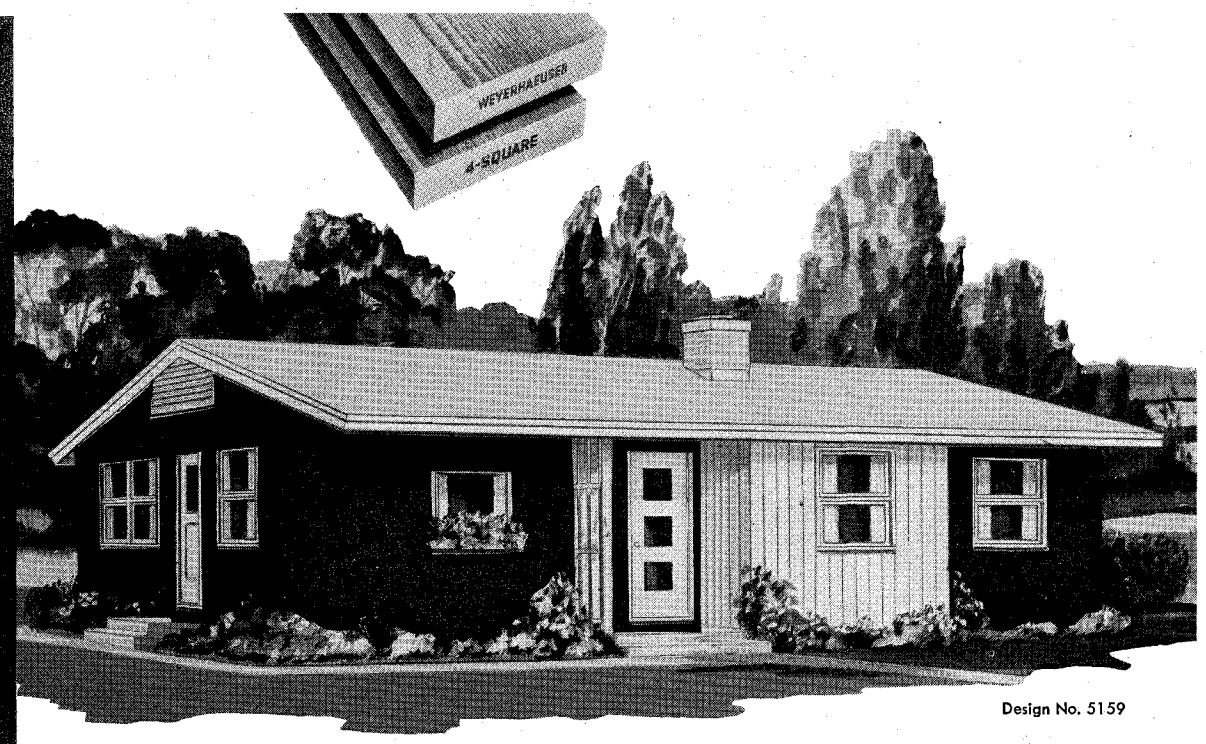

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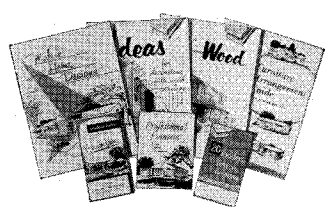

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(*Continued from Page 110*) impulsively. "I could stop by the store and pick you up this noon."

"Can't, honey. I'm up to my ears in work. You go."

"It's sad, isn't it?"

"I did a lot of crying in that apartment, baby. If you do go by, bring me a souvenir."

"They'll think I'm crazy, stealing a piece of a tenement," said Maggie. "But I'll do it."

He saw her standing on the pavement, staring at the wrecking machines. She'd been there for over half an hour. Bitter cold out, and she just stood there with her mouth open, watching his crew knock down walls. He drank some coffee from his vacuum jug. Tall, skinny dame. No shape. She was wearing mittens. Like a kid. Then all of a sudden she scooted past the roped-off area and grabbed a piece of stone.

"Hey, you!" he hollered at her. She was off her rocker, all right. The cranes were swinging right over her stupid head. He grabbed her roughly and pulled her back. She had a little piece of rock in her hand and she was smiling. "Lady," he said, "you crazy or something? Whatta you think I got ropes put up here for, huh? This is no playground, lady. This is a wrecking crew."

She turned to face him. "We used to live here," she said shyly, "a long time ago."

"That's all right with me, lady," he said, "but it's coming down around your ears."

"I know."

"You know! You darn near got yourself hit!"

She looked overhead. The machines smashed into the walls. Clouds of dust arose.

"I didn't notice."

"You didn't notice? You walking in your sleep? Look, I was having a nice quiet cup of coffee and all of a sudden I see you picking flowers in there ——"

"I'm sorry. I just wanted a souvenir."

He shook his head. "You got someplace to go?"

"Oh. You mean I'm in the way."

"Let me put it this way," he said slowly: "I don't exactly need you around here right at this particular moment, O.K.?"

"I don't see why you're angry, though."

"I'll write you a letter."

"Did all your coffee spill?"

"What?"

"Did you spill all your coffee?"

"Yeah. Saving your life."

She smiled. "You didn't save my life, but I'll go get your jug filled up again. Give it to me."

"Forget it."

"Why are you so stubborn?"

He stared at her. He had a young, dark, angry face. "Who's stubborn?"

"Then give me your jug."

He shrugged. Nuts were nuts. Why argue? "It's over there on the stoop. I'll give you some dough."

"No. I'll treat."

"O.K. Go ahead."

"Do you want something to go with it? A nice sandwich?"

This was to be the full treatment. "Yeah. A nice sandwich. Ham."

She ran across the street without looking. A workman came up to him, shaking a cigarette out of a pack. "Who's that?"

"Who knows?"

"I seen worse."

"How come you got time to look? Are we all cleaned up here?"

"Don't get sore. I just took a quick peek."

"On your own time, huh?"

"All right. All right." The workman ambled off sullenly.

He needed that. A girl sidewalk superintendent. He had to have disturbing influences. Then he saw her coming back. She was carrying the jug and a paper bag as if it was full of eggs.

"I got you hot soup. It's better for you. And an apple turnover." She thrust the bag at him.

He sat down on the stoop and opened the bag. "You got a lot of time on your hands."

"Yes, I have."

"Well, I hear they're going to build a bridge over in Jersey next week."

"You're pretty rude," she said mildly.

He looked up at her, the jug poised. "I'm a busy man," he said.

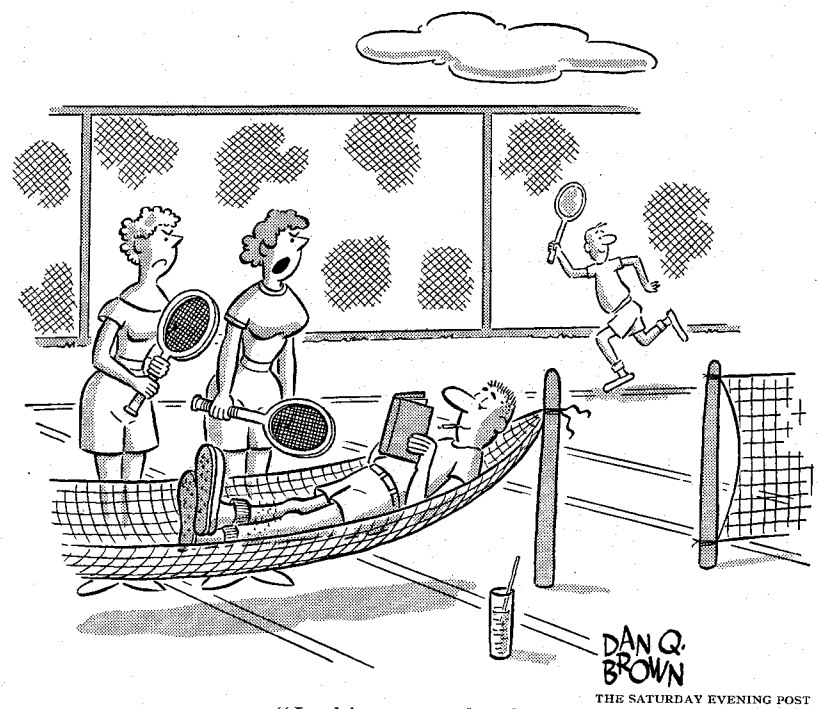
"Is this your crew?" she asked.

"No. I handle it for my brother. He's the money man. I'm in charge. Also, I set the pace. If I goof, they goof. So thanks for the chow and good-by."

"I'll see you tomorrow, then," she said, and started off.

He watched her all the way to the corner. Tomorrow she'd probably show up flying a kite in Central Park. Crazy.

TO BE CONTINUED



"Is this court taken?"

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I Don't Want to Lose Your Shirt

(Continued from Page 31)

buying on margin and buying a straddle, and they know what's involved in selling short. Some have even explained such matters to their wives.

But these are my peers, if not my betters, and I often learn as much from them as they learn from me. My heart, however, goes out to the youngest salmon, the novice investors who are now entering the market in great schools. Here in Washington, D.C., none of my willing novices are tycoons, although a handful have inherited small fortunes from tycoonish fathers. Most are seasoned Government servants, who do not believe that their dollars grow on trees; professional people; a few private entrepreneurs whose enterprise has paid off. And my own barber.

My barber reveals how far the current bull market has gone. A few months ago I was relaxing in his chair when he waved his razor and exclaimed, "I hear that Merritt-Chapman and Scott is a very hot buy." I sighed and admitted that some of my customers thought it worth while. "All right," said my barber, "so please buy me a hundred shares."

Before he put down his razor, I managed to reduce his order to fifty shares. Thus far, he's lost only $150 instead of $300. I still visit him for haircuts, but I hope Merritt-Chapman and Scott improves mighty soon.

Like all active brokers, I admire my customers' courage in swimming upstream. But my profession and my pleasure is to help them make money. You're right as a broker if you make money for your customers; you're wrong if you don't. In the current bull market, I want my novice swimmers to respect the lurking whirlpools, the eddies, the sudden rapids on their way to the spawning grounds.

New customers are usually surprised by my modest working quarters. Although I have a valuable seat on the New York Stock Exchange, my own desk chair is placed hard against a fire escape; my secretary has her littered desk less than a paper clip's throw from my own; my floors are bare; I provide neither upholstered couches nor even windows to look at the world outside. An old client calls my office "the cave" and says I ought to improve the place. I disagree. Austerity, I believe, has a better effect on the investors than plushness.

"The stock market is always a business filled with risk," I like to tell the newcomer after he's made himself uncomfortable. "At this moment, it's somewhat riskier. You're entering the market at a very high point. The whole business picture is a bit cloudier than it was a few years ago. The statistical yardsticks are not so attractive as they used to be. It might be hard to make money."

At this point, the novice usually stares at me, obviously puzzled. "Don't you want to sell stocks?" he demands.

"I can buy them for you," I reply as calmly as possible, "and we might find some reasonable offerings. But first I'd like you to understand the general picture."

Some investors tell me I'm overconservative, too quick to turn the fire extinguisher on their hottest inspirations. But such slurs don't bother me. A responsible broker, I believe, should always try to look ahead. In a thunderously booming market, he ought to be reasonably cautious and slow to combust, knowing that all good things can change. In a gloomy depressed market, he ought to encourage investments, knowing that the United States economy is remarkably resilient. Today I feel that customers and their brokers should be slow to plunge and should invest only after carefully examining the relative strengths of the corporations and their price-earnings ratios.

But this is technical talk, quickly brushed aside by people entering the market. At this moment, the broker is something of a hero in our society. Stock prices have obviously gone up; corporate earnings have doubled and redoubled; investors leap with joy and regard us brokers as miracle men.

Before we go on, I think we ought to consider the nemesis of 1929, which I mentioned a few paragraphs ago. Many of my newer customers, hearing my warnings, inquire, "But, Harry, you don't really think we're headed for that?" By "that" they mean the old nightmare of customers, festooned in ticker tape, diving from high buildings; of bread lines, soup kitchens and apple salesmen; of brokers relentlessly shouting at a battery of telephones, "Margin, more margin, more margin!"

As a matter of fact, I don't mean that at all. The Stock Exchange, its corporations, its brokers and the Federal Government have all changed considerably since 1929. Usually history repeats itself because people are too sleepy to read the textbooks. This time, however, the nation has read its gloomiest economic chapter and prepared itself, I hope, against a second helping of the same. Today the greatest cause of diving customers has been removed. The Stock Exchange and the Government now require every investor to put up at least 70 per cent of the cost of any stock he buys. To buy stocks today, your down payment is a great deal more proportionately than you'd need to buy a new house, or a refrigerator, or a television set. The idea is that no one will have to cut his throat to settle with his broker.

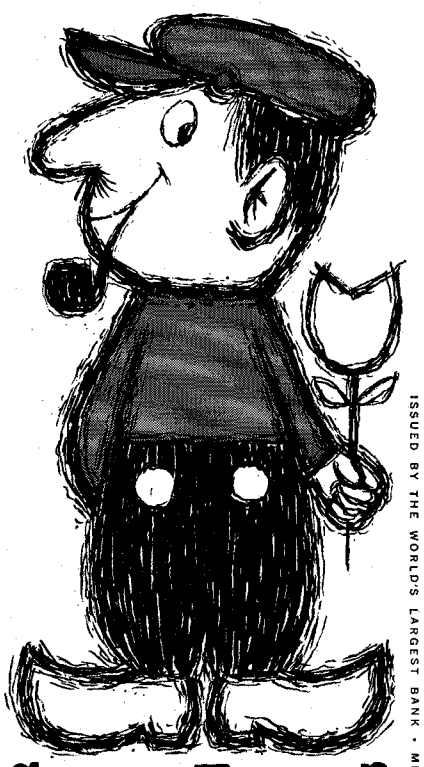
The new brokers are usually as expert and responsible as any professional man. Back in 1938, when I first looked into the market, the ex-football players were starting to leave the field to the new breed of broker. The modern broker, if he's worth his salt, doesn't rely on hot tips and vague rumors. He's a market analyst with a good economic background and is likely to be a member of his city's Society of Investment Analysts. The society, whose local treasurer I am in Washington, is a highly professional group which issues economic reports and knows how to dig for information.

Our society, for example, draws up grueling questions for companies in which we and our customers are interested. A generation ago the corporations would have sent a broker packing for less cause. Today we ask: What is your financial position? How are your competitors doing? What is your sales volume? What research are you planning? How is your financial outlook? What new products are you working on? And today we get the answers. If we don't, our private customers, the institutions and the trust funds will look elsewhere to put their capital. And we keep pushing for higher and higher quality in the answers we seek.

Other factors giving the customer more security are the self-regulations of the New York and American Stock Exchanges and the watch-dog controls of the Federal Securities and Exchange Commission. In the old, earthy days of the market, the buccaneer type was a major force. Today there are a few Cash McCalls, but they're not in it compared with the early Vanderbilts, Goulds, Morgans and Fisks. The small investor is now much less a pawn of the big boys. The great stabilizer, of course, is our modern tax structure. The big investor knows that a quick killing on the market will count for little—his short-term profits are taxed as ordinary income when he files his annual return. However, if he holds his investments for six months or more, his profits count as "capital gains," on which he pays a modest 25 per cent tax. The effect of this regulation, though some disagree, is to lessen the recurrent crises of Wall Street and to slow down the game of musical chairs.

"How'd the den meeting go?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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But for all that, the stock market today is no sailor's snug harbor. Emotions still run strong, millions can be won and lost and the broker and customer must keep their balance under stress. For my seasoned clients, understatement is almost a way of life. At good news, a veteran never exclaims, "Oh, boy, a three-for-one split!" He simply says, "Oh." When ordering by phone, one investor may say, "O.K., Harry, let's take five of those." This man's "five," I know from experience, means "five thousand shares."

My new customers, however, have more trouble muzzling their emotions. Some will specify precisely what they mean down to an eighth of a point. Another oddly refers to all his stock purchases as "she." "She looks like a good thing," he may say, or, perhaps: "She isn't responding like she should." I don't know why he thinks that corporate stocks are feminine.

Still other new clients enjoy the broker jargon that passes for profundity and is virtually meaningless. They like their broker to tell them, "The market is showing awfully good tone today. The underlying strength is impressive." None of us brokers actually knows what such verbiage means and I try to avoid it myself. But only last month a recent investor called up, obviously excited. "I hear the industrial averages have broken through!" he exclaimed. "Have the rails broken through?"

"No," I told him, "the rails haven't broken through."

"Oh, my, that's terrible!" he said and hung up. I still don't know what bothered him.

New customers always intrigue me. Personal appearance is often deceptive and I can seldom tell at a glance who has money and who hasn't. A couple of years ago, for example, a Government servant came to me carrying a black lunch box, which probably contained a hard-boiled egg and a tomato sandwich. I prepared to advise him to buy an E bond with his pocket-burning funds. But the customer, of course, was loaded. He's turned out to be one of my most successful investors.

Another client still drops by in an old sweatshirt or a long-sleeved sweater and demands, "What's new on Wall Street?" When he first came in, I was embarrassed. As a young broker, I didn't want my office to look like a refuge for deadbeats or a place to come into out of the rain. But this man, I found, is both a gentleman and a very successful plumber. Plumbers simply don't wear Homburgs to work.

And then there was my visitor in English tweeds and Tattersall vest, who came to honor me with his account. "I've decided to let you handle all my investments," he announced with breezy condescension.

I probed a bit and found he had never invested before. "Now then," I said gently, "how much do you plan to put in the market?"

The gentleman studied his checkbook closely and announced, "One thousand dollars." His checkbook quivered as he said it.

I believe that a good broker should help the newcomer decide whether he should invest at all, that he should never try to sell a novice of modest means. On this occasion, I told my visitor flatly that he shouldn't enter the market on less than $5000—which would give him a small account of three or four stocks and some leeway for making a mistake. I also observed that he shouldn't ante up $5000 or any amount unless he'd already paid his insurance premiums, met his current bills and put enough cash aside for emergencies. I advised him firmly that his $1000 would be far safer in a Government bond or possibly in a mutual investment fund. He put his checkbook away in a state of shock and left my office. I haven't heard from him since.

I enjoy my Washington clientele, whom I find far more stimulating than the amiable conformists of most American cities. Many of my customers have written books, especially my economists, who have plunged deeply into the core of capitalist society. Although I have some twenty-five abstruse and autographed books on my special shelf at home, I am far behind in collecting the printed works of my investors. One prominent writer on scientific subjects is now working on his fifth volume. Between chapters, he likes to visit me in my investment-district office. He says it keeps him in touch with the world of business.

These customers, I find, have plenty of ideas which are not always good, but are frequently provocative. A well-heeled publicist some time ago told me that we were going about our stock purchases in the wrong way. He had a client who told him that the only way to buy stocks in Washington was to get inside information from Government sources. You should buy, he said, when you hear that some company is getting a fat Federal contract. You should sell when the news is released.

I told him that I felt this was a poor way to buy stocks. Aside from the question of ethics, I observed that such hot tips could boomerang and the company could lose its shirt. The publicist insisted that his adviser knew the score.

"Who is he?" I asked, idly curious.

"His name is Henry Grunewald," my customer said. Mr. Grunewald, the former mysterious "contact man," is still appealing his prison sentence in a tax-fix-conspiracy case.

My economist customers, both inside and outside of Government, are my great delight. Many served faithfully in the New Deal and Fair Deal eras and have since established prosperous private practices. Others are still in Government. Together they seem eager to prove that they are just as shrewd and competent as the businessmen who have denounced them as ivory-tower dwellers. Their accounts, I discovered in a recent inventory, are as prosperous as any I have. As far as I can observe, their academic training has ably equipped them to make money on the current market.

One of my most successful investors, in fact, is not merely a Government economist but also a female. A forceful maiden lady, she often tells me that she's in the same class as my widows and orphans, on whom I lavish my most painstaking and cautious investment counsel. Actually, she's nothing of the sort. Unlike most women customers, she doesn't regard stock investments as an occasion for sympathy and hand-holding or even as a kind of game like bingo at the local church bazaar. She frequently deprecates her own decisions, but she has learned to read the balance sheets; she makes up her own acute mind, and she has made plenty of money.

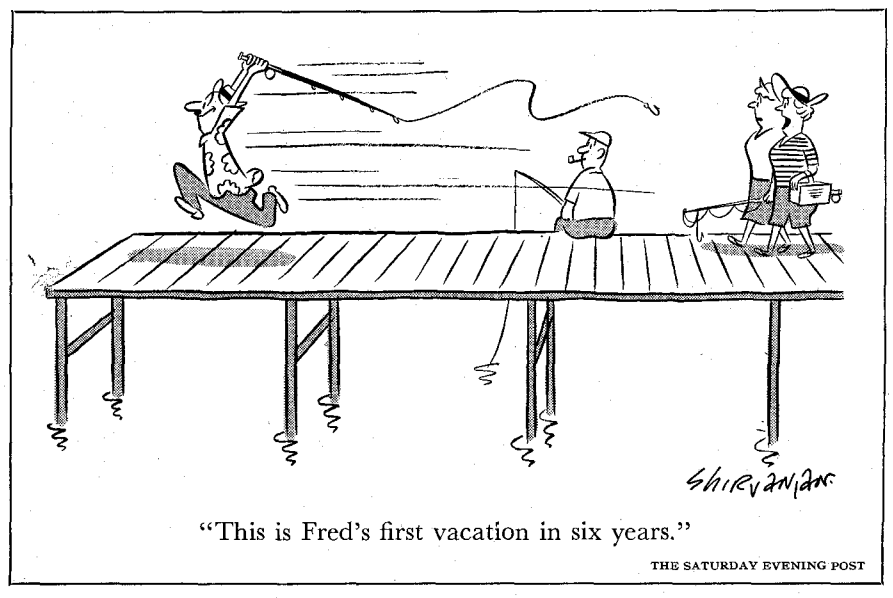
What impresses a broker, of course, is the client who succeeds, whether he's a prominent economist or a prominent fish peddler. Personally, I enjoy the customer who studies the statistics, asks plenty of questions and makes up his own mind—not because he relieves me of any responsibility but because he's more likely to be successful. For Washington brokers, the most upsetting customer is a young physician, a genito-urinary man, who has visited most of us at one time or another on his uneasy quest.

At first, this gentleman seems to have a reasonable approach to the market. He says he wants to buy stocks at their lowest ebb and wait for them to rise. He always places bids with us at several points below the market price, ordering us to buy when his bid and the stock quotation get together. But whenever his stock descends within a point or two of his bid, he always calls up to cancel his order. At that moment the stock usually hits rock bottom and then begins to rise. Philosophically, he declares that he'll wait for a better bargain day. I'm half convinced that he doesn't want to buy stocks at all.

But this specialist is not typical of the doctor-investor, nor is any other doctor for that matter. Accustomed to dealing with the perplexities of the human body and mind, they approach the market place of industry with their own separate diagnostic skills. My psychiatrist investors seem to have as many approaches as the mind itself. Not long ago, one psychoanalyst invited me into his office and told me to sit on his couch while he poured out his economic soul. I must say I felt odd. Another psychiatrist studies Standard & Poor's during his lunch hours and then calls me. He's making an interesting study of Louis Wolfson as a hobby, but hasn't yet invested in Wolfson enterprises. A third colleague sometimes phones briskly with an order to buy. "I want fifty shares of X company," he says. "I had a fascinating dream last night ——"

Of all my doctors, however, I rejoice most in a dentist client who graduated from the City College of New York. There he was considered poor shakes by his economics professors and came close to flunking his basic course. Today he asks questions, listens to my advice and then makes up his own mind. The size of his account, which started modestly, makes me think he might have done better as a banker than as a driller and filler of teeth. Recently we looked over his ledgers together.

"My heaven," he said with feeling, "I wonder what my economics prof would think of me now!"



"This is Fred's first vacation in six years."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A broker's life is always uneasy and almost always interesting. Today I wouldn't want to exchange it for any other profession—an admission that takes me back to 1938, when my father was a limited partner in a dissolving Wall Street brokerage firm and I was a twenty-one-year-old graduate of Harvard with a highly developed social conscience. My father generously gave me his seat on the New York Stock Exchange and advised me to sit in it. I accepted the seat and became the youngest member of the exchange at that time. But I tried to pretend the seat wasn't there.

Under mild protest, I spent two years with an important Wall Street firm and finally made my way to Washington, D.C., as a Democrat, a New Dealer and an economist of the P-1 grade—the lowest there is—for the Treasury Department.

In the nation's capital, I lived an enthusiastic bachelor's life on my salary of $2000 a year and made an astounding discovery. My Democratic superiors were not in the least indifferent to the stock market. Investors themselves, they were much fascinated by having a modest P-1 with a seat on the Big Board only a few doors down the hall. I wanted them to instruct me on our nation's economy; they wanted me to instruct them about common stocks. Today the Democrats are out of season and I'm a family man with my own brokerage office, affiliated with the reputable firm of Laidlaw and Company.

As a broker, I now make my living on commissions of between 1 and 2 per cent on each order to sell or buy shares for customers. These commissions are based on the value and quantity of the shares involved, the percentages worked out by the New York Stock Exchange and American Stock Exchange for all their members. In addition, I receive fees from a few customers for my services as an investment counselor, which include periodic intensive studies and reports on their portfolios.

I'm glad I settled in Washington and I have no desire to return to the caverns of Manhattan. A lot of my accounts have come from ex-New Dealers, who know how to count and are just as interested in profits as the next man. They apply the same energy, zeal and fascination to their own investments as they used to devote to Government work. Many of my customers are eggheads and, frankly, I like them.

For me, the whole brokerage business has been highly educational and I often wonder at the confidence of my first customers. Of course, we started off in a rising market, which is always comforting—five years ago you could play "pin the tail on the donkey" with the stock-market page and come out with some winners. But during my seasoning as a broker I've made my mistakes.

For example, when I started in 1952 I was badly adjusted in my thinking of what a really big profit was. My first hideous error was to advise a number of early clients to sell U. S. Steel after it had gone up fifteen points, which seemed a huge increase, and was huge in terms of our past economy. U. S. Steel, ignoring my estimates, promptly went up another fifty points. A second nifty was to persuade a few customers that General Motors production had reached its peak in 1954. What was most astonishing was that I remained in business.

My early customers, however, were merciful. (*Continued on Page 116*)

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(*Continued from Page 114*) They realized that I was not infallible, nor was any broker, and they've stayed with me. In four years, in fact, I've lost only two customers. One was a newspaperman whom I encouraged to sell a stock when I felt it had reached its peak. It hadn't. I lost my second customer because I encouraged him to sell a stock which had actually reached its peak. He refused to sell, lost some money and has since gone to another broker.

This latter customer's investment was in a company making tuners for television sets. I thought the company would boom, considering the likelihood of color television sweeping the nation. But color television didn't sweep as I thought it would, and I called him and urged him to sell his stock at a modest profit. He laughed off my advice and the stock has since slumped far below his purchasing price. He still reminds me of what John Maynard Keynes, the British economist, said of President Woodrow Wilson during the negotiations at Versailles. "You could bamboozle him," Keynes observed, "but it was impossible to debamboozle him."

Perhaps my other customers—I have about 500 now—have stayed with me because I've made a few useful suggestions. My last assignment with the Federal Government was in 1951, when I served as a senior economist with the Paley Commission, headed by William Paley, chairman of the board of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The commission's assignment was to study the natural resources of the country and draw up conclusions and recommendations for the future. We published our findings as the President's Materials Policy Commission Report, which sold for $6.25 per set at the Government Printing Office.

Our report stated without equivocation that aluminum was our most exciting metal, for a thousand and one purposes in the postwar world. I sent out one of my market letters urging my customers to follow the published report and invest in aluminum companies. I wish I'd taken my own advice as firmly as I gave it. One of my customers bought 100 shares of Reynolds at fifty points for $5000. His Reynolds holdings are now worth $30,000.

As much as possible, I try to give my customers specific advice based on a thorough analysis of companies—their earnings, their sales, their profit margin, their long-term outlook. My market letters these past few years have covered everything from burgeoning areas like Denver, to flourishing countries like Canada, to specific and thriving companies. Because these recommendations are in writing and can be quoted back to me, I'm conscious of my batting average—my hits and my errors. So far, the average is pretty good, but like anyone else, I've made mistakes and expect to continue to make some.

In Washington, of course, it's always possible for the broker to get too close to the market and market rumors. In this city, rumors travel faster than light and it's hard at times to avoid the local stock game of follow the leader. The game is absurdly simple. You hear of somebody who is supposed to know things who says that Amalgamated Common is dirt-cheap and a wonderful buy. Because he's in the know, you buy it and that puts you in the second know. Then you tell your friends, which puts them in the third know. Finally, the stock price gets ridiculously high, at which point the first-knowers sell out and clean up. I've been caught in this game myself, and endeavor to keep my customers from playing it.

As a broker, my life is somewhat apart from the common man. My career, I've discovered, has just about ruined my social life. If I spent my evenings with fellow brokers, it might be different—we'd talk of other matters than stocks. But I prefer a broader acquaintance. My old friends think of me as their personal broker and want to discuss stocks whenever they see me. On ordinary social evenings I get my brains picked by investors and noninvestors to a degree that only doctors and lawyers would appreciate. At many parties, my wife, Dorothy, scrapes her chair, jabs my elbow and does all in her power to change the topic when stocks are mentioned. Often I see her standing at the door, paying our respects to the hostess, while I'm still cornered with the host, who wants my opinion on some new hot tips.

On such occasions, I sometimes make a lengthy departure by arguing that stocks for the average person should be a daytime hobby when one can afford it. If investments become more than that, I say, they can distort personalities and wreck the creative instincts. The stock-market virus—or addiction—has even afflicted me as a broker. At a recent concert of the National Symphony Orchestra, Dorothy nudged me several times and said, "Harry, please cut it out." I don't know how she knew, but I was then recalling quotations on Anaconda Copper.

I also explain to my friends that the investor's approach is highly limited. I outline a few events of our postwar world—the re-election of Harry S. Truman in 1948; the Korean war; the 1954 election results; President Eisenhower's heart attack; his declaration of availability. I mention such problems as Soviet Russia's growing economic strength and the current crisis in the Middle East. These great affairs of state affect the stock market dramatically. But there are far more important ways of considering them.

When my host seems overexcited, I sometimes recall the story of one Washington customer who went wrong. A few years ago, this investor was a well-placed sociologist in a major branch of government. Able and shrewd, he got too deeply immersed in the stock market. He left his job, rented an office, subscribed to Moody's complete service, and now spends all his time and energy seeking more sensational windfalls. He's made a small fortune, but he's lost touch with reality. When he whips out the financial pages over his morning coffee, he doesn't irritate his wife in the slightest. She's left him.

Stocks, I believe, can be a useful servant. But you can't let them take over, I tell our friends as I go out the front door.

Lines to (and in) a Fitting-room Mirror

By HELEN RITTELL

What the two-way stretch
was designed to conceal
This three-way mirror's
inclined to reveal.

Mighty Monster of the High Seas (Continued from Page 33)

knots. No conventional submarine can make thirty knots. If he can't close you, he can't sink you."

There was more protection than mere speed, too, Captain Johnson said. For years, the Navy has been perfecting helicopters as antisubmarine weapons. They have many advantages. They don't advertise their approach, the way a destroyer does, by underwater-propeller noise. Helicopters are fast. They can scout the ocean for miles around a task force, easily keeping up with the carrier's top speed.

They dunk a metal ball in the water while hovering at low altitude. The ball, listening for propeller noises with an electronic ear, gives a fix on the sub. The 'copters tool over and lay their eggs right on top of him.

"What about an attack by land-based jets?"

"We have a Navy saying about jet navigation," Captain Johnson said. "If you are only one degree off your course, you are moving in the wrong direction in one hell of a hurry. I doubt if any land-based jets could find us if we stayed far enough offshore and kept moving at high speed. That's one beauty of a carrier attack. You steam in close under cover of weather and darkness and launch your bombers. Then you get out of there fast and pick up your planes a couple of hundred miles away. Or they can divert to a shore base. It's very flexible."

"But suppose land-based jets did find you? Wouldn't an atomic bomb blow you out of the water?"

"Ever heard of the F8U Crusader?" I said I had.

"It's the fastest fighter the Navy's ever had," Captain Johnson said. "A thousand miles an hour. We'll keep a combat air patrol of F8U's stacked at forty thousand feet over the ship whenever we have reason to expect shore-based trouble. We'll also have a couple of fast missile cruisers like the Boston in the task force. Maybe they'll get in—but I would rather be on the deck of the Forrestal than in the cockpit of one of those jets if it ever happens."

I knew the Navy was pleased with the performance of its missile cruiser. The official report was that the Boston could launch eight Terrier missiles a minute, and had intercepted targets around 50,000 feet and drones moving at 500 knots.

"If you have any doubts," Captain Johnson said, "come up on the island in the morning and watch us launch."

The next morning, when the Forrestal got under way, we had one of those colorful dawns you find on cruise folders. Off to the left, the cliffs of Cuba, capped with whipped-cream clouds, wandered along the rim of the sea. Far below where I stood on the carrier's tall island, the blue Caribbean hissed past, veined with yellow weeds, broken at times by the skitter of flying fish.

Beside me, Comdr. Max Harnish, USN, boss of the Forrestal's squadron of Fury jet fighters, VF-21, said, "Two minutes to go."

I glanced down at the flight deck. It was four acres big, the size of a suburban estate, and packed solid with airplanes. Four of Max's swept-wing hot rods were lashed to the catapults. A couple of helicopters hovered close to the ship, ready to drop to the aid of a pilot if he went into the water. The bull horn blared, "All jets, start engines!"

Below us, men were darting around like frantic bugs, plugging starter cables into the Furies and Banshees. Engines began to whine. The Forrestal was headed into the wind, booming along at thirty knots, and the breeze on deck was something a man could lean on. The jets sent up a mass shriek which must have been audible on the mountains of Cuba, and behind them the rows of propeller planes made growling thunder.

A man in a yellow helmet and jersey stood in the middle of the forward deck, looking at a pilot in one of the jet fighters and winding his arm around his head. The Fury pilot had his canopy open. He looked over at Yellow Jersey and threw him a quick salute, and Yellow Jersey stopped winding and flung his arm forward and held it, like a bird dog on a point. The Fury bounded forward in a blur of steam from the catapult, leaped into the air, tucked its wheels to bed and climbed away.

Then the joint blew. Jets bounded off catapults fore and aft—sometimes two at a shot. Deck controllers rushed new ones onto the cats. The hook-up crews flung themselves on their bellies on the deck, hitched up the bridle and hold-back cables, rolled out, and ran for safety while Yellow Jersey wound up for a bounce. They might have been doing this for keeps, to fling fighters up against an incoming strike, instead of merely launching a routine training mission. In two minutes and fifty-four seconds the deck was cleared of jets and the prop jobs were hammering over the bow on their rolling take-offs. At last the huge AJ's were taxied onto the catapults, and flung into the air. Then it was over. The deck was clear and the Forrestal was swinging out of the wind, and all that was left was a loud ringing sound in the ears.

From our great height the deck lay under us like a scale model. It was evident that the Forrestal's deck was unlike the carrier decks of World War II. Old-fashioned flight decks were straight. Amidships was a tall net known as the barrier. If you hit the deck and caught an arresting wire with your tail hook, you had it made. But if you missed the wires you went barreling into the cables of the barrier, which trussed your plane like a Christmas turkey. "Getting a barrier," as it was called, was not the worst. The worst was to go bounding over the barrier into the planes parked on the deck ahead. This usually resulted in a large fire, with the pilot in the center.

Such worries as these had been eliminated from the Forrestal. The new canted deck was an offset arrangement which permitted planes to come in and land at an angle. The canted part of the deck was always clear. No barrier. No parked planes. If the pilot had to take a wave-off and go around for another try, he climbed straight ahead.

"The teeth have been pulled from carrier landings by the canted deck," Max Harnish said. "Frankly, it could get hairy on the old straight deck with that barrier staring you in the face. But anybody can land on the new deck, no sweat."

"All the new ships will have the canted deck?"

"And all the old ones too. They started with the Essex Class to test the idea. Now (*Continued on Page 118*)

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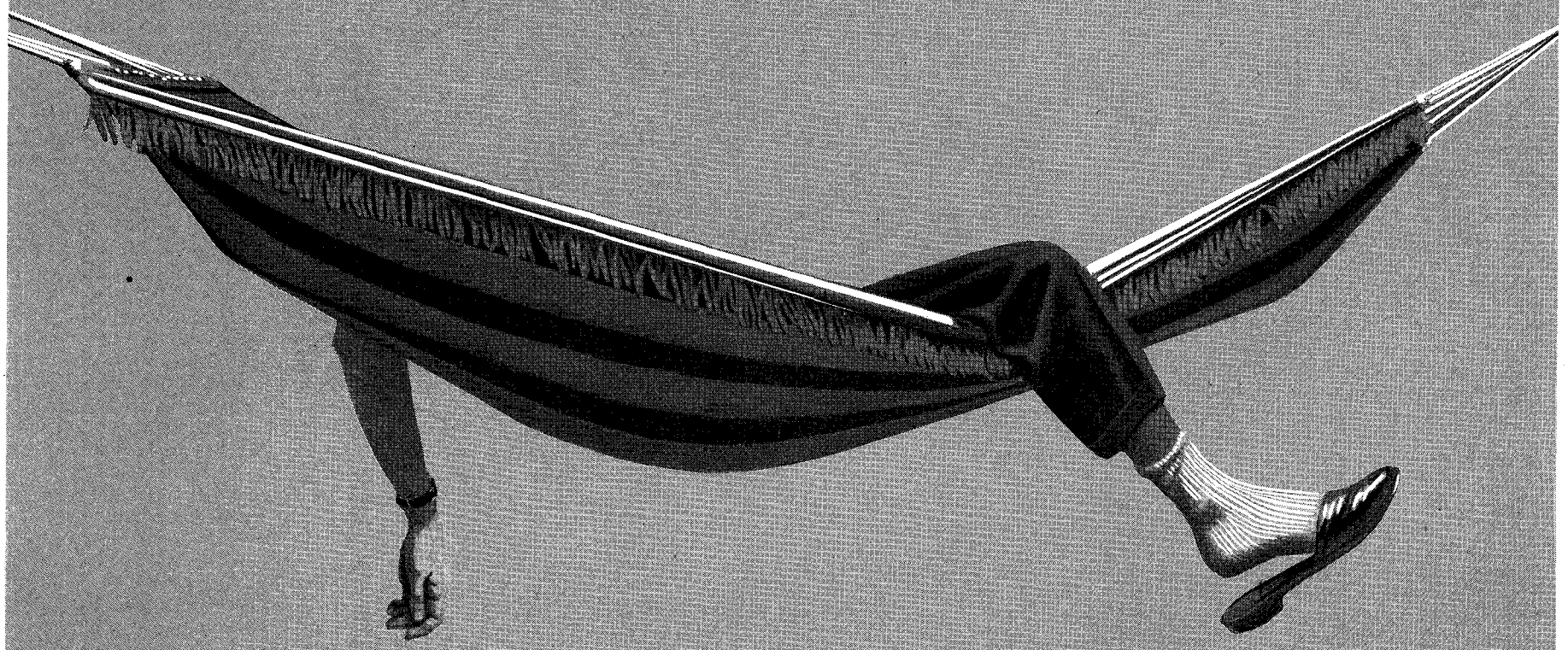
MAN AT PEACE



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(*Continued from Page 116*) they are working on the big Midway Class carriers." Max looked at his watch. "I could use a cup of coffee. Let's ease down to the ready room."

The ready room of Max's Fury squadron, VF-21, was occupied by a dozen pilots who were reclining in luxurious foam-rubber, leather-covered chairs. On the rear bulkhead was the picture of a huge mailed fist, smashing the word "Mach" on a field of red-and-black diagonals. This was the insigne of VF-21, a squadron known as "the Mach busters." Pictures of lovely girls, with or without calendars, lined one whole side of the room.

The pilots were watching a message screen. An unseen somebody was sending messages. This chap was a bit weak on spelling, and he was using the hunt-and-peck system of typing. It was a nerve-racking thing to watch. Three or four letters of a word would appear. The machine would stop. Then two more letters would appear and the word would be complete—but misspelled. Suddenly in a rush, the word would be X'd out, and the message would start over again.

Somebody yelled, "Hey, chief, heat up the coffee!" I sat down, feeling at home. The message machine had apparently conked out for good, and Lieut. George Salter, the only nonflying member of VF-21, and its training officer, stood up. He said he'd been trying for three days to hold his class in aircraft recognition, so how about now?

He turned off the lights and flashed on the screen a picture of the Lockheed Neptune bomber, and solemnly pointed out its salient identification features as listed in his manual. Everybody was respectfully silent, though any Navy pilot knows the old Neptune as well as he knows his mother-in-law—been around for years. But everybody liked George. They listened respectfully.

Then George flashed a picture of the Lockheed Constitution on the screen. The Constitution is a huge airplane with a couple of decks and is a prototype that never got into production. George went through all the important identification features of the Constitution.

Somebody said, "Hey, George, how come we keep getting this airplane?"

"It's on the official recognition list."

"Yeah, George, but there's only one in the world, and it's in the Smithsonian Institution or someplace."

"I'm sorry," George said firmly. "It's on the recognition list, and as long as it is, I have to show it."

Max Harnish chuckled and said mildly, "O.K., George, go ahead. Only give me a pencil after we're through, and I'll take it off the list for you."

Commander Harnish was running a happy ship. After the recognition class, I met some of his men. Four of them—Don Engen, Jo Humes, John Wollmers and Tom Cassidy—had organized an unofficial acrobatics team, using the speedy Fury. They called themselves the Gray Ghosts, and had a full repertory of formation stunts. One day they gave a surprise air show over Guantánamo Bay, to the delight of thousands of people in the area who looked up and caught the impromptu act. (Unhappily, I must report here the death of Lieutenant Commander Humes, the team's slot man. He was killed April twelfth in a landing. A perfect landing—but an arresting cable coupling broke, and flipped his plane into the sea.)

Don Engen, leader of the Gray Ghosts and executive officer for VF-21, is an experienced test pilot and has done experimental flying with the Navy's newest landing device. This is a curved mirror with an amber spot of light projected on it. When a pilot gets in the groove behind the carrier, he sees the amber spot and flies his plane in such a manner that the light is centered on the mirror. This assures a perfect glide path down to the deck. The mirror was originated by the British—as were the canted deck and steam catapult—and Don said it was a fine device. It won't replace the landing signal officer in all circumstances, but it will help a great deal when it comes into widespread use.

The Santa Claus package, as far as VF-21 was concerned, was the new Chance Vought F8U Crusader. The pilots liked their little Fury jet fighter, but it was supersonic only in a dive. The F8U is 300 miles an hour faster than sound in level flight. As it replaces the Fury, Max Harnish said, it will make a wonderful weapon against long-range bombers.

The big news in the Navy's bomber division was the two new Douglas planes: the A3D Skywarrior and the A4D Skyhawk. The 'warrior, due to replace the old AJ-2, is said to fly almost 700 miles an hour, climb to 50,000 feet and carry an H-bomb to a target 1500 miles from its launch point. The 'hawk is a little delta-wing job, smaller than most fighters, but she is in the 650-mph class and can deliver atomic bombs 500 miles from her ship. The Skywarrior weighs 70,000 pounds and can be used only off Forrestal Class carriers. The Skyhawk is intended for the smaller Essex Class and Midway Class ships.

"They look like a pair of aces," Max Harnish said.

"Speaking of bombers," I said, "I'd like to fly off this ship in an AJ. Do you suppose Commander Libbey would let me?"

"I'm sure he would," Max Harnish said. "I know him. Let me take you over there now, and we'll ask."

At 1900 hours, the Forrestal slid lazily through the sunset. The sea was calm, a few sailors lolled on the catwalk and a soft breeze whispered among the planes spotted for the night launch. It was a relaxing scene, but I did not feel relaxed. As soon as it was dark I would be catapulted from the deck of the Forrestal in the "hellhole" of Lieut. Comdr. Si Johnson's AJ-2. The hellhole was in the belly. It was a tiny metal cubbyhole which tended to get buckled shut in a water landing, trapping the occupant, and hence was not highly prized as a battle station.

"I'd like to put you topside," Si Johnson said, "but we have only three seats—mine, the bombardier's and the weaponeer's. If I left either of those guys at home, we might as well scrub the show."

Si Johnson's plane was the last one on the deck. Its tail stuck out over the five-story drop to the carrier's frothing wake. By the time I'd been fitted with a crash helmet and extension cord for the intercom, it was dark. I crawled down into the hellhole and strapped myself in. It was very cramped, and a draft eddied in from the bomb bay. I kept remembering the tale they'd told in the ready room about an AJ on the Coral Sea which had got a cold catapult shot, gone in the drink, and exploded. This had happened less than six weeks ago.

"All set back there?" Johnson asked over the intercom.

I said I was set.

Johnson taxied onto the catapult. There was a short wait while the crew hooked on the bridle and hold-back. The piston engines on the wings roared wide open. The jet engine in the tail screeched like a siren. The airplane bucked and shook savagely against the hold-back.

"Ready back there?" Johnson said.

"Right."

"Hold your hat! Here comes the big dip!"

It was like suddenly being belted in the backside with a great big padded mallet: being golf-balled off, as it were, and for about four seconds I couldn't move or speak. Then things went back to normal, and Si Johnson said, "We made it. Come on up if you want to."

There wasn't much to see topside except darkness and stars. Lieut. Warren Bruce, the bombardier, showed me how his radar bombsight could pick up a target. We made a mock raid on Guantánamo Bay. First you saw the coast of Cuba, a pale green bulge on the scope. As you got closer, the outline of the bay appeared. Then you actually saw airport runways and buildings as blips of green light. Lieutenant Bruce "dropped a bomb" in the middle of the runway at McCalla Field. He said that he and Si had been flying together for a long time. They were doing the same job that General LeMay's bomber crews were doing: flying regular practice missions against targets which resembled those they had been assigned in enemy territory, in the event of war.

After we had been aloft about an hour and fifty minutes, Si Johnson called the carrier. When could we land? The carrier told us to circle the ship until further notice—there was a delay on deck.

We circled the dim shape of reddish deck-edge lights for some time. Then, suddenly, they winked out as if somebody had flipped a switch.

"Oh, no!" Johnson said disgustedly. "Not again!"

"Not again what?" I asked.

"The old bucket has run in under a cloud deck," Johnson said. "It never fails."

We circled some more, with nothing to look at but the stars. After two hours and a half, the carrier said we could start coming down, but look out for some Banshees that were milling around below the clouds. This did not increase my confidence very much. I knew that the ship probably knew where the Banshees were milling, but I was pretty sure we didn't know, and I had seen them milling in the daylight. They milled at about 300 miles an hour in a ten-mile circle.

Johnson was unperturbed. We roared down through thick mist for a long time, then broke out into inky darkness and continued on down. I leaned over Johnson's shoulder and watched the red-lit altimeter. When it showed 200 feet, still solid ink outside, I felt like clearing my throat or something. Si was on the ball, of course. At 150 feet, he leveled off.

"Did you notice the jets to starboard?" Warren Bruce's voice said in the intercom.

"Been following 'em," Johnson said.

I turned my head in time to catch a clump of supersonic Christmas trees angling in a direction that seemed to be straight up. It wasn't. It was just vertigo, the false sensation of motion that pilots dread at night—and try to avoid by sticking to their instruments.

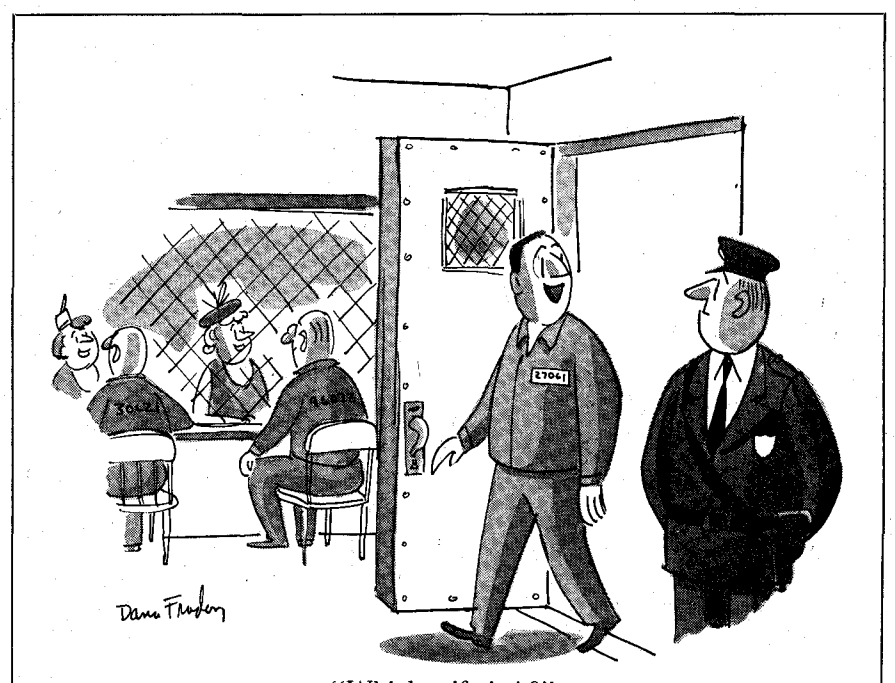
Johnson radioed for permission to make a dry run up the groove and take a wave-off so his passenger could see what a carrier deck looked like at night. The landing signal officer picked us up in the groove with his paddles at the Roger. He looked like a demon from the pit. His body, legs and arms were a ghastly flaming red. His paddles glittered like molten gold.

The paddles dropped, meaning we were low; then came out toward us and clapped smartly together, meaning we were slow, give it the gun! Si gave it the gun. The old AJ bellowed off in the dark.

"Better get below now," Johnson said. "Next one's for the money."

On the next pass, Si got a cut and made an excellent carrier landing. It began with a sickening drop, then a jolt that rattled my teeth, then a vicious yank-back that doubled me over the lap strap. This sort of thing might displease dear old grandmother as she touches down at LaGuardia in a four-engined flying palace, but it is fine with the passengers of an AJ. Any landing on a carrier, they say, is a good landing if you don't have to swim and can still walk.

About the Forrestal being the deadliest ship with the fleet: even with the old AJ's and atomic bombs she wouldn't be a healthy vessel to have off your shores if she was in an angry mood. With the new long-range Skywarriors carrying H-bombs, the 1000-mph Crusaders to bat down attacking jets, the helicopters with their metal pickups to sweep away the subs, plus, of course, a brace of guided-missile ships just to clinch the bets, the Forrestal would seem to shape up as a mighty wicked weapon. She's the deadliest all right—at least until the Saratoga steams into blue water—and maybe it's the way the Navy says, "Nothing's safe any more. New York. Omaha. Sidi Slimane. Okinawa. So the Forrestal's not safe, either, but at least she can move out of the way—and that's more than can be said of a lot of things!" THE END



"Which wife is it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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What Did I Do, Dear?

(Continued from Page 37)

had counters opening into the dining alcove. But Con remembered the warm real kitchen where his mother had held court—and remembered it better, he supposed, than the rest of them.

"Hey, Con!" said Lou.

"What?"

"Where's the eats?"

"Drop dead." He went on through into the living room. He walked on the thick light gray rug. He looked at it fondly. Yeah, sometimes they walked on it bare-foot when the kids, all four of them, were in bed. "I d' know why there's such a kick you walk around bare-foot on a gray rug at midnight!" He laughed to himself and sighed with satisfaction. He started for the stairs. Yes, stairs. Not like the other creeps in the neighborhood who were on the one-story kick.

He put one foot on the bottom step and stopped short. Something was queered in the living room. He hadn't noticed it before, and now he didn't know what it was. But he knew it was something! Slowly, he took his foot off the step. If there was one thing he didn't like, it was the deal getting loused up. He had a home, and he liked it the way it was.

He stared around. That long couch with the silver and black. O.K. Two big chairs, with good gray-and-yellow covers. Fine. The bookcase with his stuff in it—the reels and the books on travel. And some stuff on engineering. All O.K. The television. Olivia's little little chair. Mort's little chair. Hi's stool. Mollie's small easy chair. And his special rest chair that could bend like a pretzel in any position you wanted. And the tables, O.K.; everything O.K. No tears in the wallpaper. No marks. The pictures on the walls. He paused in his inventory and looked fondly at the pictures. Gosh, Mira was talented. The only wife in the bunch with talent. Who was Rembrandt and who cared? Mira went out and bought those canvases that come in a box with instructions on the top, and the canvases had numbers all over them. Say there was No. 3: that was green, and the little numbers were all shaped into a tree. And you'd fill in with green and have a tree. Mira did it swell with them fill-in pictures. But sometimes she did her own pictures on a blank canvas, from the imagination yet, just like Rembrandt. But she was no Rembrandt. Con had told her he could do better when he was in kindergarten.

He grinned. But nobody kicked about these fill-in pictures that decorated the living room. Pretty colors, nice scenes in the country. The works. All the friends and relatives were always asking for a handout of one of them pictures.

The kitchen door was pushed open. "Where's the eats?"

"Drop dead," said Con, and started up the stairs again.

And then he knew what was wrong. Leave it to him. One thing out of place and he caught it. The gruesome picture, one of those that Mira had done with the imagination and no numbers, it was gone from the dark section below the stairs and at the back. And he knew the picture had been there yesterday. Why had she taken it down? Was she getting smart at last?

The ribbing he'd taken for that picture! But he hadn't let it get him down. Anybody who came and ribbed around too much about it, they'd seen he was about to belt somebody.

If a guy's wife was beautiful and wonderful, and if she had something a little wrong, it was better it was a picture like that than bad teeth or varicose veins or too skinny or didn't like loving or cooking. Mira had been O.K. about keeping all the other imagination pictures out of the way, but she'd asked him about that one—if she could keep it in the living room.

He had said it would be O.K. What could that one matter with all those good pictures she'd done by the numbers around? But now it was gone.

He continued up the stairs. He couldn't understand it. She hadn't said a word to him. And he was sure she said things to him about anything and everything.

He got to the top of the stairs and called her again. He didn't bellow. He didn't know why not. But the outfit up here was strange. He stopped at the door of the master bedroom and tapped. No answer. He turned the knob and looked in. Shiny, even in the rainy day, but empty. He stopped before the doors of the two other bedrooms and listened. The kids' rooms. She wouldn't be in one of them unless she was cleaning, and then she'd have the door open.

He stopped before the narrow door of her studio. Once she had called it that and everybody had laughed. He didn't blame them, (*Continued on Page 121*)

> Young baseball players must learn to be off at the crack of a window.
>
> LUKE NEELY

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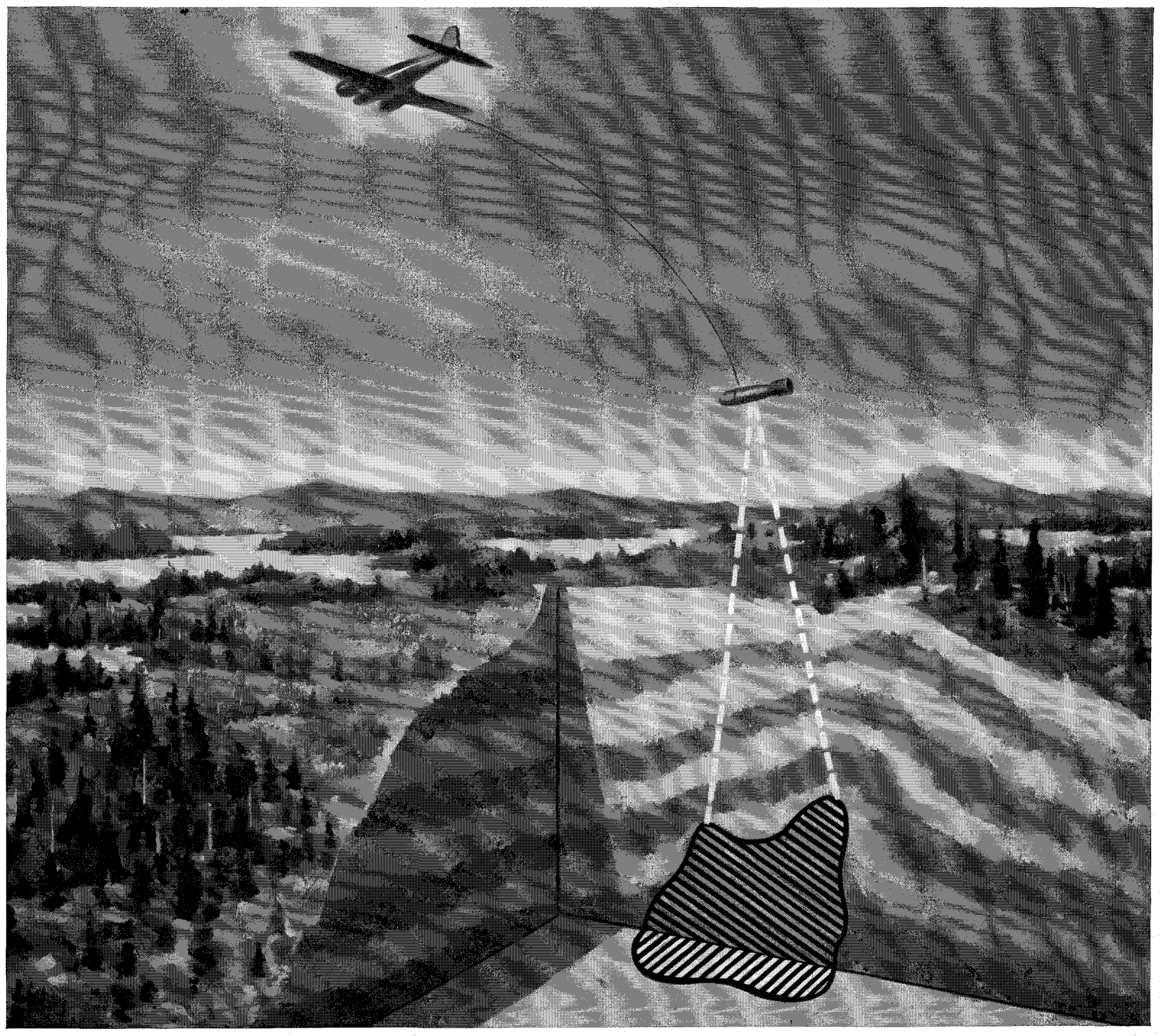
Nickel Progress Report



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(*Continued from Page 119*) but he hadn't liked it. He tapped on the door. And there was no answer.

He got frightened. She was somewhere! And then he pretended to get mad. Maybe, after all, she needed a good belting. Who knows? Lots of people thought she was out in left field and not looking when the ball came. But he'd hit anybody in the head who said it.

"Mira?" Softly. No reply. He tapped. "Darling?" No answer. He jiggled the door handle. "Butch?"

Then he went in. She did not look up. Her knees were drawn up under her small, tight, strong body. Her small head of short blond hair was tilted on her knee. Her hand was cast forward on the edge of a crate. The room was blazing with some of the lousy imagination pictures she made on her own. The gruesome job from downstairs was on the floor near her. Her neck was arched so hard it looked as if it were broken. He could see all the thin bones. He could see the little knobs in her wrists and the delicate turn of her ankle. She was wearing a straight skirt, dark gray; a cute blouse; anklets and low shoes. One shoe was upswung from an unmoving foot, and he saw the narrow heel and the curve of her long, high arch.

He went forward slowly, speaking her name. There was no answer. He knelt next to her. It hurt the points of his knees, but he didn't care.

"Hey, baby, what goes?"

Her shoulders shook. He had to put a hand down to take some weight off his knees. He pulled his hand back fast, wet. He looked down. He saw her tears going into a puddle.

"Baby, what the hell! What's a matter?"

He could get no response. He saw a letter near her right hand. He moved his hand toward it hesitantly, pulled his hand back, and then plucked out again and got it.

Without looking at it, he said, "You got the mail? What's in it—your mother or something? Sick?"

Mira wept. Con lifted the letter and looked at it.

It was the darnedest letter he had ever seen. What paper, what kind of typing! He frowned and read, and still he didn't seem to make sense of it. He took it easy and read carefully.

It was from a place called Bentley Galleries, New York City. So? And it said:

Our judgment agrees with that of Mr. Hamilton Fisher, and we would be proud to exhibit your paintings in a "one-man" show in our galleries in the first ten days in September.

We wish you to know that you are the most powerful primitive, in our opinion, who has developed in this country for a decade.

There will no doubt be a great deal of "shock" on the part of the critics and public at your show, but we are sure this will more than be offset by the dynamic presentations you make in color and theme which takes modern American art from the doldrums.

Pardon us if we seem too enthusiastic. We consider that your full development has not yet taken place. But we welcome you now into the realm of first-rate, daring painters.

Con stared at the paper as if he were holding a spider and didn't know how to get rid of it. What made? Who was this Fisher who had recommended paintings? And what were the paintings? Them imagination monsters?

Oh, yeah, Fisher, at the art store, the guy who sold the supplies and painted. But listen, would they want those pictures of hers? For a show? Well, obviously. They wouldn't take stuff you filled in. He knew enough for that. So it wasn't the pretty ones they were taking. But what was this primitive?

"Honey." His voice was vague, distant, troubled. "What's with this primitive? What's that?"

She was still. At last her face lifted. And he saw that sadness had not been there at all. Tears, yes, but not the sad ones. Her face was so radiant that he sat back on his heels.

"It's hard to explain," she said gently.

He felt a wince, deep in him, as if he had been slapped, for his own good, but nonetheless slapped. He felt his face redden as if her fingers had done it.

"Baby, this letter—this letter ——" And he waved it, not quite knowing what he wanted to say. But she did not want to listen. She hunkered down and put her head on her arm. And her voice was nothing he had ever heard from her before. And it said, "Leave me! Leave, please, please!"

He got slowly to his feet. He put the letter gently beside her. He went out and closed the door quietly behind him.

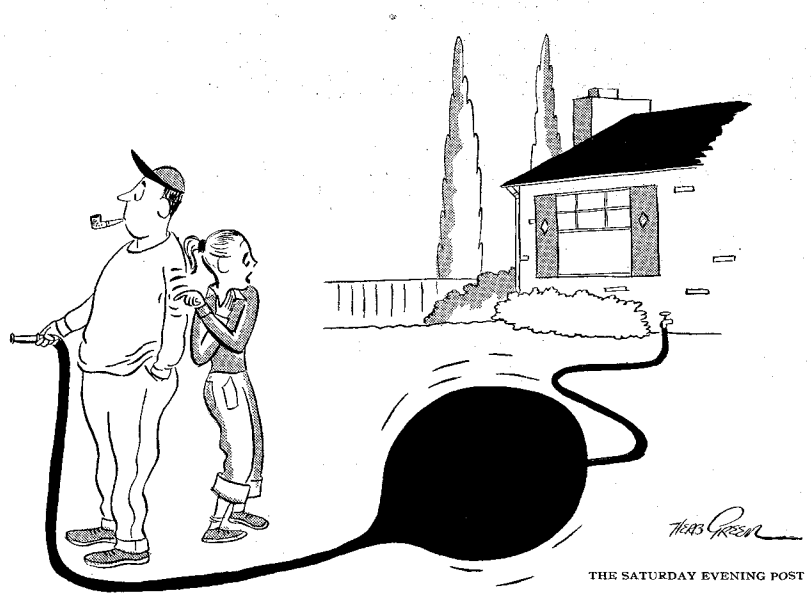
Downstairs he walked, white and loose-gripped, into the kitchen. His brothers looked up. Before they could speak, he said tensely, "Shut up, both of you! Shut up. The first guy talks, has trouble."

They started roughhouse talk and the getting up that indicates a play at combat. But when they got a good look at him they stopped.

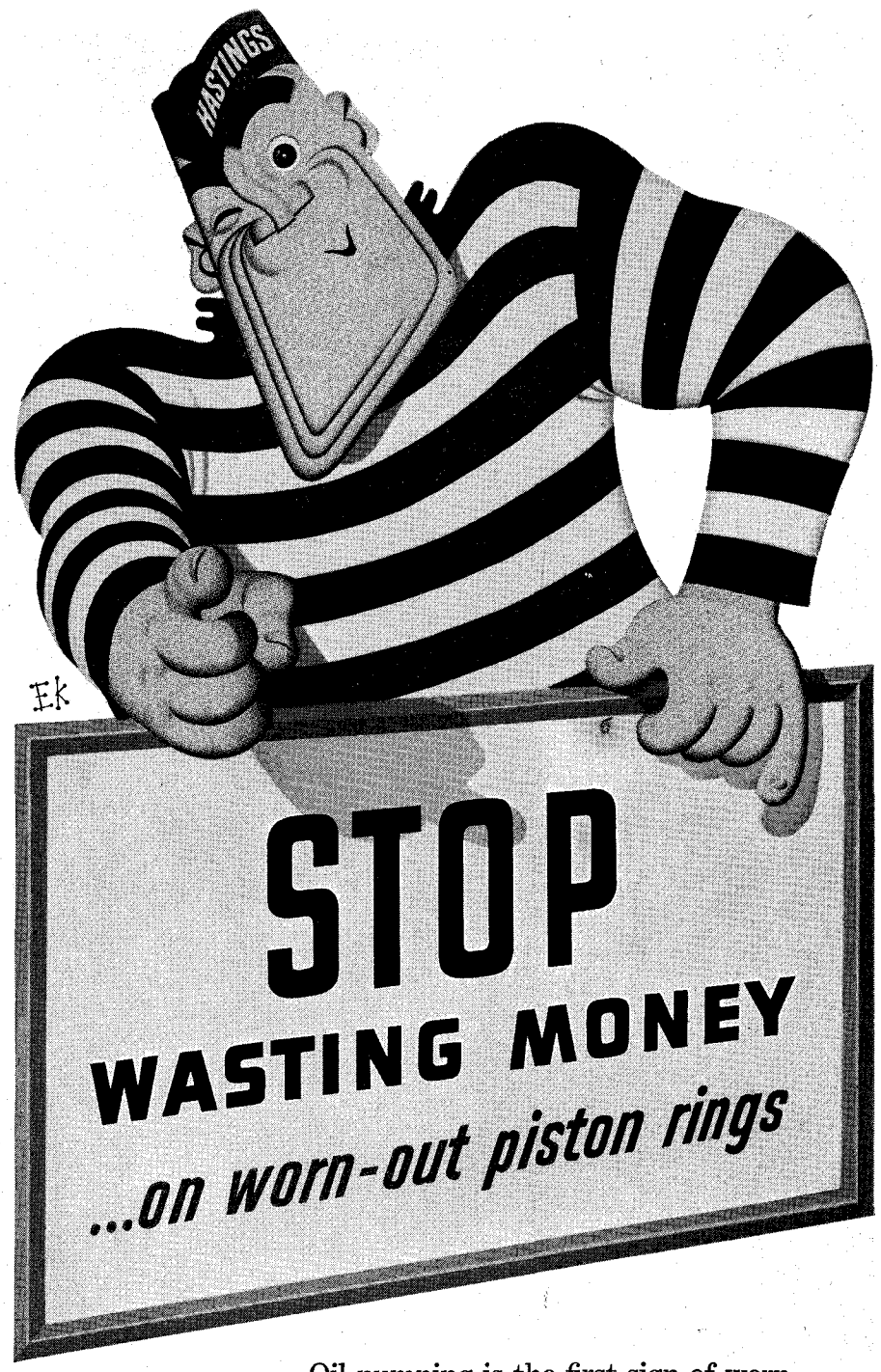
"Open the refrigerator," he said. "Let's eat, and then the meeting's over."

They stood strangely silent. But the parakeets did not. They sounded bells without conscience.

Lou opened the refrigerator, then closed the door again. "The honey's sick?" Mira was called "the honey," because she was (*Continued on Page 123*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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The sooner you act, the less it will cost. See your motor specialist the minute oil-pumping warns you there's trouble ahead. When he recommends new piston rings, ask him for Hastings. They're engineered exclusively for replacement service . . . to provide the additional lubrication worn engines need . . . to stop oil-pumping, save gasoline and restore lost performance.

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(*Continued from Page 121*) the youngest and the smallest of the wives. Also because she liked to read. Also because she failed to use English always that was on the approved list. Mira occasionally sounded as if she was loaded with vocabulary. Once she had said "esoteric." It had become a family and neighborhood joke. Whenever someone heard something he or she did not wholly understand, he or she said, "It's esso for me." And then, after a time, they just said, "Gasoline." But Mira was a good kid, they all thought; she always laughed when the thing was pulled on her, and at last she started to use "gaso" herself when she was angry about something. "That's a gaso, darn it."

Now Con said, "She ain't sick. She just ain't feeling well. Who wants to make a hard time out of it?"

Lou and Jim looked innocent. Jim said, waving a big, hairy hand in the air, "Listen, you got family trouble; you know we don't louse the deal. . . . Come on, Lou."

"Sure," said Lou. "You take care a Mira."

Con stopped them at the open door. The rain had stopped and the sun was coming out. He held their sleeves until they looked at him curiously. His eyes were evasive.

"What you want?" asked Jim. His voice was the deep one. Lou's was higher, as if he had been struck in the vocal cords by various boxers—as indeed he had been.

"The kids," Con managed. "How about you keep the kids? Maybe until tomorrow afternoon sometime?"

"No trouble," said Jim.

"I'll take half," said Lou. "I need my lawn cleaned in the morning." And he tried to laugh, but it did not work so well. And the three brothers regarded one another as if they had just met before a swinging door and were trying to discover who should go through first.

"O.K.," said Con, explaining nothing—having nothing, really, to explain. "O.K., you two keep the kids."

He closed the door behind them. He breathed deeply. He abstractedly got himself a beer. He drank out of the bottle, long, brisk, deep. Good old beer. Workingman's solace.

Then he forgot he was drinking it. He was thinking about Mira and her pictures. About the letter and the words in it. About her tears, that hadn't been sad tears. About her request that he leave her alone. About the gibes that had been passed her way by everybody over her painting. He was thinking about all this, and feeling strange—in a way he could not put a name to.

He clunked the empty beer bottle into the kitchen can. He went into the living room and started for the stairs. He changed his mind and went back into the kitchen and had another beer. The parakeets were bumping the bells and mirrors and clacking. He told them to shut up. They became louder.

He thought of Mira, the little-girl way of her when she went to shower, all cozy in a huge towel, holding it around her as if he had never seen her. And the way she so carefully wiped the kids' faces, as if she was one of them sculptors and was making the faces, not just wiping them. And when she did that, she would look like God's daughter. Maybe that was wrong to say, but that's what she looked like. As if God had made her so she could make them four kids, and she knew it. Like that.

And never, never had she called him down in front of anybody, which was batting a thousand. And when they were alone after a beer racket, say, did she accuse him of making a pass at somebody? Never. And he would never accuse her. He couldn't. No man—and he knew no man—had ever smiled behind his back, that he was a sucker or something—because of his wife and anything she did! No man! O.K.

She didn't burn an egg. Like his mother, she had a touch with coffee and eggs. That was supposed to be easy. So run out and find a lot of women can make eggs and coffee.

With the kids. Uh—with the kids? She *was* a little different. For instance, any other mother in the family, in the block, she always hit it up for her kids. There was a fight, and the mother was ready to get into it. But Mira? What did she think she was—like a judge or something? She listened to both sides. She was calm. But he liked it. Mainly because she never got to screaming in that high way the women got to, so you wanted to bump their teeth out.

It was like that all through. If she yelled, it was for the kids to come home for a bath before supper. Or so he should come in from the yard duty. But when she delivered the kids she never yelled. Never.

He remembered. The doctor had told him she might have a hard time. "Hips like a boy's." And he had nodded solemnly, with something curdling up hard inside him. But in the labor room she hadn't let out a sound. She had put her hands up to be held, and he had held them tight. And her face had squeezed, and courage had yelled silently against her wet, twisted, open lips.

Then, when the group of pains was gone, she had nodded at him, with eyes like patient strange fires, her forehead covered with sweat. And she had said, "Did I seem strong?"

"Yes, baby."

"I am strong," she had said, dazedly. "If you hold me, I might hurt you."

"Hurt, hurt me, baby; squeeze, squeeze."

"Now," she said calmly, "now, now, now."

He thought a long time, until afternoon was waning. Then he went up to her. She was in the master bedroom. She had designed it, with him as censor; and it was a wonderful room. You could tell it was for a man and a woman. That's what he liked about it. Lou and Jim were always trying to show the muscle, but go into the master bedroom in their houses and it was all pink and frills. Here in this room there were no frills and no pink. It was like a wedding, Con thought—like a wedding. He didn't know exactly how. Even his stiff military brushes, which he didn't use much, couldn't tell him, or the wooden valet she had got for him, or the sliding panels of the closets with pictures on them, one of a girl in the woods with a guy with hoofs, and another of a guy with a discus. It wasn't just that. He didn't know what it was. But it was together. And he had had a part in it. She had never done a thing but she asked him.

She was lying on the bed, straight and on her back, her arms at her sides. He looked at her before he spoke. And he was afraid a moment. When she was dead she'd look like that.

"Mira?"

"The boys O.K.? You giving them enough?"

"They went, and I told them to keep the kids."

She turned on her side. "Oh, you shouldn't of."

"Why not?" He sat cagily on the edge of the bed. "You want the kids spoiled sometimes, don't you? Does 'em good. And you know them guys."

"Yes, I know them."

She took his hand. Her hand felt small and clammy. She sighed and closed her eyes.

"Honey? Honey, what's this primitive?"

She spoke tiredly, "Oh, just that I'm uneducated."

Con felt a white heat of anger in him. "They hold that against you?"

"No," she soothed; "no, they don't."

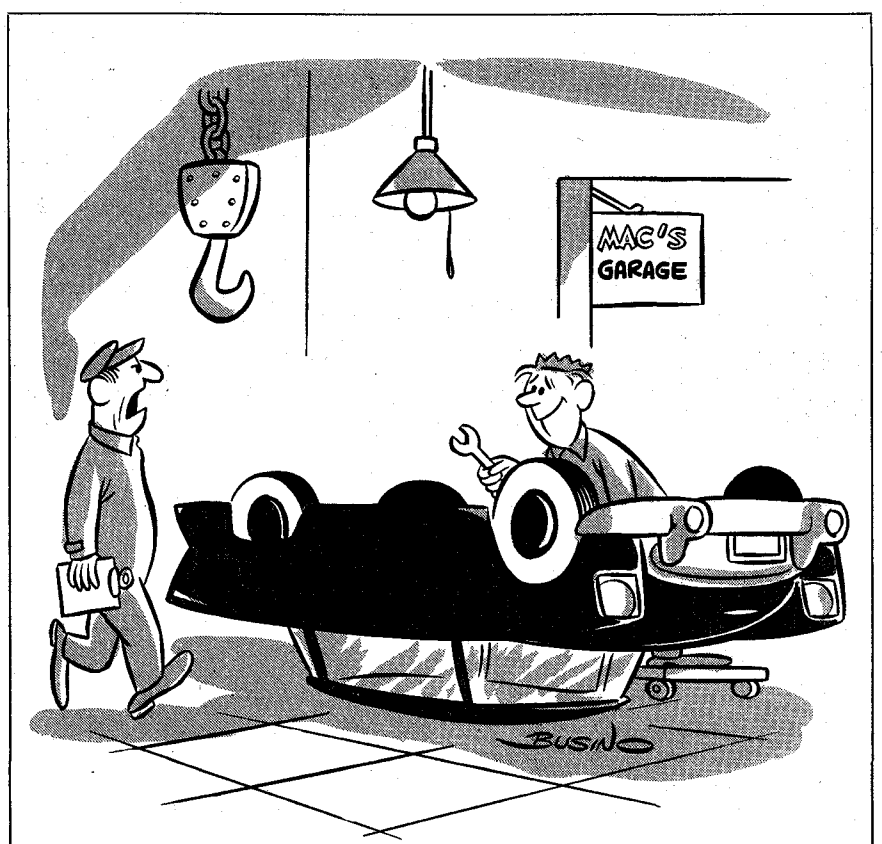
He stroked her hand. "You ain't had lunch. How about a Western?"

"I don't think so."

"Something like tea, or something? I can make it, with toast."

"No, not now. I'm all right, Con. Don't get silly. You want me to get mad?"

He stroked her hand. It seemed there was too much light in the room. He put her hand down gently and closed the blinds more. "How's that?"



"You're the new man, I presume?"

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"Fine."

He sat on the edge of the bed again, careful not to jar her. "Those paintings—the ones that are pretty. How much do you pay in the store? You know, for the ones you fill in?"

"Oh, according to size, two dollars, four dollars—like that."

He nodded. That wasn't cheap for a picture, especially when you had to fill in the colors. He looked at a closed blind, at the slants of afternoon gold. "This primitive work—you can sell it?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, suppose you sell it. That stuff. What would it be?"

She put her cold, thin hand on top of his. "I don't know."

He frowned. He could not understand. "You mean they put this in some kind of exhibition and people look at it? Then can they buy it?"

"Yes," she said.

He pursed his lips and frowned. "O.K. So they can buy it. What do they have to pay?"

She did not reply for a moment. He looked at her, and he saw a glowing on her face. It was not greedy. It was too lovely for that. It was the kind of look she had had when the nurses brought out her babies and she had held them against her and looked at the ceiling. And her voice was much as it had been at those times, when she had said, "My little, my little, my little." He could remember how the word had shaped on her mouth, and how he had bent to hear it. "Little."

Her mouth shaped words. He wondered if he could believe them. Then he knew he had to. Her face was beautiful, and he could not distrust it. "Mr. Fisher said two, three hundred dollars each picture."

He was downstairs. At five he had taken her a hamburger and a cup of beef bouillon. She had eaten gratefully, thanked him for it and lain back and conked out almost at once. He took off her shoes and put a coverlet over her. Then he had gone into her workroom and got the gruesome deal that had been hanging downstairs in an obscure corner until today.

The picture was next to the empty packing case, and on the packing case was the letter. He looked at both, and thought she must have wanted the picture with her, up here alone, when she reread her letter. It must be. Why else would she take it down and cart it up here?

He carried the painting downstairs with him. He put a straight dining chair up in front of his favorite easy chair and placed the picture on it, facing him. What a mess!

He got himself a beer and sat with his leg over the arm of the easy chair. The day fell into dusk. He shook his head. The painting stank.

A knock at the door. It was Jim. Con said, "So come in." Moodily he dropped back into the chair.

"Can I get me a beer?"

"Get me one."

Jim came back and sat on the floor beside Con's chair. He said, "What the devil're you doing?"

"What's wrong with the picture?"

"Are you nuts?"

"Brother, I ask a simple question. Give me an answer. What's wrong with the picture?"

Jim stared and glared at him. But he did not bark. Con had something wrong. There was no mistake about it. Jim said, "She insists you keep it down here? Why not? You've got to give in, Con. All of 'em are screwy. My wife, she likes bubble gum. Like a kid. You know I always went for sophistication. But why fight? She don't do it in company, so I don't care. I never told anybody else."

"What's wrong with the picture?"

Jim looked at it.

They both looked at it as dusk walked in.

The picture was of a seminude girl in an odd color of gold on a background of red, with odd figures in black seeming to move around her. Behind her head there rose a mighty gleam, as if a sun were coming up. And the color seemed to move into her body, and the somber background figures in black seemed to be flitting away, leaving a peculiar freedom to the gaunt figure of the golden woman. There were other colors and other characters in the painting, making it glaring and incomprehensible.

Jim said, "What's wrong? My kid, Bub, could do as good in the bathroom with a bottle of catchup. But that dame, she has a neck you could tie knots with. And who are them spooks? And if she got a color box, Mira—why's she got to spray the whole works on the thing all at one time?"

Con looked and thought. "I don't know," he said wearily; "I don't know. What do you want?"

"See how you are. Everybody wants to know. You and Mira."

Con stood up. "Tell everybody I don't know how we are. And tell them to stay away. Now take a powder!"

Con shrieked.

"Take it easy; you were asleep."

He sat straight and looked over his shoulder at Mira.

"Want a beer?" she asked.

"No, I got one." He indicated a bottle beside his chair.

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Mira was in a nightgown. She sank down beside him and took a swig of his warm beer.

"You O.K.?" he asked.

"Great. I want you to bed come."

Mira liked to play around twisting the sentences. She said it made things sound like in Dutch Pennsylvania.

"Beat to bed yourself," said Con. "I'm like Paul Revere. I don't sleep."

"Darling," said Mira, "I've gotten over it."

She was over it, but she could get it again. And he wanted to be included in on it.

"I want you to tell me like in a trial before a jury. Like that. In other words, honest answers."

"I'll give them." She got up.

He did not look at her. She stood beside his chair.

"When I laughed at the primitives, you wanted to belt me?"

He heard a pull of breath.

"When everybody laughed, you know, did you want to kill them?"

He heard the tugging of the breathing.

"Did you think we were dopes? Is that what you felt?"

And he felt her hand gently on the top of his head, and heard her voice, tender, "Not you, my sweet; never, never." And her hand went away.

He squinted at the picture in front of him, harder and harder. The brilliance seemed to be going into his brain. He turned his glance to one side, to see the pretty fill-in pictures, and the force was gone from his mind and he felt at ease again. He started to say and started to turn to her, "Darl——" But she was not there. On soft feet she was gone upstairs.

He moved his hands around to find where he was. He thought he had had light earlier. Mira must have been down again, and hadn't wanted to wake him.

He put a light on behind him. He looked at the picture in the dimness. His eyes were bleary and the golden figure of the woman seemed to be coming out toward him, towering in the dark. He could not see the small phantoms around her, but he seemed to feel them scutting, scutting in the warm mute air. He brushed his hand against the hair over his right ear, as if one had walked or flown there.

And then he laughed to himself, because imagination had had such a pull on him.

It was late and he was half polluted maybe, and he was disturbed about Mira. Anything could happen. But he watched the picture intently, until the first light crawled on his trousers. It swept the floor of the dust of shadows. It moved on the edge of the painting.

And Con watched, held captive. That woman in the picture, her neck was long! It was stretching out like she was hurt—bad hurt. And she had a modesty. What made with the modesty? There she was glowing out from the picture almost naked, and yet she seemed to try to be drawing back. She was a beautiful dame. Look at the way the sun came up behind her. There was a glow like the morning now in the picture.

That wasn't bad. It wasn't like it was for him this morning—for him it was dark, even if it was red. He felt gray, and the sun didn't matter.

But the woman in the picture! She gleamed. And he felt as if a color from a dream had moved out before him and taken its place in his vision. Strong, pure, the light flowed in. The red deep in the portrait of the gaunt woman flowed, as if from the sunrise itself, and the small black figures were seen as vagrant and lost and without real power. And suddenly the picture seemed to stand out as rigid as the rails of a fence.

"I'm drunk," he told himself.

He had to think that. He had the funny sensation that the woman in the picture was his wife, glorious in power and stature, and that the little figures scutting away were people he knew too. Fiercely troubled, he closed his eyes to escape.

"Say, hey!"

He lifted his head. His living room was filled with gold and it was the day. The painting was gone from in front of him, and so was the chair that had held it.

He heard and smelled kitchen work. He felt Mira's fingers on his temples.

"You awake?" she asked.

He nodded. He took her hands, and would not release them.

"Honey," he said, "honey, do I make ugly houses, you know?"

"No," she said.

"Listen. You know, I didn't get all the way to understand this stuff. But when I make houses, you know, do you feel I'm a dope?"

"No."

He went into the kitchen with her. He watched her get the coffee and put it on the table with a pad under it, and the plates with the eggs and sausage and toast.

The birds were yelling.

Con said, "If a man is surprised, honey, you can't hate him. You see, honey, you've got to love him enough."

He waited.

"Why don't you eat, you sweet no-good?" she said. Then her eyes lifted. She said, "I created four kids pretty good, right?"

"Right."

She seemed to be laughing at him and teasing him, and yet, at the same time, she seemed to be coming closer than ever before, too, and she said, "I like the collaboration best."

Con blushed. He was glad Jim and Lou weren't around. He'd never hear the last of it.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And he knows all the words of 'The Whiffenpoof Song.'"

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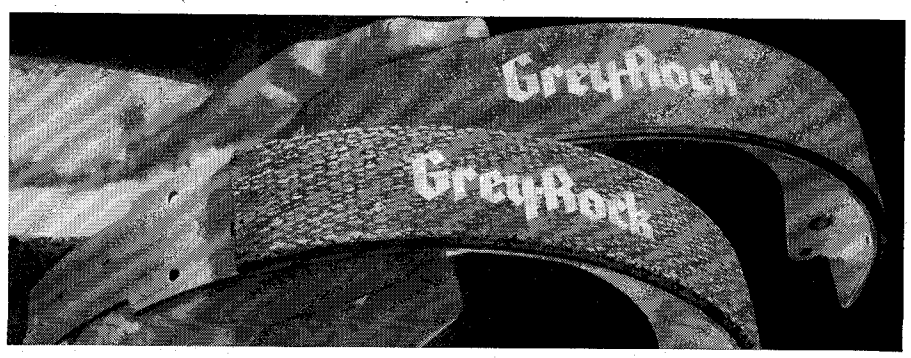

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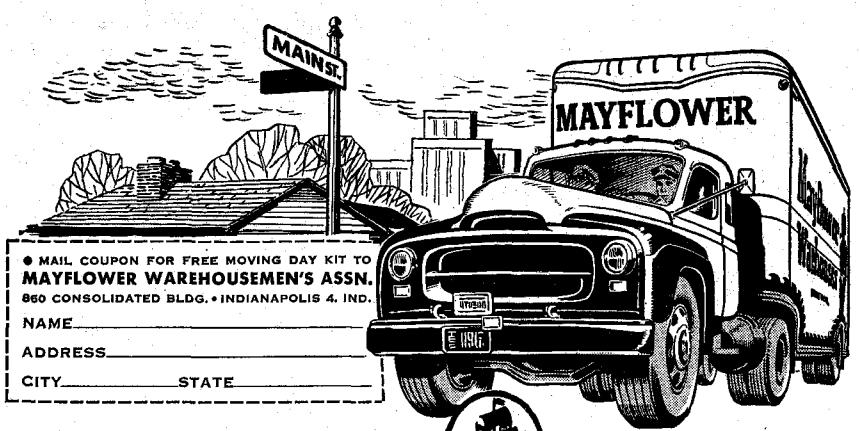

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Who's Got My Baby?

(Continued from Page 25)

badly. "I better call Jerry. He'll find him," I said. But when we got home, Marge had to make the call. I was capable only of sitting on a living-room chair and crying.

At first, Jerry wasn't very worried. He took it as one of those wanderings any child is likely to do. It was Halloween Day and packs of trick-or-treat kids were all over the neighborhood. "Steven might have tagged along with some of them," he said. He reacted the way any other husband would. After all, who has a child kidnaped from in front of a supermarket?

But when Jerry came home and couldn't find Steven after another search of the stores and the surrounding block, he became alarmed too. He told me to call the police. At about 3:45, an hour after I had come out with my loaf of bread, Steven was a police case.

That was over seven months ago—seven months living in an empty world with a feeling of total helplessness, and the realization that I must go on living no matter how much it hurts.

During this period, I twice picked my way along a road which seemed to be leading me back to Steven. Another time Jerry moved into the middle of a ransom-note mess. Detectives, with guns cocked, followed him as he tried in vain to make contact with a man who claimed, in notes and on the phone, that he had Steven. All the while Jerry and I have been forced into a battle against ourselves, a battle to live as nearly a normal life as possible.

For the first six weeks after Steven was taken, I went through a day simply because I woke up in the morning. I tended to Pamela's needs in an offhand fashion. I didn't care about the house or meals or even dressing myself. Jerry would spend most of his time with the police or talking to reporters and then just sit around. "Why us?" seemed to be the only thought in our minds.

It seemed the kidnaping of Steven was surrounded by vicious little tricks of fate. The first night that Steven was missing was Halloween. Our small living room was crowded with reporters and police and the door bell rang constantly. As a rule, it was children—most of them Steven's age or a little older—who wanted the usual Halloween handout. They'd yell "Trick or treat!" at me and then push a jack-o'-lantern up to my face.

I'd give each of these groups some pennies and then go back and sit down. I tried to behave normally, because a few hours after Steven had been taken, an Air Force doctor wanted me to go to the hospital. I knew he wouldn't allow Pamela to be with me, and something was making me clutch her as tightly as I could. I knew that even the slightest sign of a breakdown would give the doctor a chance to put me into a hospital. So I held myself together. I held my arms as taut as possible to keep from shaking. I fought back any tears or sobs or signs of emotion as best I could. Most people who were there that night couldn't understand why I seemed so calm. I wasn't calm—but they never put me in the hospital.

However, that was about all I accomplished for six weeks. Then one night, after the usual number of detectives and reporters left, Jerry talked to me. "This man in Chicago," he said, "the one who was the father of one of those three boys mutilated in that sex attack. The paper just says he died of a heart attack. That was no heart attack, Marilyn. That was a broken heart. We'll wind up in the same boat unless we pull ourselves together. We still have Pamela and we have ourselves. No matter what happens from now on, we're still young enough to have more children. I don't care how tough this is on us, we've got to start living as close to normal as we can."

I looked at myself in the mirror. I had lost twelve pounds of my normal 123, and dark rings showed under my eyes. My hair was tangled and needed washing. I had hardly bothered to wash my hands and face, much less groom myself. That night I set my hair before going to bed, and the climb back to a semblance of everyday living began.

Jerry thought, for a short time, of reenlisting in the Air Force, in order to stay at East Meadow, because his four-year enlistment ran out at this time. Instead, he received a three-month extension. Ultimately, we packed up and returned to Newton, just as we had planned for so long. There is nothing for us to do in East Meadow. It makes no sense for us to waste part of our lives there. I know this sounds hard, but it is not nearly as hard to say as it was to do.

The police at Long Island are working on the case and we keep in touch with them. Marge Brown still lives there and she can supply any identification, if the need arises. Each day we receive at least one letter containing advice or a tip on where Steven (*Continued on Page 128*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I take it then, sir, that 'no' is your final answer?"

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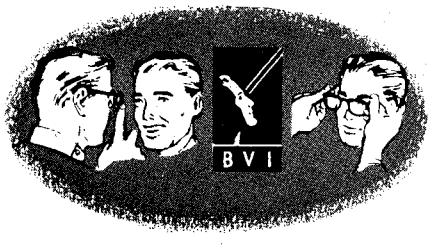

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(*Continued from Page 126*) might be. We send it to the police and hope something comes of it.

But we don't let our hopes get too high. We've had too many false starts, and the letdown is cruel when they don't pan out. I remember them all. The flood of letters—a couple of hundred at first—which were always signed "A Friend," and always contained some new idea as to where he might be. And there were two occasions when I let myself believe Steven was on the way back to me.

A phone call at two in the morning, fourteen days after the kidnaping, started it. Detective Bert McConnell, of the Nassau County Police Department, was on the phone. He said a boy resembling Steven had been found in a dime store in Brooklyn and had been taken to the New York Foundling Hospital. One detective had seen him and said he resembled pictures of Steve. Could we identify the child personally?

I was standing next to Jerry as he spoke on the phone. I could tell by his answers that something good was happening. I grabbed his arm and cried a little. The bad dream was over, I told myself. Jerry hung up and tried to calm me, but my hopes were sky high. And I said something which sums up as well as anything how I still feel.

"If it isn't Steven, then bring the little boy back here anyway. I want him," I said.

When Jerry left, I sat on the couch and convinced myself he was going to bring back Steven. I thought of how I'd act and what I'd do, and as the clock kept spinning I became even more certain. It takes an hour and a half to drive to Manhattan and back at that hour of the morning, and when that time passed, I said, yes, it is Steven, and Jerry is late because he is signing a lot of papers so he can bring Steven home. Jerry walked into the house alone at four o'clock.

At Christmas, both of us let ourselves dream. Jerry went out and bought the red wagon that Steven had wanted. We set it up under the tree. We both seemed to take it for granted that any minute they would bring Steven to us. The letdown was awful.

On February twentieth the police called at nine at night. Chief Inspector Stuyvesant Pinnell said that a boy fitting Steven's description had been found at Tucumcari, New Mexico. It might be good, he said, but he cautioned us not to get our hopes too high. The child in New Mexico had only a couple of teeth—Steven had twenty-six—and a broken nose. But it could be something, Pinnell said.

I fell for this one too. I let my hopes go right to the roof. The police methodically checked it for two days while I walked around the house, half expecting to see Steven any moment.

Then on the twenty-second—Washington's Birthday—a detective showed us a photo sent by New Mexico police. It wasn't Steven.

When you want something to happen, it seems you almost always can make yourself expect it. When reporters and cameramen jammed into the house two hours later, I started to believe the whole thing all over again. I knew the photo was not Steven—but it was only a photo, I reminded myself. It could have been a poor one.

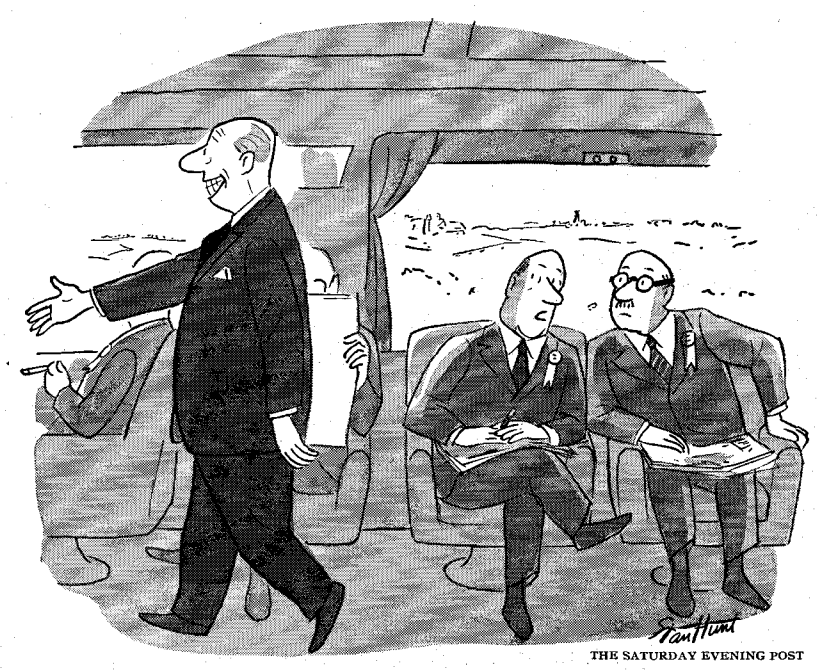
A reporter from the New York Journal-American said the paper would fly me there to be certain. Mitchel Air Force Base had a plane ready to take Jerry there. A television commentator went on the air and said that the child in New Mexico was Steven. So did a newspaper.

Ben White, of the New York Daily News, broke the spell later that night. He had called a New Mexico doctor who had checked the child. The doctor said the child never had any more teeth than the few he now had. It ruled out our hopes. That was the last time I let myself become hurt by hoping too much.

Jerry and I discuss Steven openly. We feel it is better than not mentioning it and letting it eat us away inside. It does stab at me a little, however, when I see a child of Steven's age. Marge Brown has Donny, who is now three. It used to bother me when I visited her. When I see a window-shopping mother leave her carriage or stroller, and duck inside to price that dress she sees in the window, I feel like going up and telling her. At East Meadow, I'm told, people do not leave their children unguarded any more.

While we talk of Steven, Jerry and I do our best to forget one part of what has happened to us. That is the string of ransom notes we received. We never told even our friends about them. Except for one story which we denied on police advice, the newspapers carried little about them.

It started three weeks after the disappearance. Along with the usual batch of letters we received in the daily mail was a (*Continued on Page 130*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He can't eat, he can't sleep. I think this handshaking tour is beginning to get him."

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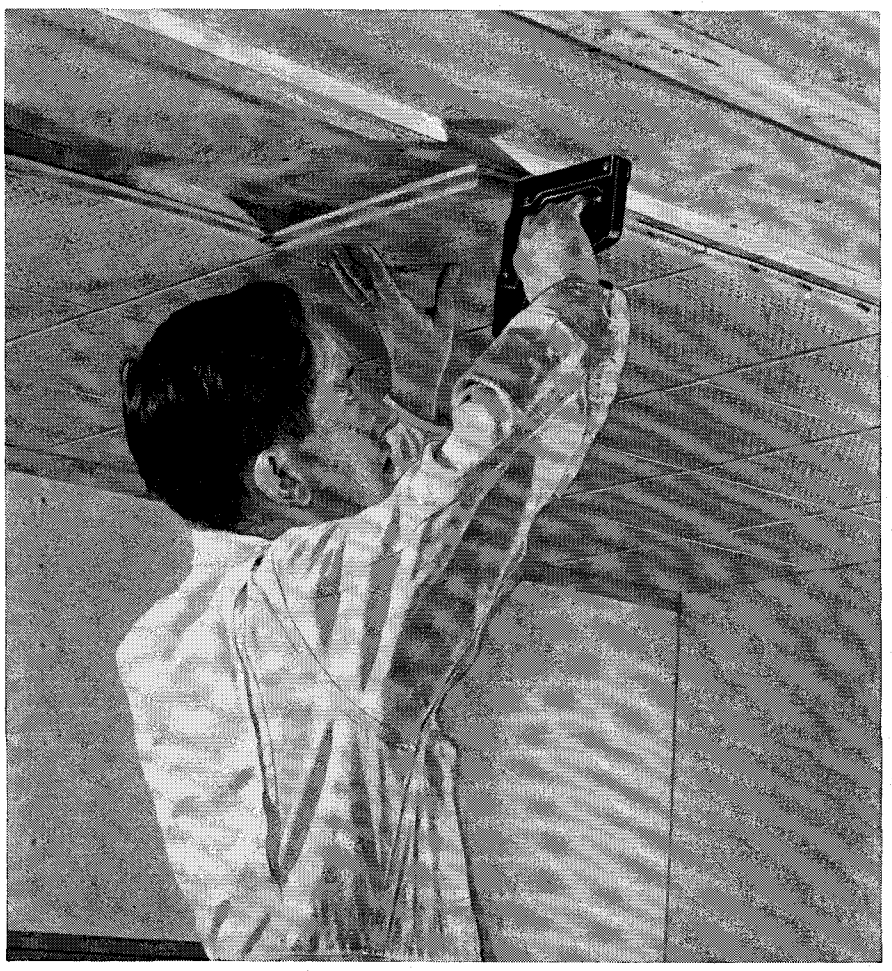
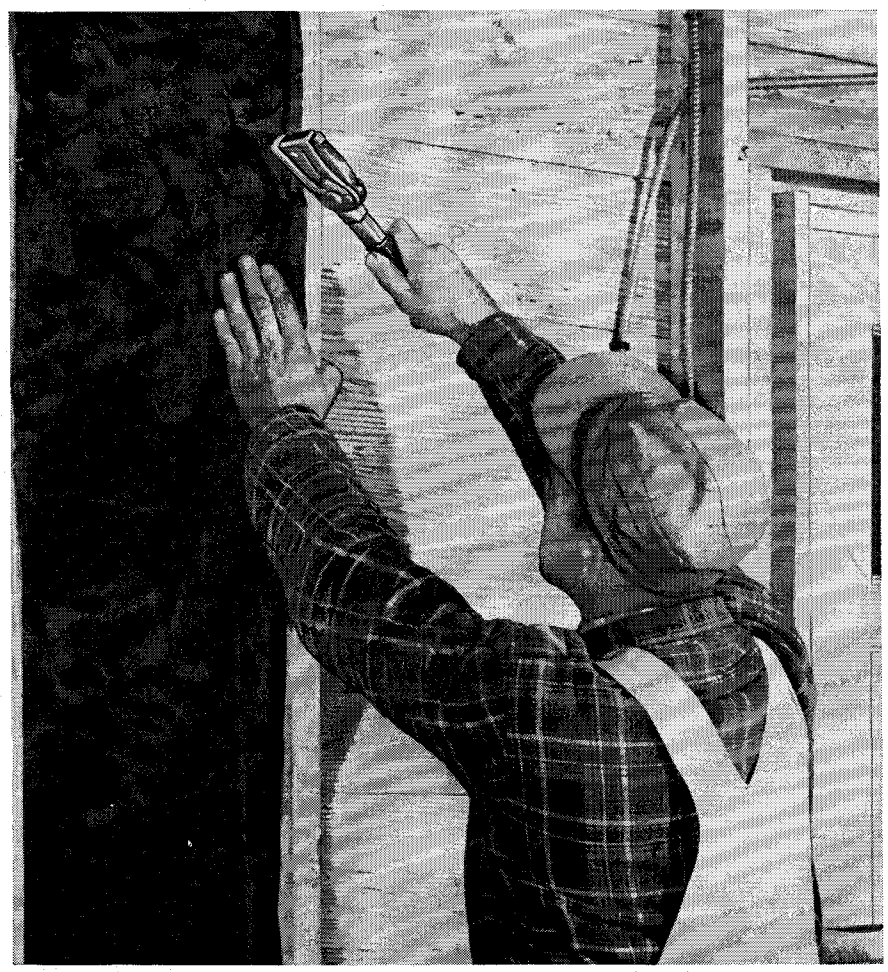


Best way to put up ceiling tile: Use a Bostitch T5-8 Tacker with Bostitch 9/16″ or 1/2″ staples. Press nose of tacker firmly into cove formed by tile flange. Squeeze the lever. Driven staple secures flange to wood strip with great holding power. Each squeeze drives a staple. Spot staples about 4″ apart. You can position tacker quickly, drive three staples in about three seconds and go on to next tile. With the T5, you never mar the face of the tiles—and you can wear gloves to keep them clean.



Fastest way to apply insulation: Use either the Bostitch T5-8 Tacker or the Bostitch H2B Hammer, with Bostitch 3/8″ staples. The hammer is faster with a little practice. You can drive staples with a flick of your wrist. Each blow leaves a staple firmly imbedded. But anyone can use either of these Bostitch stapling tools much more rapidly than hammer and nails. These Bostitch tools leave one hand free for positioning the insulation. Both are available through your building supply dealer or local Bostitch representative.

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The Celotex Corporation	makers of Celotex Tile Board and Finish Plank and Celotex Regular and Reflective Rock Wool Blankets.
Infra Insulation, Inc.	makers of Infra Multiple Aluminum Thermal Insulation.
Minnesota & Ontario Paper Company	makers of Insulite Tile Board, Plank, and Interior Board.
National Gypsum Company	makers of Gold Bond Insulation Board Products and Rock Wool Insulation.
Reynolds Metals Company	makers of Reynolds Reflective Aluminum Insulation.
Simpson Logging Company	makers of Decorative Tile Board, Acoustical Tile and Insulating Board.
United States Gypsum Company	makers of Twin-Tile, Panel-Tile, Quietone, Auditone, USG Insulating Plank, and Red Top Insulating Wool.
American Sisalkraft Corporation	makers of Sisalkraft and Sisalation.
Wood Conversion Company	makers of Balsam-Wool and Nu-Wood Ceiling Tile.

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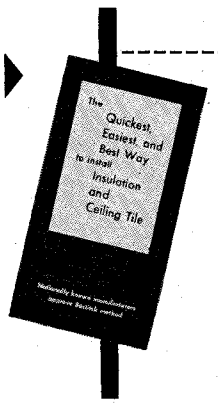

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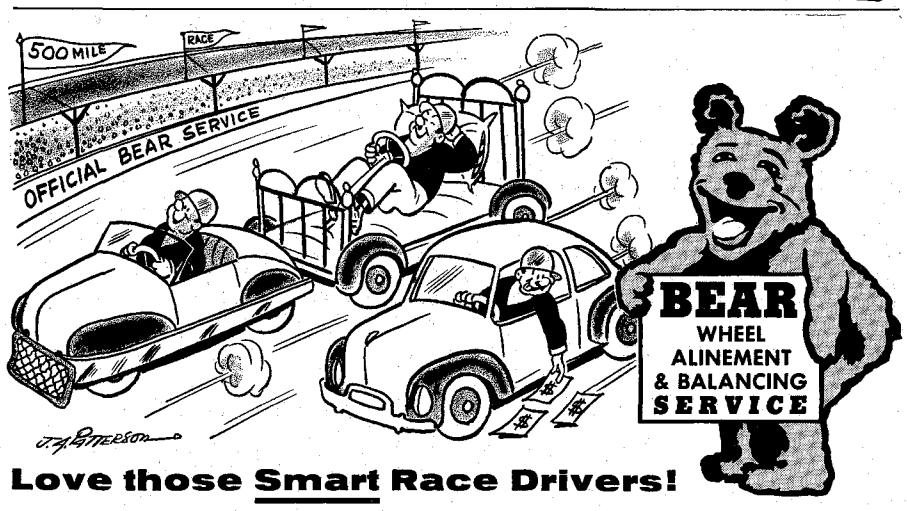

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Another TOPPS value!
PHOTO-IDENT EXPANSION BRACELETS
"Attach it yourself and save"

(*Continued from Page 128*) neatly hand-printed letter in pen and ink.

"I have come into possession of your son," it read. Then, in excellent English, it went on to demand $3000 ransom for Steven and gave detailed instructions which Jerry was to carry out or we would never see Steven again.

The police and the FBI agreed it was the neatest ransom note they had seen. But from the start they suspected the writer did not have Steven. He included no piece of clothing or any positive statement or sign that he had the child.

You do not, however, make up your mind on facts such as these. The note arrived on a Wednesday and at 3:30 P.M. that Saturday, Jerry went to a place called Keve's Luncheonette on Court Street in the middle of Brooklyn's Borough Hall section. He carried with him the Manila envelope the note demanded, but it did not contain $3000 in cash—the police had stuffed it with ripped-up newspapers. Jerry was not alone. A group of disguised detectives trailed him and spread out to cover the entire block when Jerry went into the luncheonette.

The note said Jerry would receive a phone call and that he was to answer, "Frank is here." The phone, a coin-box type, started to ring the minute Jerry sat down at the luncheonette counter. He jumped to answer it.

The male voice on the other end was calm but quick of speech. "You better not have the police with you," it said. Jerry said the voice carried no trace of New York slang. It was, instead, more like that of a Midwesterner.

The man told Jerry to go to the corner of Willoughby and Jay streets, a busy intersection four blocks away, and to stand on the southeast corner until two young boys came up and asked him for the envelope. He was to hand it to them and go into the subway.

Jerry walked to the corner and remained there for more than an hour. Nobody came. Finally a detective approached him and said it looked as if the man would not show up.

I felt it was the one break we deserved. The loss of Steven and the waiting were heavy enough burdens. This was too much. I said a prayer that we would never hear from the man again. We believed he did not have Steven. If we did not hear from him again, we would know it.

Two days later the police informed us that two youngsters had appeared in a Brooklyn station house with a torn dollar bill. A man had given it to them and promised them the other half if they would wait for someone—Jerry—to come to that corner with an envelope under his arm. They were to ask him for it and then walk to a subway entrance a half block away and hand it to the man who hired them. However, they became frightened, went home and told their parents instead. But the incident showed that, whoever the man was, he intended to carry the thing through. His intention was confirmed on Wednesday, when another note arrived, a week after the first.

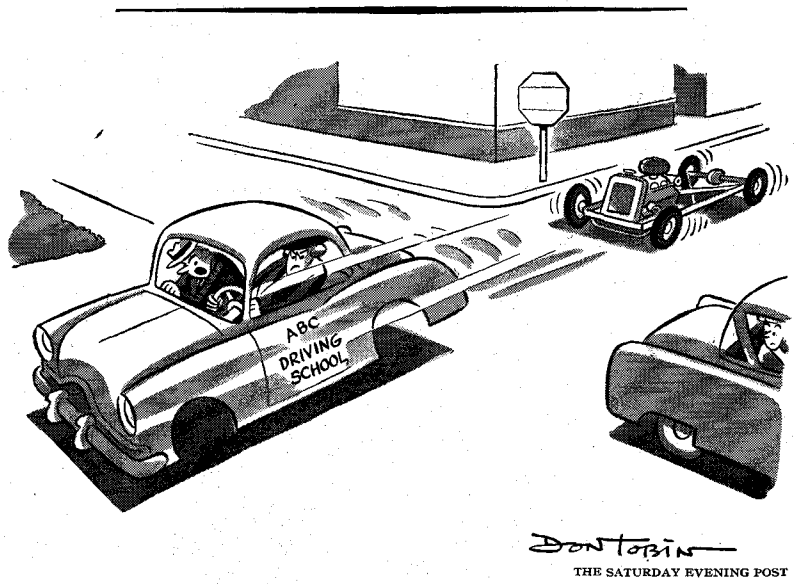
This note started Jerry on the second of three fruitless hunts. The instructions, in each case, gave a good hint of the amount of time the man was putting in on this project of hurting us. On the second attempt to meet him, for example, Jerry went to the luncheonette again and received another phone call. It ordered him to ride the fourth car of a subway train going to lower Manhattan. He was to get off at a certain stop and look in a trash can for a note. The note had a key enclosed, which Jerry was to use to open a public locker at the Eighth Avenue and 34th Street station, under the Pennsylvania Station.

The instructions were perfect. The locker was directly in front of the spot from which Jerry left the subway car. While he was hurting us, this man nearly hurt other people too. One was a skid-road bum who, spotting the shoe box Jerry left in the locker, took it and tried to run. The subway platform came alive with gun-carrying detectives. Luckily they grabbed him without firing. When the police found they had caught only a thief, they replaced the box in the locker. A short time later a youth about eighteen years old walked to the locker and reached in. He, too, was grabbed. He said that a man double-parked on busy 34th Street had asked him to come down and get it. The car was not in sight when police went up. After questioning, they became satisfied that the eighteen-year-old boy was not further involved.

The police cautioned us not to mention the ransom demands to anybody. I had to go silently through each day, with this additional anxiety on my mind. It was a frightening experience. Jerry is not a TV-drama hero. The police said they would protect him—which they certainly did—but their orders to "flatten out on the ground if shooting starts" made him as nervous as it did me.

When the third note arrived in mid-December, and a subsequent twelve-hour chase started, I went Christmas shopping to keep my mind off it. It wasn't easy, under the circumstances, but I forced myself.

This time the chase started at a Queens tavern, led to a soda shop in Floral Park, about a half hour's drive from our apartment, and ended on a lonely, wooded road at about two the next morning.



"You're hitting the brake too hard again, Mrs. Wiggins!"

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Jerry was to follow a map the man had left under a coin box in the soda shop. It was a five-mile route over an area of poorly lit roads. When he heard a voice say, "L.J. is here," he was to drop the box and keep moving. Jerry never heard the voice. On one tree-lined roadway the police found a piece of shirt cardboard with the initials "L.J.," attached to an overhanging tree limb. They also found a warm fire bed on a hill overlooking the spot. The man, whoever he was, had been waiting there for Jerry, but for some reason he had left. Why, we don't know. We never heard from him again.

The man did not have Steven. And I don't think my child is dead. A 1500-man search party went over the area where we lived during the night and day after he disappeared. No trace of Steven was found. I have one positive memory of this period: the picture of off-duty policemen, neighbors and over 1000 volunteers from the air base, working for a thirty-hour stretch while every possible place Steven could have been was searched.

Every pond, water drain and hole over a six-mile area was checked. A house-by-house check was made of the entire community surrounding us. The people on the hunt didn't just look in. They got on their stomachs and looked at every crawl space under houses, checked every cellar and breezeway. Two construction jobs—one on sewers a block from the corner where Pamela was found, the other a roadway four blocks away—were gone over step by step. There is a chance, of course, that Steven might have wandered to one of these and become trapped and buried. Nobody considers this possibility very seriously. The search was too intensive. Some trace of Steven would have been uncovered, we are sure.

The police didn't stop with this initial search. Thirty policemen made a separate search two days later. Some detectives, especially officer John Cummings, made it a twenty-four-hour affair. He lost eighteen pounds in the early part of the hunt. The police went beyond what even we could expect.

They had 25,000 handbills printed and distributed around the nation. They took collect calls, from people who believed they had information, from as far away as Virginia, Florida, Louisiana and Georgia. They investigated people who had lost children in birth or accident at that time. Military personnel who had been transferred from Mitchel to as far away as Hawaii were checked.

The elderly woman, who said she saw the people take Steven, turned up two days after his disappearance. The police spent a lot of time with her, but after she re-enacted her story, they became convinced she could not have seen what she described. But they looked into every lead, no matter how farfetched. One man went to them and said he had an aunt who was psychic. She had dreamed that the Hindenburg airship would blow up, and the next night it happened. Now, the man said, she had dreamed about Steven; she saw him in Asheville, North Carolina, walking with a colored woman. The police requested Asheville authorities to look for Steven, but, of course, they found nothing.

There were ugly moments during the investigation too. "Mrs. Damman," a detective said one night, "I want you to think of the people around you. Which one liked Steven most? Is there anybody you feel might have taken him?"

I started to protest. Marge Brown, for example, had loved Steven. But she and I had been friends and neighbors for a couple of years. How could I suspect her or any other close friend?

"I mean everybody; don't overlook a thing," the detective said. So I forced myself to name names. I'd think of a person and reject the very thought. But the detective said everybody, so I told him several names, and the police promptly searched houses of people who were too busy helping us look for Steven to care.

We found the newspapers and radio and television stations a tremendous help. One reporter, David Jacobs, of the Long Island Daily Press, dreamed up the idea of having the police issue an appeal to the kidnaper to use a special formula for Steven. One of the ingredients specified was "placebo"—a medical term which has nothing to do with a baby's formula. Druggists were alerted for anybody who might ask for it. To check druggists' alertness, plain-clothes men went to drugstores and asked for "placebo." On each occasion the druggist called the police.

The man who wrote the ransom notes is the only person who did not try to help us. What has helped most is the prayers we know people are saying for Steven and us. There have been other kinds of help too. The East Meadow American Legion raised $6000 for a reward fund. Here at Newton, too, everybody wants to help us.

But, although we are surrounded by helpful friends, they are powerless really to help. No one can bring back the things that were Stevie. Like the "Hi, daddy," he'd say every night when Jerry came home. Or his word "Goggy," for dog. I tried to have him say, "Doggie," but it always came out "Goggy."

I wonder if he has learned to say "doggie" yet. THE END

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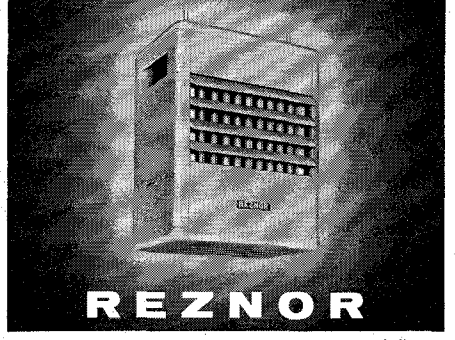

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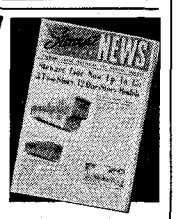

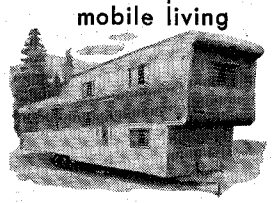

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(Continued from Page 43)

Litchfield did not want to leave Cornell, where he has built the Business and Public Administration School into a unique institution, but he was overwhelmed. He accepted the offer of the Pitt trustees only after considerable soul searching and consultation with his wife and his associates, including Gen. Lucius D. Clay, who told him, "You have no choice." It is important that he will receive one of the highest salaries paid to a university official in the United States today, plus $10,000 untaxed expenses, a house and a staff of servants, a car and a chauffeur—equally untaxable. He asked for, and got, a year to continue his organization of the Cornell school as he had planned it. Now he takes over at Pitt full time.

The new chancellor says that only in the United States could such a thing as the grandiloquent upgrading at Pitt take place. He likes to quote Pitt's famous professor of preventive medicine, Dr. Jonas Salk, the polio-vaccine man. "Pittsburgh," Doctor Salk is reported to have said, "is the last frontier east of the Mississippi." And Litchfield adds, "Nobody ever had such an opportunity in all educational history."

Ed Litchfield's capacity for hard work, according to those who know him, is fantastic. Dr. Hans Simons, president of New York's New School, a colleague of Litchfield's in Germany, calls this capacity "unlimited." U.N. Under Secretary Ralph J. Bunche, an associate of Litchfield's in the Governmental Affairs Institute, says that after a job with Litchfield, "I'm worn out and bushed, but Ed's ready for more."

During the past year Litchfield has been doing three jobs under the most trying personal circumstances. He has directed Pitt, the Cornell school and the Governmental Affairs Institute. He had to be in Ithaca, Pittsburgh and Washington every week. He accomplished this in a chartered plane, which he sometimes flew himself. He also had to be in New York almost every week, as Mrs. Litchfield, suffering from terminal cancer, was frequently there at Memorial Hospital. Mrs. Litchfield, the former Anne Muir Macintyre, whose experience as a teacher and researcher in history was very valuable to her husband, died last January.

Because of his wife's illness, Litchfield cannot be said to have romped through his heavy schedule, but he still performed with customary brilliance. He leaves Cornell after the most successful year in the history of the Business and Public Administration School. The enrollment last year was 242, more than double what it had been when Litchfield became dean three years before. The budget has increased 285 per cent, the faculty increased 150 per cent and the library facilities more than 300 per cent.

During the same year Litchfield reorganized Pitt. He streamlined the university's administration so that only eight men are now required to report to the chancellor, where twenty-three formerly did. This probably means a radical regrouping of several schools under such broad classifications as the health professions, and the basic disciplines in the humanities, social sciences, natural sciences and professional schools—all under vice-chancellors.

Nonacademic activities were regrouped into three general classifications under assistant chancellors: University Business, Student Affairs and University Planning and Development. As co-ordinator of all activities, there is the eighth member of Litchfield's cabinet, the secretary of the university.

At the same time, Litchfield, as the salaried president of the Governmental Affairs Institute, a nonprofit research organization, was busy in still another sphere. Under contract to the United States Government, GAI conducted a survey of the effect of Federal grants-in-aid on states and municipalities. It began the preparation of a series of biannual volumes on United States election data and world election information. GAI also has done (*Continued on Page 134*)

Ed Litchfield's two daughters, Janet and Ann Roberta, have been living in Ithaca, N.Y., while their father finished his old job at Cornell. Son Peter goes to boarding school.

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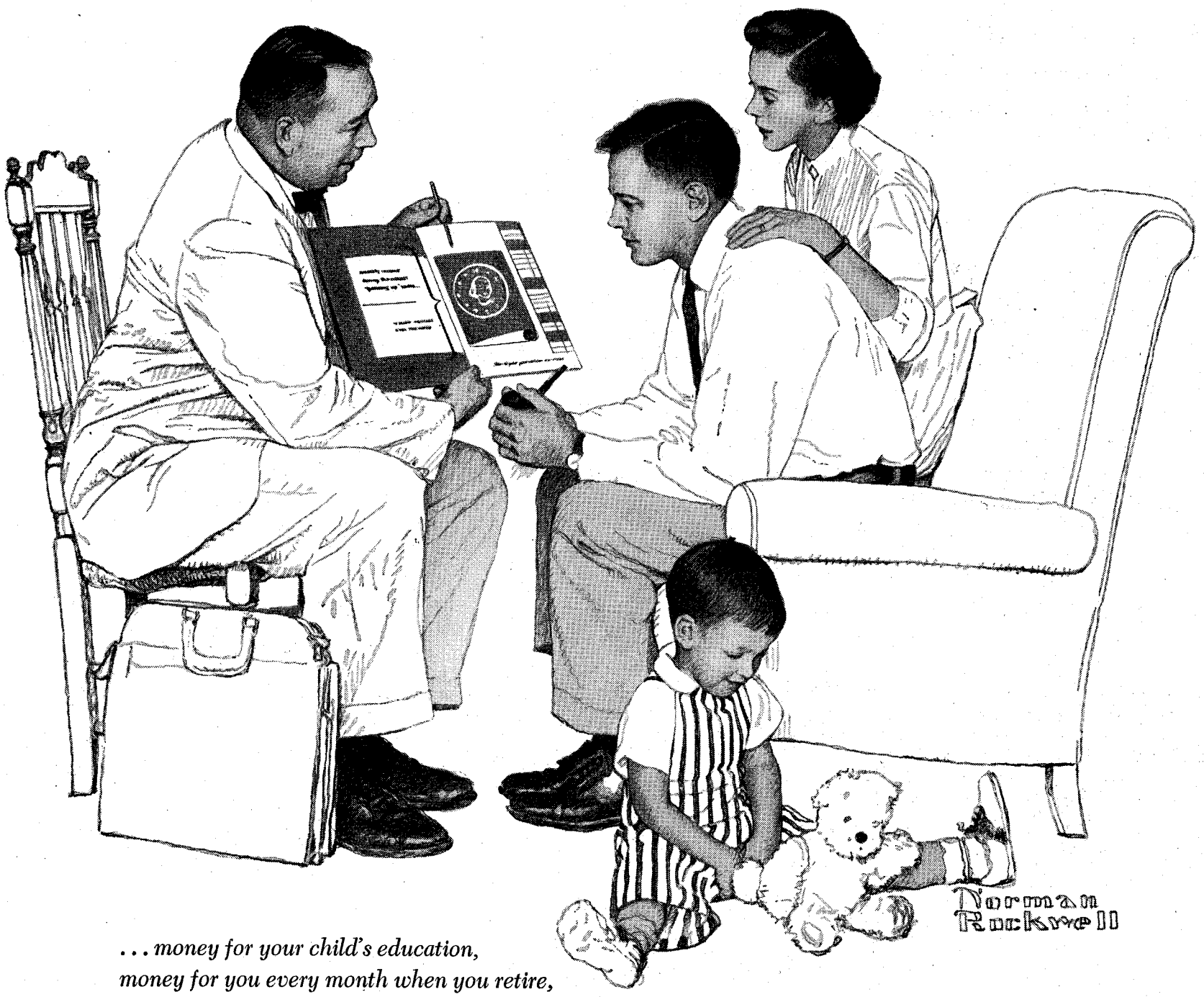

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(*Continued from Page 132*) enormous research on the voting behavior of every county in the United States, and has put the data on file cards, available for anybody interested. Litchfield's advisory committee on this project included Arthur Krock, the New York Times columnist; Dr. George H. Gallup, the poll man; Allen Manville, of the United States Census Bureau; and Prof. V. O. Key, Jr., of Harvard University.

All of these tasks and others—such as a two-year study of the Marshall Plan, and two studies of the Presidential Commission on Intergovernmental Activities—have been done under Litchfield's supervision. GAI also is hired by the State Department to take care of foreign government people who come to study the American system. The institute gives them a grand tour of the republic, arranging for them to stay with ordinary American families, to see schools, churches, newspapers, legislatures, government officials. The program has been successful, although results are not always precisely what the State Department or Litchfield has expected. Five Koreans were recently made admirals in the Nebraska navy, and one Asiatic, mistaking the bathroom as a whole for a bathtub, flooded the house of an Indiana citizen.

The State Department's leader-exchange program is at least partially due to the persuasiveness of Litchfield and General Clay. They first saw the need of showing the American political system as an example to Germans, when they were trying to restore political activity in Western Germany. The program, broadened, now includes all nationalities except the Russians.

The founding of GAI took place while Litchfield was reorganizing the American Political Science Association. In 1950, shortly after his return from Germany, Litchfield became executive director of the association, which then had modest quarters at Ohio State University and a membership of around 4500. Today, as a result of Litchfield's reorganization—and fund raising with the aid of Doctor Bunche—the association has a booming membership of more than 6000 and has its own building in Washington.

Litchfield succeeded brilliantly in his jobs in Ithaca, Pittsburgh and Washington; he failed in his fourth. This was his monumental effort to save his wife from cancer. He attacked the problem fiercely, as if the malady were a personal enemy. Every possibility of a cure was explored; the whole field was surveyed. When Anne died despite all the effort, Litchfield felt a sense of personal failure along with his bereavement. His sense of loss is deepened by the fact that Anne was relatively active until her final hospitalization.

In the spring of 1954, even though she was ill, she accompanied Litchfield to Indonesia, where he had been invited by the government—and under Ford Foundation sponsorship—to analyze the country's business and public-administration problems. She liked to travel, she said, and she wanted to be with her husband. Sometimes the going was hard and Anne never was out of pain. In Egypt, on the way back, she wanted to clamber up the Great Pyramid, but couldn't. Litchfield carried her up in his arms.

Last summer, on a stretcher, Anne went with Ed and a friend to the Adirondacks, where Litchfield has 100 acres near Speculator, New York, mostly for fishing. Anne insisted on the trip. Friends say she was largely responsible for Litchfield's decision to go to Pittsburgh. Because of her illness, he was undecided; she told him emphatically to go ahead. She agreed with General Clay: he had no choice.

Nobody with Litchfield's ability and enormous energy could be without detractors. There are those who say that he moves much too fast, and so offends people. At Cornell, for example, he took one look at elderly McGraw Hall, where his B. & P. A. School was housed, and began remodeling it. He made the lofty first floor into two stories, thereby startling some campus conservatives. He started a campaign for a new building that was uncomfortably progressive.

Litchfield's success at Cornell was based on his radical departure from the ordinary concept of what a business and public administration school should be. He believes that administration is a profession as such; that a person who runs a university, for example, should be able to transfer with ease to the management

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Wild Strawberries

By Bettie Cassie Liddell

A pail's a necessary thing
To take when you go
berrying
For fruit as big as thimbles
are.
But a pail is too bizarre
For the delicate and small
Wild strawberries that
deep-down sprawl
In the grass. This fruit
demands
An eager mouth and gentle
hands.
And if the straggling patch
yields more
Than you can eat, then you
should store
The fragrant fruit, for your
return,
In a woven plate of fern.
Share it with your love or
friend—
June's ambrosial dividend.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

of a steel-fabricating plant or a chain of supermarkets.

"The principles of administration," he says, "are the same, whatever the enterprise. Heretofore, schools have concentrated on differences in administering businesses, government, churches; we have concentrated on the similarities."

Most business and public-administration schools have separated economics students from political-science students. Cornell caused some eyebrow raising—several universities flatly refuse to send their students to its graduate school—by putting them all in the same classes. Litchfield points to his old boss, General Clay, as a prime example of his theory. Clay, a great military administrator, is presently chairman of the Continental Can Company. "And," Litchfield adds, "there is a man named Eisenhower who's done pretty well in three fields: the military, education, and government."

This concept and its development at Cornell so fascinated Alfred P. Sloan, former chairman of General Motors, that he directed his foundation to give $750,000 to Litchfield's school for a department of hospital administration, hitherto a neglected field.

Another criticism of Litchfield is that he tries to do too many things at once. Some say that he is too brash, and it is a fact that he is sometimes reckless. On a recent flight from Ithaca to Pittsburgh, Litchfield and his pilot, Allen W. Hayes, took off when other planes were grounded. It was foggy and cold. Somewhere over Pennsylvania one engine quit and their wings iced up. Within seconds they sagged from 6000 feet to 3000 feet—and there was no landing place. Fortunately, they ran into warm air, which melted the ice, and they were able to wabble into Pittsburgh.

Litchfield himself tells wryly of one instance of impetuousness. This was in Germany, where Litchfield, at General Clay's request, had gone in 1945 from his professorship in Michigan. He was made a director of civil administration, under Clay, in 1947. One day a news-service man asked what he thought General Clay would do in case Washington failed to back him up. Litchfield snapped, "He'll resign, and we'll all resign with him."

Next day, Litchfield was summoned to Clay's headquarters. "Ed," said the general, "you and I are pretty close, but if I have to resign, I'm going to do the job myself."

Clay went on to explain to his mortified aide that Secretary of the Army Kenneth Royall had called from Washington with this opening statement: "I see you're resigning." Litchfield himself resigned. Clay laughed, and told him to go back to work.

In the final analysis, most criticism of Litchfield probably stems from his precocity. He was only thirty-nine, for example, when he was made a dean at Cornell. He always has been precocious and, indeed, a little frightening in his energy and determination. Born in Detroit, April 12, 1914, the only child of a post-office official, he early overcame a speech impediment because he wanted to become a public speaker. Even as a boy, Litchfield was an effective orator. A debater at Detroit's Northwestern High School, he made the University of Michigan varsity his freshman year, a rare achievement.

At twenty-two, immediately after his graduation, he ran for the state senate and was defeated in a close race. He has no regular party affiliation today. At the same time he helped to write the Michigan civil-service law, which is still considered a model among the several states. As executive secretary of the Michigan Merit System, he led the fight to save the law when politicians tried to tear it out of the books. Litchfield wrote the law into an amendment to the Michigan constitution and stumped the state to have it adopted. It was, and the state's civil service is now well beyond the reach of political hacks.

Litchfield received his Ph.D. in political science in 1940, spent a year as instructor at Brown University, and some time in the Canal Zone as a personnel training specialist. Then he returned to Michigan as a professor at the university. At the same time he became deputy director of the Michigan State Civil Service Commission, and helped to administer the law he had written. In 1945 he was called to Germany by General Clay. He was then thirty-one years old.

It was during his German experience that he received his Danish decoration, Knight Commander of the Order of Donnebrog. There had been 100,000 German army refugees in Denmark whose company the Danes did not enjoy and the Danes were forever urging the Allies to get the refugees back to the Reich. When Litchfield did this, in the course of his work, the Danes were demonstrably grateful.

Litchfield's job in Germany was to re-establish German political activity. "This," says General Clay, "was the most important task of the occupation, even more important than the airlift or currency reform. And Ed Litchfield had the biggest part in it."

The job included the establishment of a German federal system with greater power for the *Länder*, or states; creation of a German constitution; organization of courts, civil service, political parties and federal, state and municipal governments, and much more.

Actually, Litchfield had by default the biggest part in German political restoration. The British, having no states themselves, hardly understood the proposed federal system and were indifferent. The French were afraid of a strong German government—any kind. Then, in 1948, everything seemed lost when the minister-presidents of the *Länder* voted by a narrow margin against the formation of a West German government.

Litchfield, with his colleague, Doctor Hans Simons, president of New York's New School, went to see every minister-president. He was only thirty-four at the time, and most of the minister-presidents were graybeards. Nevertheless, they listened to the young man, who had the backing of Konrad Adenauer, Ernst Reuter, Berlin's great mayor, and, eventually, leaders of the Social Democrats. The vote was reversed.

Litchfield has been criticized for his course in Germany on the ground that the Germans were given too much power too soon. He is willing to let history be the judge. At the moment he has other things on his mind. Pitt, as he sees it, must raise its entrance requirements, stiffen its scholastic standards and bring its various schools and colleges into better integration for the benefit of its nearly 12,000 students.

"The tendency in most universities," he says, "is toward autonomy in the various colleges, such as engineering, law, arts, and so on. I want Pitt to be an organic whole, a university in the older sense, with joint faculty appointments, so that the student's education is a rounded one."

Litchfield also believes that education takes too long, especially now, when military service requires at least two years of the life of every healthy male student. He thinks the yearly academic schedule needs revamping anyway. "It's silly," he says, "for the average student to go to school for about thirty weeks every year and have twenty-two weeks' vacation, when in professional life vacations are only two weeks, or three or four at the most." Litchfield is thinking of trimesters of fifteen weeks each to enable students to accelerate their courses.

A heavy schedule hasn't left Litchfield much time for home life; nevertheless, he has tried to be with his motherless children as much as possible. Fourteen-year-old Peter was away all last year at the George School, a Quaker institution near Newtown, Pennsylvania. Whenever Litchfield is at home he tries to spend at least a part of each evening with Janet, aged twelve, and Ann Roberta, eight.

People close to the family say that he is a strict father. For one thing, he insists that his children avoid careless and sloppy speech. He also has taught his children to earn what they get, in one way or another. Janet is fond of horseback riding, but she must make all A's and B's at school, and more A's than B's at that, if she wants to ride.

Litchfield has sometimes viewed his two older children's fondness for animals with some bewilderment. Not that he opposes Peter's hobby of snakes or Janet's preoccupation with horses; he just views Ann Roberta's principal love in life with some relief. "Bertie," he says, sighing happily, "likes dolls. It makes things so much simpler." THE END

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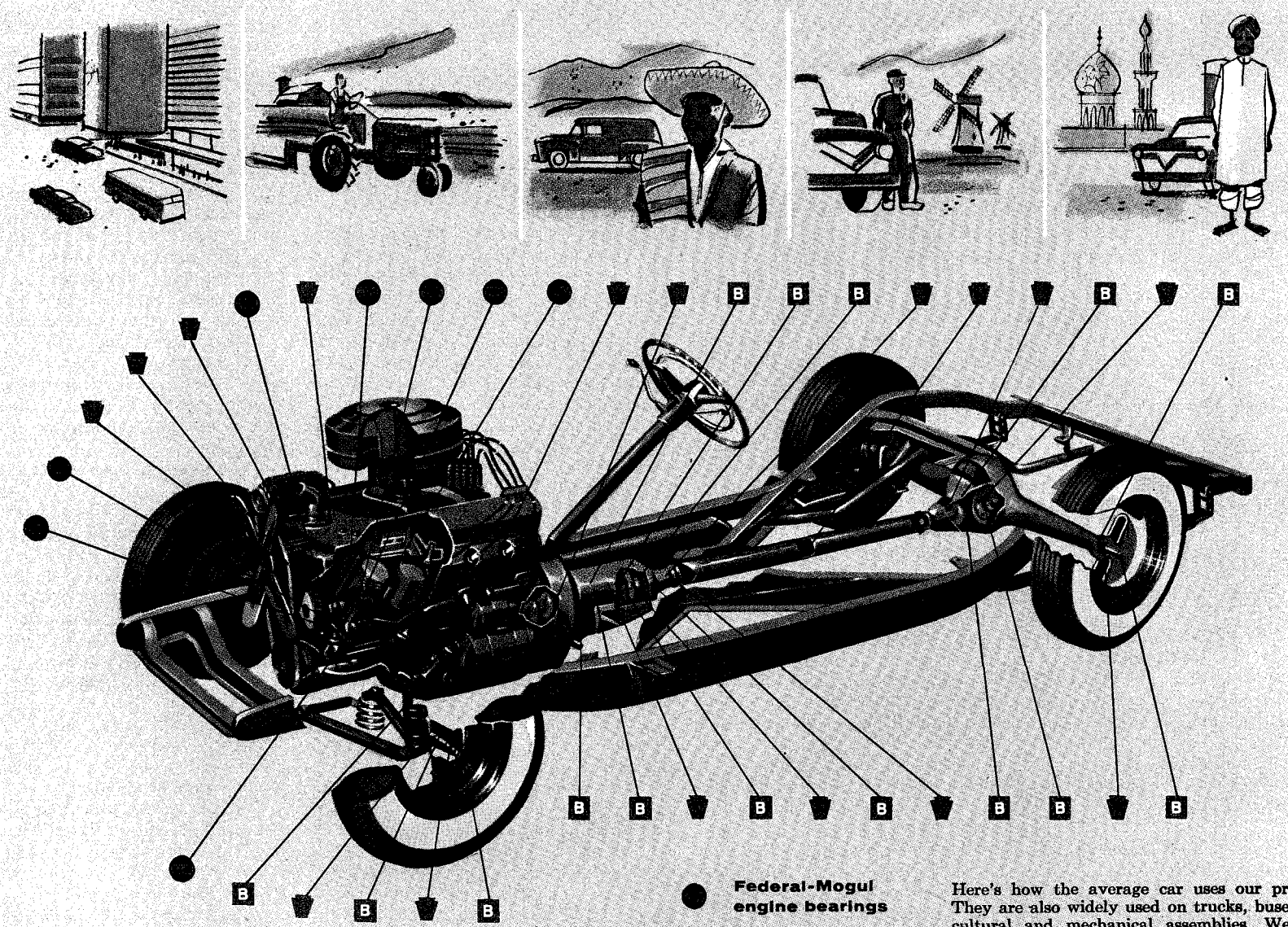

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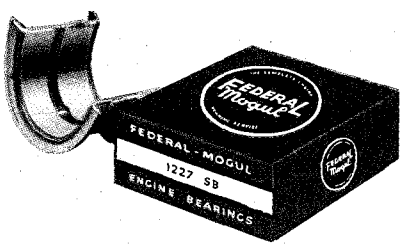

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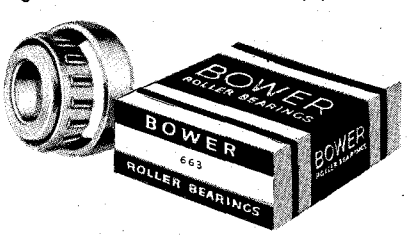

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Midnight Kill (Continued from Page 41)

"What about Angelo?"

"I'll see him later," Fogarty said. "It's hard to explain. You could call it an ex-cop's intuition, but I don't think I should go to see him at your place, unless he suggested it."

"Why not?"

"Let's put it this way," Fogarty said: "Since Angelo is all we have in common, let's agree that he didn't rob a bank or slug anybody on the head. Now, if he's in the only kind of trouble I can even imagine him being in, it might not help to have it appear as though he's been looking around for me. Did he mention any of the crowd he was mixed up with years ago? Frank Savarese, for instance? Any of the others?"

"But you know that he doesn't see them."

"Does that mean they couldn't see Angelo?"

"Well, no; I suppose that's conceivable. And from the way Rose carried on, perhaps it could be."

"Where does Angelo go to lunch these days?"

"O'Mara's place, on Bridge Street, most of the time."

"Tell him I'll meet him there at half past twelve."

"Thank you," Sarah Kearney said.

"No thanks at all." He watched her stand up. She was tall and she was a queen and she was handsomer now than she had been in their high-school days, when the sight of her used to flip his heart like a dish. "You're not as fresh or as hard to get along with as you used to be," he said kindly. "It's a great improvement."

"I'd punch you in the nose," she said, very calmly, "if it weren't for Angelo."

He left the funeral home a few minutes after twelve. The rabbi and most of Bernstein's relatives shook solemn hands with him. He had made one brief, rehearsed speech to the widow, but his voice had cracked and his eyes had filled. He didn't think he should try again. A cop named Finley stood in the lobby, well apart from the rest, quietly saying his beads. Fogarty walked over.

"Tough, isn't it, Joe?" said Finley. "At a time like this?"

"It's always tough, Al," Fogarty agreed. "You know anything more? More than that he got clipped by a car?"

"He got sideswiped, Joe—clean, dainty, deadly."

"I heard that much. What else have you got?"

"A handful of glass from a headlight. There's only one and a half million headlights like it in the state."

"Eddie wasn't on duty, was he?"

"He was off last night. It was like they had it in this morning's paper. His own car was parked ten or fifteen feet from the call box on Manion Road. No call came through, but the phone was danglin' from the box when Eddie was picked up off the road. That could make you think of a lot of strange things, but you know as much as I do, Joe."

"I'll see you, Al."

Outside it was late and bare November. The wind was rocking the leafless trees. Fogarty buttoned his coat. He put his hands in his pockets. A pale-toned, Pullman-sized, quite beautiful convertible had stopped at the curb outside the funeral home. It was a Mohawk V. The motor was idling. The twin exhausts raised little clouds like profane incense to the memory of Bernstein. Fogarty walked around to the far side of the car, where the driver's fat arm rested on the door.

"Is this a gag?" Fogarty asked.

"You want somethin', Joey?" the driver said.

"I want you to get out of here."

"You bought the whole street, Joey? It's yours?"

Frank Savarese was an important man. This was an opinion shared by friendly critics as well as by those who believed he should be in jail. A huge man, in his forties, hard-fleshed, fairly trim, and bolder at times than he was bright, he owned the Beach and Country Club, on Davis Neck, the greenest, best bit of real estate within the limits of Sound City, New York. Fogarty could have told you that he also owned the mayor of the town, half the city council, and the zoning board that permitted him to operate on Davis Neck in the disguise and sanctuary of a "private" club. Frank Savarese's club was so private it enjoyed the luxury of its own police force—three cops with badges, in letter carrier's gray, hired by the day from a New York City agency. Thus, by virtual ordinance, the Beach and Country Club was out of bounds for the Sound City police.

"You're going to tell me you were fond of Bernstein?"

"I got my receipt for the flowers, Joey. I'm entitled to see if they got delivered."

"If you put a foot inside that chapel," said Fogarty, "I can tell you right now there's a cop in there who will throw you through a wall."

"You scare me, Joey."

"I'm not surprised," said Fogarty, "because, when you come to think of it, I always did."

He walked toward Main Street, slowly, thoughtfully. He got to O'Mara's Municipal Tavern at half past twelve. He didn't see Angelo Amato. He saw a union delegate and a painter named Lew, seated at the luncheon counter, eating boiled beef and sauerkraut, the special of the day. Fogarty went to the bar on the opposite side and O'Mara drew a beer for him.

Fogarty waited, licking foam from the glass, until a couple of cops came in. They waved to him and then sat down with the painter and the union delegate. Fogarty walked over and said to one of them, "You happen to have seen Angelo Amato?"

"Who?"

"Angelo," he repeated. "Angelo Amato."

"They just took the poor guy to the hospital, Joe, with a lump on his head the size of your fist."

"They took him from where?"

"From Kearney's place, where he works. Two strangers walked in off the street while he had his head under the hood of a car. They were quick and they nearly killed him."

He walked down a broad, sound-cushioned corridor in the Sound City Hospital, not having gained admittance to Room 507. The nurse on station had said, "No visitors." The waiting rooms were straight ahead. There was a cop taking information from an intern. Fogarty joined them. Beyond, in one of the waiting rooms, he could see Sarah Kearney and a gentleman friend of hers named Charles Nestor Forbes, a civic leader. *A jerk*, he thought, and then disliked himself. *It could be that I'm just a jealous slob;* and it was strange, strange, strange that this might possibly be true.

"We don't know the extent of the injury," the intern said. "He's unconscious now. Whether there's a skull fracture or a serious trauma, I don't know. You'll have to speak to Doctor Theiss. Excuse me."

The cop kept writing. Fogarty remained there, looking over his shoulder, reading the notes on the pad. "Was he conscious when they brought him in?" he asked.

"Not when they brought him in, Joe. But after the beatin' he was. Miss Kearney says so, and she knows more about it than me. How do you spell 'trauma'?"

"Tee-ar-aye-yew-em-aye," Fogarty said. He walked into the waiting room and said, "Charles, my good man," with great formality to Charles Nestor Forbes who looked surprised.

Charles was as tall as a leaping stork. He was thin and his hair was cropped like a well-kept lawn. He looked very Ivy League and he had money in the bank. He was, with Sarah's old man, a member of the League for Independent Voters. In the recent election he had regretfully stated that Fogarty was "too inexperienced and ignescent" to merit the league's support as a city councilman. He also took Sarah Kearney to dances and public picnics.

"And how are you, Joe?" he inquired.

"I'm ignescent, Charles." Fogarty struck a match to light a cigarette. "I even know what it means."

Now, within the waiting room, he saw Rose Amato. She was seated, her hands folded on the glossy surface of a magazine, her cheeks like chalk, her dark eyes raised to Fogarty.

"Pray for him, Joe."

"He'll be all right." The lump came up in Fogarty's throat—widows, orphans, mothers in distress; he had no defense.

"Don't ask me any questions, Joe."

"Look, Rose; sometimes you've got to face things," Fogarty said. "Sometimes you can't afford to be so scared."

"Please. Please, Joe."

He dragged more deeply on his cigarette. Sarah signaled for his attention. Charles Nestor Forbes sat down. Fogarty followed Sarah into the other waiting room.

"You saw it happen at the shop?" he said.

"I didn't see it. I was in the showroom. The men got away, as you know. Angelo was conscious for a little while. He said he'd only had a glimpse of the men and that he had never seen them before. He said to tell Rose not to worry about the family, since they had taken it out on him, whatever it was. Then he passed out. It was frightful, the beating he had to take."

"Who's with the kids now?"

"Rose's sister—until I get there. Who could have done this to them, Joe? You've some idea, haven't you?"

"I've always got ideas," he said, "but you can't depend on them. What I have in mind is too simple, too convenient. It's a corn cake. How much do you think Rose knows?"

"More than she has admitted," Sarah Kearney said. "And far more than you should try to force out of her now."

Fogarty left the hospital and went to the office. He opened the mail he had neglected earlier and found a fifty-dollar fee that he had not expected to collect. He went downstairs to the drugstore and had a sandwich. He wondered again if Sarah's visit to his office could have contributed to the beating of Angelo Amato. Assuming that Angelo was in some way involved with his old companions, would not her hasty visit to his office be evidence that Angelo was on the verge of howling "cop"? Couldn't Sarah have been followed? He got up from his seat at the counter. It was almost four o'clock. He paid the man and dialed Angelo's number from a coin booth. It was Sarah who answered the phone.

"It's me," he said. "It's Fogarty, the people's choice. Is everything all right out there?"

"Everything's all right, except that I'm not used to cooking with olive oil or letting children nibble on Italian salami."

"I mean—well, is there anybody else with you?"

"Why should there be?"

"I'm the nervous type," said Fogarty. "I think maybe there should be someone there. I'll come out myself."

"If you insist on being dramatic," she said, "you can pick up a loaf of bread. One of those yard-long jobs at Fanetti's."

Fogarty, having sold his car to raise campaign funds, took a cab.

"Thanks for the bread," she said.

"My compliments."

She wore an apron not equal to the excellent length of her. It looked like a bib. The (*Continued on Page 138*)

What's Going On Here?

A young father walks the floor of his colonial mansion in Indiana Territory with his infant son in his arms. Although his home is perilously exposed to Indian attacks, he knows that he can escape through a secret passage to the nearby Wabash River. Suddenly a single, mysterious shot rings out. A bullet buries itself in the heavy shutter of the room. If it had struck either father or son, the United States would have lost a future President. What father and son?

Roy Arnold Fryer

(*Answer on Page 138*)

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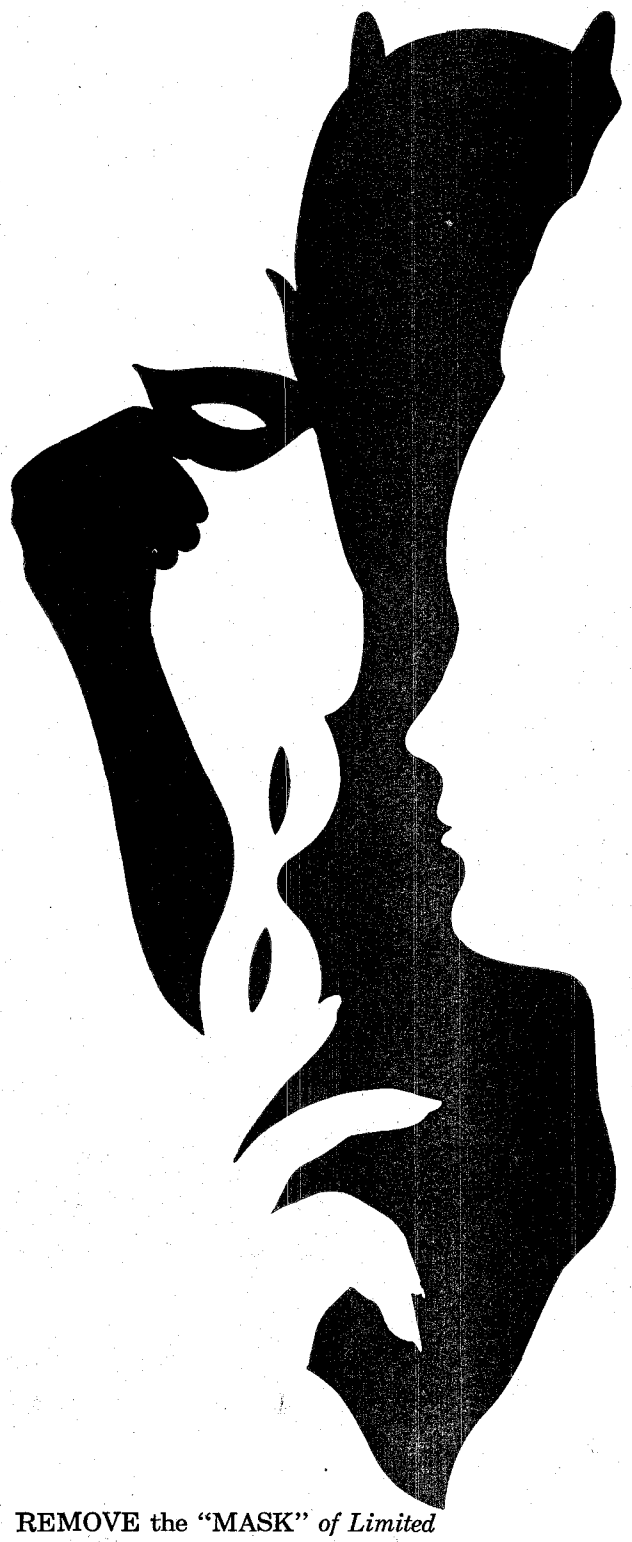

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(*Continued from Page 136*) sleeves of her dress had been rolled back to the elbows. There was tomato paste on her arm.

"Come in," she said. "You'll freeze out the house."

He came in the side entrance, closing the door behind him. There were four small Amatos, three of them self-propelled. The fourth was in a playpen, blessedly asleep.

"That's young Armand," Sarah said. "He's seven months old."

"I'm the kid's godfather," Fogarty said. "You're telling me?"

Angelo's house was on the fringe of town, out past the city ball field and the last bus stop. As it had been all day, the wind was big, aggressive. The afternoon light began to fade. A shutter banged. The shadows cast by the wide arms of a chestnut tree were rhythmic and foreboding. Night would come early. The driveway at the side of the house was empty. The garage looked empty too.

"How did you get out here?" Fogarty asked.

"Charles drove me out. He's coming back for me."

"Did you hear from Rose?"

"She phoned from the hospital."

"Yes?"

"To say we needed bread. I told her you were in charge of the bread. She said, '*Madre mia*'; she was glad you were coming out. I guess it could get a little creepy."

"What about Angelo?"

"He seems to be resting well. I talked to the nurse. X rays showed the fracture wasn't too severe. They're only worried about interior bleeding."

Fogarty sat in a tufted chair. Dominic, John and Mary Amato, seven, five and three years old, stood close by, watching him. He gave them each a dime and a VOTE FOR FOGARTY button, his picture framed within the circle of the lettering.

"Here, you can have one too," he said to Sarah Kearney. "They're always cheaper after election."

"Thank you. I'll pin it on Charles. If you'll excuse us, we're going to have our baths."

"You too?"

"Don't be cute. Just keep your eye on Armand."

It was no problem minding Armand. Fogarty read the Sound City Call, an afternoon daily, but was not enlightened. The darkness had long been with them. Traffic was light on the road that passed the house. Once in a while you'd see the headlights sweep around the turn, then "whoof!"; they drove that fast. Sarah came downstairs with three scrubbed, aromatic and pajamaed Amatos. She fed them in the kitchen. Fogarty stood in the doorway, watching her.

"So?" she said.

"I didn't say anything."

"Then be useful. Get Armand."

"He's asleep."

"He isn't now. I heard him."

Fogarty got Armand and brought him into the kitchen. Sarah sent the three others into the living room, where she served their dessert, and Dominic turned on the television. Sarah returned to the kitchen. Armand was squirming and Armand was damp.

"Give him to me," she said, "in heaven's name, before you strangle the lamb."

"He doesn't smell like a lamb. He smells like a sheep."

"Humph," she said. "A funny man. A funny, funny, funny man." She changed and powdered and began to feed the youngest Amato. She looked at Fogarty. "What's that you've got?"

"It's a map," he said. "A police map of the city. Here, where I'm pointing, is where we are now. Forget it. I'm interested in the opposite end of town—way over here on Long Island Sound; follow the pencil—this is Savarese's Beach and Country Club."

"I believe you," she said, "but I don't want to stick the spoon in the baby's eye. This has to do with Angelo?"

"With Angelo, maybe. But first with Eddie Bernstein. As I think I mentioned, this is strictly a dream; it would occur to a moron, but you have to begin with something. I'll begin by believing in Angelo. A guy doesn't live the way he's been living for years and then take off like a two-dollar burglar. I say if he's in trouble, the trouble came to him, and that could be Frank Savarese."

"Go on," she said.

"Last night sometime around midnight, Eddie Bernstein got clipped by a speeding car. Nobody saw it, but he was trying to phone from the police call box on Manion Road. His own car was parked near the call box. He wasn't on duty. Suppose he was out to Savarese's place and was snooping around out there before he was discovered. You know they've got their own special police. Real 'special,' I can tell you—a regular cop needs a warrant and a squad of marines to get any place at all. But suppose Eddie got real lucky. Suppose he came up with something the mayor, the zoning board or all of Savarese's money couldn't fix. A free-wheeling crap game that would cost him his liquor license, or the wrong kind of dames—the 'private-party' type our cops could toss in the wagon. Now, if you look at this map, you'll see that while it's a mile away, the call box on Manion Road is the first one Bernstein could have got to. What wouldn't Savarese have done to stop him?"

"I see what you mean."

"About Angelo. Putting aside our personal feelings, you know as well as I do that he was mixed up with Savarese. When he was a kid he used to drive a car for the bum and pick up horse bets all over town. That's where I caught up with him. He was collecting slips from twenty candy and cigar stores. He was also repairing slot machines. Savarese wasn't such a fancy fellow then. He needed a good mechanic. What I'm trying to say right now is that he might have needed one last night."

"To repair a car, of course."

"A fender, a headlight, whatever it was that needed to be fixed—quickly, cleanly, professionally—not at your shop, but

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 136)

William Henry Harrison and his third son, John Scott Harrison. The father, governor of Indiana Territory at the time of the unexplained shooting in 1806, became President in 1841. His grandson, John Scott's third son, Benjamin, was President in 1889–93. The hole made by the bullet can still be seen in the shutter at Grouseland, the family mansion at Vincennes, Indiana.

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here—and off the record, in a way the cops couldn't check."

"Angelo wouldn't do it."

"Let's not be too pious," Fogarty said. "You don't know what leverage might have been used. And if it involved Eddie Bernstein, the chances are that Angelo wouldn't have known until this morning. You said yourself that he was coming to see me about whatever trouble he was in. Well, didn't you?"

"I told you exactly what he said."

"Well, then, it's good enough for me. We'll see."

He watched her remove the strained green beans and carrots from the features of Armand Amato. There was perspiration on her nose. A great passion swelled in Fogarty at the sight of such wholesomeness.

"You used to be so darned uppity," he said. "In high school, for instance."

"In high school, really? How would you know? I always thought we were of different generations."

"You were two years behind me," Fogarty said. "You're almost as old as I am."

She pushed back her hair. "That's a crime, I suppose?"

"It's no crime. But it's a waste. You were never meant to be an old maid."

"Mind your business," she told him.

Fogarty laughed. "It's a topic that interests me. How is it you never married Charles?"

"Who said I won't?"

"I say you won't. It'd be no contest. Weak tea and tiger sweat."

"I ought to hit you," she said.

"Go ahead."

"If I wasn't holding the baby, I would." But she didn't look especially mad. She was a fine lot of woman and her eyes were suddenly soft. "You with your foot in everything you ever said to me," she told him now. "How could I have been nice to you in high school? Would you have let me?"

"Try me now," he said. "I'm stupid, but willin'."

"Get away from me."

She was holding Armand and couldn't defend herself. She was between the high chair and a kitchen cabinet. Fogarty, with a boldness he had never in his life displayed, kissed her.

"I always wondered what it would be like," he said. "Since I was a kid, I've wondered. And now I find it tastes like strained green beans."

Rose Amato came home from the hospital at eight o'clock. She was a pretty-faced, compact and virtuous woman of high emotional pitch. She had settled down. She was grateful and worn. Her children were safe and asleep. She sat on the sofa. "Angelo's going to be all right," she said again. "Saint Anthony did it."

"Saint Anthony or Saint Patrick," Fogarty said. "I was praying too. . . . Rose, listen to me." Her dark eyes searched him. "Did Angelo do a repair job on a car last night?"

"Why do you ask me that?" She turned to Sarah, as though the other woman could assist her. "Why does he ask me?"

"I don't have to ask again," he said. "Was it Frank Savarese who came here, Rose? Or anyone of his crowd? You may think it's safer not to say anything, but you're wrong. Never mind the threats they made."

"Never mind the threats?" she said in wonder. "After this morning, never mind them?"

"Savarese can only be dangerous when he's out of jail," said Fogarty. "And I'll tell you this: I can't help you or Angelo if you were accomplices to what happened."

"Angelo didn't know," she said. "He didn't know what they had done."

"You mean he didn't know until this morning about Eddie Bernstein. I see what you mean. But last night he knew they must have hurt something or someone, didn't he?"

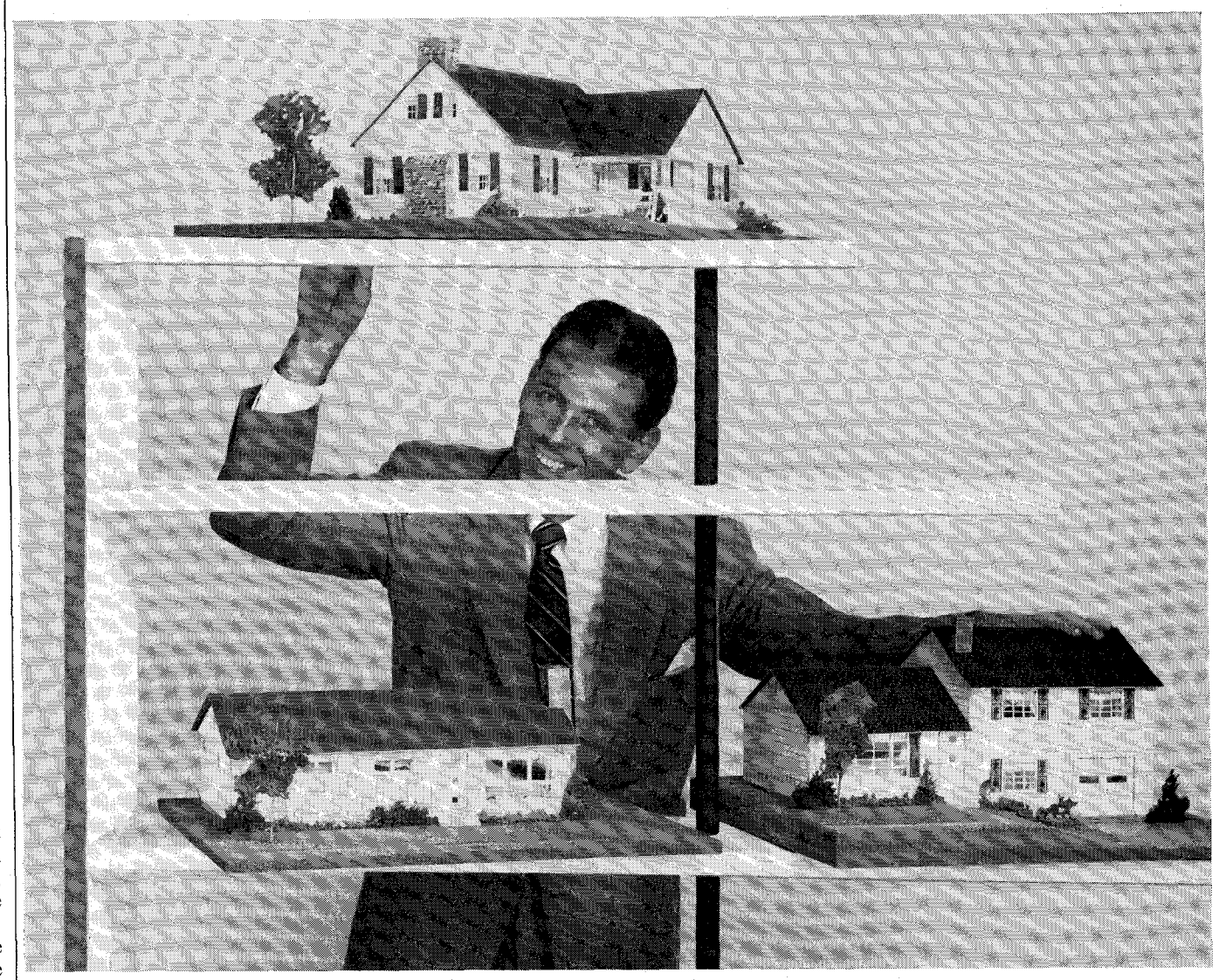
"They forced him to help them," Rose said now. "He couldn't say 'No,' the way they kept after him. 'Get a new headlight,' they said. 'Go down to the shop,' they said. They kept him from the phone. They kept him from me. They talked all the time about the children, the baby even. It was Savarese, yes. Him and two others. A fellow named Phil went down to the shop with Angelo. You understand, Joe, how it had to be?"

"I understand he did exactly what they wanted," Fogarty said. "So that if Savarese had the brains of a goat and destroyed the evidence, there's not a thing anyone can do. Savarese took the broken headlight with him, didn't he?"

"He thought he did," Rose said.

"What do you mean, 'he thought'?"

"Angelo brought two headlights from the shop," Rose said. "Don't ask me how he managed to do it. I wasn't there to see. After he did the job for them, they made him check the fender and the bumper for any spots. He told me in bed that he worked slow. It was cold out there in the garage, so they came in the house here for a drink, the three men. That's when Angelo's chance came. He twisted the other light. He cut himself on purpose, under the elbow. Right here, like it was an accident. God is my judge, Joe. And in two minutes' time he has the second headlight looking like the first. That's (*Continued on Page 141*)



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(*Continued from Page 139*) the one he gave to Savarese, with his own blood on it."

"You've got the other one?" Fogarty said. "You've got it here?"

"Where Angelo told me to put it. He said to wrap it like a roast and put in a freezer—until he got in touch with you."

"You're my girl, Rose. Angelo's my boy."

"I'll get it now. It doesn't seem so scary when you're here, Joe."

She returned with a lightly frosted package which Fogarty hastily unwrapped. The chrome of the bright outer casing had been dented and twisted by impact; the glass that remained was jagged, like a funny-paper starburst. The chrome and glass were smeared, as though by some swift attempt to wipe it with a rag. But under the strong light of a lamp, there were fragments visible—*of cloth*, thought Fogarty, *from Eddie Bernstein's coat?* And then, quite visible, too, and less pleasant to see, the gelatinous clots of a good man's blood.

"This'll do it," said Fogarty. "In a lab it's got to stand up."

That was when he heard Rose Amato scream and Sarah Kearney gasp. A shaft of cold air had cut into the warmth of the room. A door closed with finality, as though the men in the doorway had been standing there for more than a fractional moment.

"You got to stand up, too, Joey," someone said.

Fogarty was obliged to rise and turn from a crouched position, his eyes still blinking from the effort they'd made in the lamp's strong glare. He saw Frank Savarese.

"Put that thing on the table, Joey."

Fogarty held to it dearly, as though to the world's last loaf of bread. Other items were in focus: the gun in Savarese's hand; a thief named Phil Mobile; and likely enough, thought Fogarty, there'd be another one outside. They'd handled it well. There'd been no sound or sweep of lights to betray their approach or their arrival.

"Put it down," Savarese repeated.

"Why do you want it?" Fogarty asked.

"Look, don't be comic. We started out tailin' Miss Mohawk V of 1955 at nine o'clock this mornin'. She went to your office—you of all people; she wouldn't give you the dirt off a hub cap, so we knew then Angelo'd talked. When you take a cab out here an' wait four hours for Angelo's wife, we figure there must be business. That's an interesting piece of goods you got in your hands. It's something I've got to have. Put it down on the table, just like I told you."

"You're not talking to some stooge at the beach club, Savarese. I'm an ex-cop, remember?"

"Ex-cop is good. You could be an ex-lawyer too."

"I could get lucky," Fogarty said.

"You've been a chump all your life. It's too late now. All I want is that headlight. For the last time, Joey."

"For the last time, what?"

They heard the squeal of protesting rubber as a car turned into the narrow drive at Angelo Amato's house. The lights were brazen, blinding, high. The man named Phil Mobile crouched at a window, trying to see. Frank Savarese backed nervously away. Fogarty walked after him, the broken headlight in his hands. He hit Savarese in the face with it; then lunged for the heavy man. They fell and rolled together and the gun got away from Savarese.

Fogarty hit him once, twice, three times with heavy-handed sincerity. It was very effective. Fogarty then got to his feet, his hands still clenched, but the man named Phil Mobile was only standing there, suspended in doubt, gazing anxiously from Sarah Kearney to the light that still filled the driveway.

"You may need this," Sarah said to Fogarty. She gave him Savarese's gun.

"You won't need it for me," said Phil Mobile. "Let's get it straight. I wasn't in no car on Manion Road."

Phil, like Fogarty, watched the door with apprehension as it opened and the sky-high, puzzled figure of Charles Nestor Forbes came into the room. There was another man behind him, faithful to his assignment—up to a point.

"Keep walking. Keep coming in, you bum," said Fogarty to the stranger. "Drop the gun on the floor."

Charles Nestor Forbes looked about with interest, a man as edified as he was terrified, so that he was, in his way, a person to be admired.

"This isn't exactly in my line," Charles said, "but shouldn't someone phone the police?"

"You, Charles," Fogarty suggested. "You'd be just the man. Give my politest respects to the sergeant at the desk. Call Sound City four-three-thousand."

Fogarty couldn't have explained why he went back to his office at such an hour, except that it was a good place to think and a better place to brood. He wondered why he had let Charles Nestor Forbes take Sarah home. *Because I don't own a car of my own*, he thought, *and had to ride back with the cops.* He sat there a while until he heard footsteps outside his door. Things being as they had been through the day, he got up hastily. Sarah Kearney was standing there.

"Where did you come from?"

"I came from Feeney's diner," she explained. "I saw your light on, and that nice, irresponsible janitor—he let me in downstairs. I brought you coffee and a dry jelly doughnut. I also wore my 'Vote for Fogarty' pin."

"Why?"

"Because I think you're going to be mayor someday. I've got great hopes for you, Joe."

"Come here," he said.

She didn't taste of strained green beans when Fogarty, a willing man, began fulfilling her hopes.

"I told Charles not to wait," she said softly, "but I think it's time you let go."

THE END

Bedtime Rhyme

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Mouse, mouse, curl in your nest.
Night has come and it's time for rest.

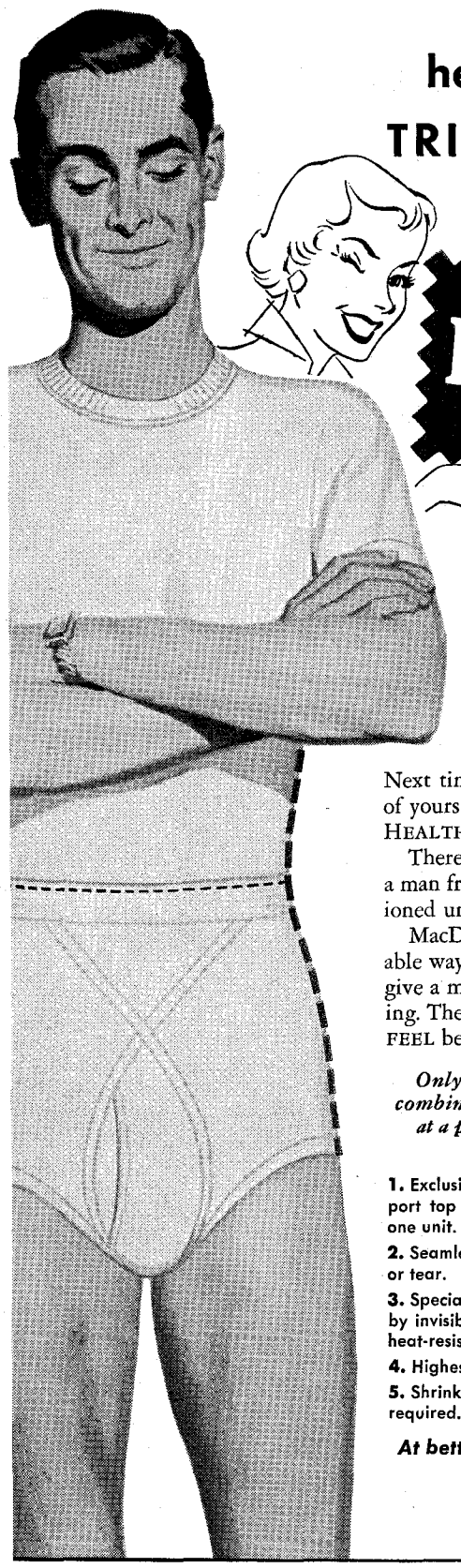
Lamb, lamb, dream in your fold,
Blanketed woolly against the cold.

Squirrel, squirrel, peace in your bed.
God and the stars are overhead.

Child, child, curl up and sleep.
All God's creatures are in His keep.

Lady...

help your man
TRIM HIS LINES
with...



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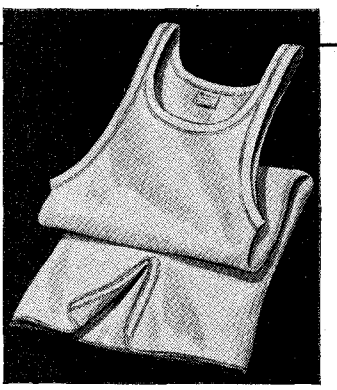

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Gator ROACH HIVES

My Battle With the Fight Mob

(Continued from Page 36)

bow to the commission's authority and let the New York chapter disband. Second, they might engage in a lengthy delaying action by appealing our decision in the courts. Third—and this was what I feared most—they might defy us completely by closing down boxing operations in the state.

On January third, after three weeks of waiting, I got my answer. A close down it was going to be. The news first reached me through a reporter for the Associated Press. He phoned to ask if I had any comment on an announcement by Tex Sullivan, promoter at New York's St. Nicholas Arena, scene of the Monday-night television fights over the DuMont television network. Sullivan and his partner, Willie Gilzenberg, were moving the fights to Baltimore after January sixteenth, on the ground that they would no longer be able to get fighters in New York when our ban on Guild managers went into effect.

I told the reporter I couldn't comment until I got the full details. But I knew immediately what this meant. If the Guild leaders could get the St. Nick fights shifted out of New York, why couldn't they also persuade Jim Norris, president of the International Boxing Club, to take the Friday-night shows at Madison Square Garden out of the state?

Our mission was to improve the sport, not to destroy it. If our clean-up efforts resulted only in putting New York out of business as a major fight center, then the whole attempt would have been a failure. And failure was exactly what we faced in the impending bolt of the St. Nicholas Arena promoters.

As an extra twist of the knife, the St. Nick fights were going to the Baltimore Coliseum, and one of the owners of this building was Nahum Bernstein, a partner in a law firm with which I am associated. People tend to suspect the worst about public officials. I knew there would be gossip that I had tipped off Mr. Bernstein on this opportunity to rent his property. In fact, a friend of mine told me that he was asked at a dinner, "What's your friend Helfand trying to do, play both sides of the street?"

Actually, Mr. Bernstein had no idea that his action would cause me embarrassment, just as I had no idea that he held any interest in the Baltimore Coliseum. Leasing the building for fights was simply a routine business transaction to him. He hadn't paid much attention to my battle against the Guild, and didn't realize that there was any connection.

Getting back to the St. Nicholas Arena people—corporately known as the London Sporting Club—it was hardly surprising that they should be pulling out of state with the Guild. Relations between the St. Nick and the Guild had been, to say the least, very close. Back in November of 1954, the boxing commission under my predecessor as chairman, Robert K. Christenberry, had cracked down on the St. Nick's head man, Tex Sullivan, for collecting $100 "donations" to the Guild from the purses of a total of nineteen fighters. The commission fined Sullivan $1000 and ordered him to return the money he had collected.

During my own inquiry in 1955, when I tried with only partial success to subpoena the financial records of the Guild, I got this tip at one point from a Guild informant who signed himself, "Your Good Friend":

"All important Guild records are now being kept in a safe at Tex Sullivan's office (London Sporting Club, St. Nicholas Arena, 2 Columbus Circle). At this office, last Wednesday, July 6th, at about 12:15 noontime, and for the next few hours, two members huddled with another. They were busy checking and changing their books and phony records."

We later established that the telephone number of the Boxing Guild of New York was listed at the same address as the London Sporting Club, and that the phone bills were paid by the club.

However, none of this helped with our immediate problem of trying to block the Baltimore move. I could see no way of stopping it when I first got the news on Tuesday, January third, in Miami Beach. Nor did I get any inspirations back in the office the next day, after a weather-delayed plane trip that had lasted all night.

Thursday morning I was sitting with my valued chief deputy, Bill Kelly—an old associate of mine in the Brooklyn District Attorney's office, where I had spent seventeen years investigating and prosecuting cases as an assistant district attorney. Suddenly it occurred to me that we had been thinking about this case strictly in terms of New York. What about the Baltimore end of the deal? Specifically, why not investigate the people with whom Tex Sullivan and Willie Gilzenberg were associated in the Baltimore promotions—Benny Trotta and Angelo Munafo?

I knew where to go for this information. It wouldn't be to J. Marshall Boone, the chairman of the Maryland State Athletic Commission—he had already officially approved the Baltimore deal, despite the fact that he had earlier pledged his co-operation in my fight to outlaw the Guild. However, the police commissioner of Baltimore, James M. Hepbron, was an old acquaintance of mine.

I phoned Commissioner Hepbron around noon and explained my problem. He said he would get one of his men to check and call me back. At one o'clock I heard from Commissioner Hepbron's man. The result was even more than I had hoped. He gave me not only background reports on Benny Trotta and Angelo Munafo, but also information about some recent activities which had happened to come under Baltimore police observation. It all added up to a most significant picture.

Benny Trotta was an alias for Benjamin Magliano. In May, 1943, he was convicted of bookmaking and fined $1000. On March 2, 1948, he was convicted on two counts of draft evasion and sentenced to consecutive terms of a year and a day. He also had been arrested a number of times on lottery charges and for unlawfully accepting bets on horse races. In each instance, these charges had been dismissed. Angelo Munafo was Trotta's son-in-law. He also had a police record.

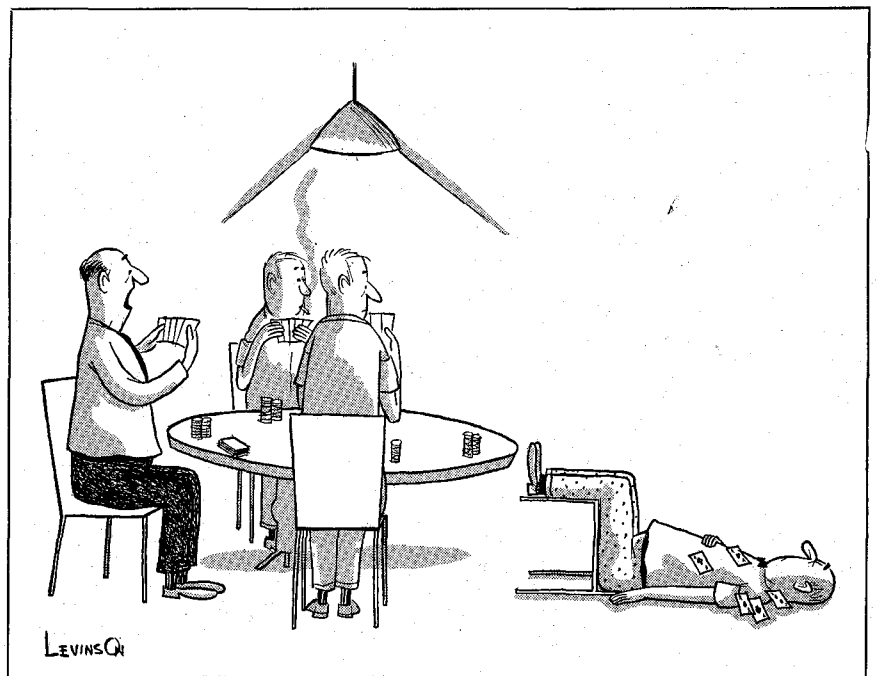
Equally interesting was a report on what people they had been seeing recently. On December twenty-first—nine days after I announced the Guild ban—Trotta had met three men at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in Baltimore and driven them to his night club, the Trocadero. The three men were Willie Gilzenberg, Tex Sullivan's partner at the St. Nicholas arena; Angelo Pucci, former assistant matchmaker at the St. Nick, whose license had been revoked by the New York commission in 1954; and Bill Daly, the most openly defiant of the Guild leaders. It was Daly whose "grounding" of welterweight Vince Martinez had originally set off my investigation, and whose license I had later taken away for refusing to testify.

And that visitation wasn't all. A week before this—only two days after my Guild decision—Trotta had met another man from out of town, and taken him to Munafo's home. This guest was none other than Frankie Carbo, the man so often rumored to be an underworld power behind the scenes of the fight game.

I promptly arranged to have the full story brought to the attention of Gov. Theodore R. McKeldin, of Maryland. I felt that if I could get the facts before him, there would be a reconsideration of his State Athletic Commission's action in opening Baltimore as a sanctuary for the St. Nicholas Arena promoters and the Guild.

This would turn the tide in our favor. If I could also insure that James D. Norris, president of the International Boxing Club, would not transfer his Madison Square Garden fights out of the state, then our victory over the Guild ringleaders would be complete. Directly after my press conference on Thursday afternoon, I called the IBC's managing director, Harry Markson, and told him that I wanted to talk to Norris in my office the following morning. Norris was in Florida, but Markson reported that he would make every effort to get back and see me.

That night the Boxing Guild of New York made (*Continued on Page 144*)



"There's a hand you don't see very often."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Let me tell you something about him"

Jim: There's a right guy!

Mac: That so . . . what did he ever do for you?

Jim: Well, you see he's my insurance agent, and —

Mac: Insurance! Man, I've had my troubles with that lately. Suffered a loss a while ago and I've been going through the darndest hassle trying to get my claim settled. More red tape and letter writing—it's taking all my time, and no result yet.

Jim: Handling it yourself?

Mac: Yeah, that's right.

Jim: Uh huh, well, you're evidently not getting the SERVICE that I got when we had a fire in the house we lived in on Henry Street.

Mac: How's that?

Jim: I called my friend there. He came over right away . . . notified the company he represents about our loss, and everything was squared away in no time.

Mac: Say, that's all right.

Jim: You bet it is. You see, I know from experience that it pays to do business through this fellow. As an agent who is an independent businessman here in town, he's all for you!

Mac: I can see that. I didn't know what to do — or how to do it.

Jim: Incidentally, my insurance agent is known as "The Man With The Plan", because he writes all of my insurance through that well known outfit, The Employers' Group Insurance Companies. He *plans* my whole insurance program, so that I'm not over or under insured — handles all the many details, watches renewals. His service is really terrific. I'd be lost without him.

Mac: It figures at that. My insurance is getting so involved it's over my head, for the most part.

Jim: An independent agent will make it simple and easy for you . . . like my man. He's switched some of mine to "package policies". It's a new deal and a mighty good one.

Mac: Is that right — what did you say his name was?

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(*Continued from Page 142*) the state of war official. In a press release accusing me of a "boycott"—the very thing they were doing themselves—the Guild announced that at a meeting attended by sixty-six members, "it was unanimously decided that under no circumstances will the Guild be dissolved on January 16, 1956, or any other date as ordered by Chairman Julius Helfand, of the New York State Athletic Commission."

From my sources within the Guild, I knew very well that this was by no means the "unanimous" feeling of the membership. A majority of the managers wanted to break away from the Guild's dictatorship. But they were afraid to resign as long as the Guild ringleaders held the upper hand.

Friday, January sixth, was our day of decision. In the morning, Jim Norris showed up at the commission offices with Harry Markson and the IBC's secretary, Truman Gibson. I suggested that Markson and Gibson wait outside while Norris and I talked alone.

It was the first time I had ever sat down privately with Jim Norris, the country's most powerful fight promoter, who recently went on trial—along with his IBC—in a Government antitrust suit based on 1949–53 activities of the IBC's. I knew Norris as a man of great wealth and background, who had been denounced in some quarters as a bad influence on boxing. I have never before related what went on between us. No record was made of our conversation. I am describing it now to the best of my recollection.

I did most of the talking. I told him frankly that our cleanup drive probably would fail if he gave up the Friday-night Madison Square Garden shows in line with the Guild boycott. I asked him to announce within the next few hours that he would continue to operate in New York. "You must make a decision to stand on the side of law and order," I said, "or stand convicted of the charges made by some people that you are on the side of the Guild and the kind of people who run it."

Norris replied that he wanted to keep the Garden fights going. But he said he was afraid that if he went against the Guild in New York, then its national organization would keep him from getting fighters for his IBC promotions in other cities. He told me that it would be much easier for him to comply with my request if he could hold out the hope that I would permit a new managers' organization to be set up in New York.

I was reminded of a statement he had made when I questioned him about the Guild during our hearings last summer. "I need the Guild and the Guild needs boxing," he had said. Now he was still trying to save the Guild. I heatedly told him that I would not compromise the commission's decision by discussing the possibility of a new Guild with him or anyone else.

I went on to point out that in addition to his responsibility to the public to do the right thing in this critical situation, he also had an obligation to protect the investments of the many stockholders of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, of which he was president.

This seemed to strike home. Finally he said, "Well, I'm willing to make a statement to the effect that I will support the commission and continue to run boxing in New York, but I would still like to be able to say something in such a statement about a new organization."

As I remember, I almost came out of my chair at this point. I told him that was out. I insisted that he issue a public announcement that very afternoon supporting the commission without any ifs or buts. I further demanded that as concrete evidence of his compliance, he also announce the main event for a television show in Syracuse on January twentieth—the IBC's first promotion in New York State after the January sixteenth deadline for Guild resignations. No contracts had been presented to us yet for this Syracuse show, and there had been talk that it would never come off.

At first Norris protested that he couldn't arrange a feature match on such short notice, but in the end he agreed to this demand too. As he left, I could sense that he was feeling better. I told him that I wasn't going to discuss the attacks that had been made on him in some newspapers and magazines, but that he could be an important part of the fight for decent boxing.

"I want to be part of that fight," he said.

Before the day was over, our struggle against the Guild was as good as won. Jim Norris came through as pledged, first with a statement that he would continue to stage fights in New York in compliance with state laws and regulations, and then with an announcement that Gil Turner and Gene Fullmer had been signed for the windup at Syracuse on January twentieth. Then in late afternoon came word from Maryland that Governor McKeldin had decided that "the new fight program scheduled to begin on January 23 at the Coliseum in Baltimore should be canceled."

The Guild's attempt to pull boxing out of New York had been licked. The following day Al Weill, manager of the then heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano, became the first member to resign from the Guild. Other resignations followed. By January sixteenth it was a clean sweep. The only irreconcilables were men who were already without licenses in New York, including some whose licenses had been taken away during our inquiry, such as Bill Daly, his partner, Tex Pelte, and Charley Bauer.

As for Tex Sullivan and Willie Gilzenberg, who had brought things to a head by trying to move the St. Nicholas Arena fights to Baltimore, I revoked their licenses and also the license of their London Sporting Club. The St. Nick shows are continuing under new management. Meanwhile a court test of the commission's action by Tex Sullivan is now pending in the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court.

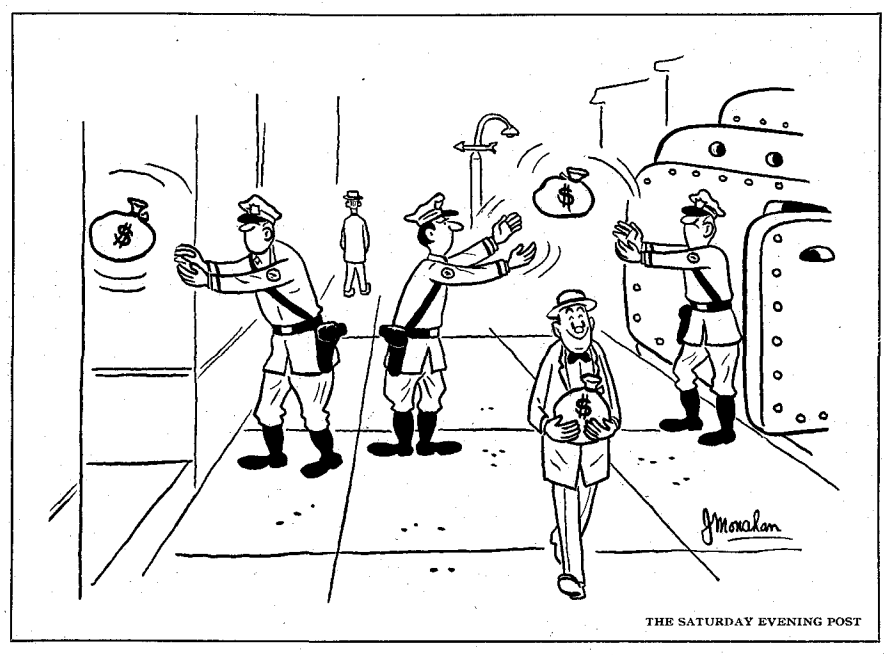
In getting rid of the Boxing Guild of New York, we did more than just clear up a symptom of the fight game's illness. We struck at the heart of the sickness. The Guild had become the focal point of everything that was unhealthy in boxing—the monopolistic and coercive practices, the undercover manipulations. With the Guild broken up, there already has been a return to free and open competition in our state. Many fighters and managers who previously were frozen out are now getting their fair share of bookings. The old ruling clique is no longer in control.

However, more remains to be done. There are still some undesirables around. We have kept tightening our own rules and supervision, as I'll explain in a little while. Also, we have been strengthening our ties with some—but not enough—of the other large boxing states. Without real national co-operation, no single state's cleanup efforts can be wholly successful. In fact, our biggest remaining problem at this writing is that men who get banned in one state often can continue to operate elsewhere.

A step toward shutting off this escape route was taken in January by the National Boxing Association, in which most of the state commissions hold membership, and with which our New York commission has reciprocal agreements. The NBA delegates agreed that from now on a man who does not hold a license in his home state will be barred in all the other NBA states. However, the NBA went on to open a loophole so large as to make this new rule almost worthless. It stipulated that if a fighter's manager lost his license, the fighter could then sign contracts on his own. The NBA was scheduled to reconsider this provision late last month.

In New York, when a fighter has an unlicensed manager, then the fighter is ineligible too. This may seem unreasonable at first glance, but believe me, it is both just and necessary. Take the case of Johnny Saxton, who is managed by Frank (Blinky) Palermo, a friend of Frankie Carbo's. Palermo was suspended in his own state of Pennsylvania last December, and his license has since expired. He was already without a license in New York.

Well, last winter Norman Rothschild, the Syracuse promoter, came to see me. He said he was anxious to have Carmen Basilio, then welterweight champion, defend his title against Saxton in Syracuse. Rothschild pointed out that Basilio was a big local favorite, and that the fight would be a natural attraction. But Chicago also wanted it. Rothschild asked whether I wouldn't make it possible for him to bring this fight to New York State by permitting Saxton to sign his own contract.



I replied to Rothschild much as I once had to Blinky Palermo himself in connection with an earlier proposition for a Saxton title fight. I said that even for the sake of getting a championship bout, I would not sacrifice such an important principle. We had to face reality. It was naïve to pretend that by having the fighter sign all the papers and collect all the money, we were keeping the manager out in the cold. After these meaningless formalities were over, the fighter could just hand his purse to the manager to cut up as usual.

This session ended with Rothschild telling me that he understood my position and would not press the matter any further. So the Basilio-Saxton fight eventually was held in March in Chicago, where the Illinois State Athletic Commission allowed Johnny Saxton to sign his own contract—and where Saxton won back the title on a loudly disputed decision.

Some will say, "Well, why shouldn't Saxton sign for fights? It isn't fair to keep him out of work just because his manager has no license."

The answer is very simple. In the first place, there is no point in taking away a manager's license if it is going to be possible for him to keep on functioning by remote control. In the second place, a fighter in Saxton's position doesn't have to stay ineligible any longer than he wants to in New York or in any other state with similar rules.

Our regulations on fighter-manager contracts provide that both parties must be licensed throughout the term of the contract. If one of them loses his license, then the other can have the contract declared null and void.

Johnny Saxton can get out from under the managership of Blinky Palermo if he so desires. All he has to do is appear before the Pennsylvania boxing commission—whose rules on this point are the same as ours—and ask to be released. Then he will be free to sign with some new manager who can qualify for a license in New York and everywhere else.

There is another question that gets raised by people who have seen a lot of gangster movies. "But suppose a fighter is controlled by mobsters?" they'll say. "How could he break away even if he wanted to? Wouldn't they have him bumped off?"

I am confident that they would not. I had many years of experience with all sorts of racketeers in line of duty in the Brooklyn District Attorney's office. It is surprising how seldom those fellows resort to physical force. They don't have to. They just sell everybody the idea that they're the bosses, and that what they say goes.

Let me tell you the actual story of a fighter who asked our commission to free him from an undercover contract. This was Jack La Bua, the Brooklyn middleweight. His manager of record was Albert La Motta, brother of Jake La Motta, the former middleweight champion. Jack La Bua and Albert La Motta had filed a regulation fighter-manager contract with the commission, providing for the proper split of earnings—two thirds to the fighter and one third to the manager.

Not long after I took office as commission chairman in January of 1955, La Bua came to us. He said that after this contract was filed, Albert and Jake La Motta had him meet them in a New York bar and grill. They gave him another contract to sign, and told him not to say anything about it to the commission. This new undercover contract provided that both of the La Motta (*Continued on Page 146*)

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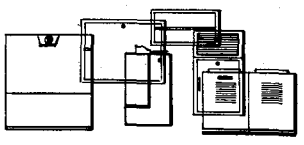

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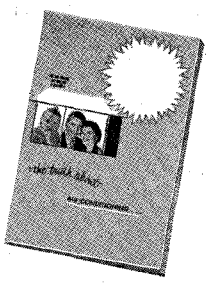

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(*Continued from Page 144*) brothers should share in the fighter's earnings.

La Bua signed. I asked him if he had agreed to this because he was afraid.

He said, "I can't say that I was or I wasn't, except that I knew there was nothing I could do about it. They told me I had to sign and I did."

La Bua had a copy of this illegal second document with him. It was a clear-cut violation. The La Motta brothers were notified to appear at a commission hearing on the case. They didn't even show up. We declared La Bua a free agent and ruled that "no future application for a license in any category will be considered by this commission for either Albert or Jake La Motta."

There were no reprisals against La Bua. He has been getting pretty good fights since then, including several television bouts with ranking middleweights. The only people who have attempted to molest him were his opponents.

Step by step, progress is being made. A complete and lasting national cleanup is possible at this point. Unfortunately, it is by no means assured. There are still too many gray spots in the boxing picture.

The International Boxing Guild continues in existence, for one, although we have knocked out its New York chapter, and a Federal grand jury has indicted the Guild, its Cleveland chapter and three Guild officers for violations of the anti-trust laws.

Individual ringleaders in the Guild's battle to thwart the New York cleanup also remain in business. There's Bill Daly, for instance. The boycott he organized against welterweight Vince Martinez—who had refused to renew his managerial contract with Daly—was what first brought the Guild situation out in the open. Ironically, Daly and Martinez are now together again. Martinez gave up last October—two months before our Guild decision—and signed a new contract with Daly in New Jersey.

Poor Vince wound up getting hurt both ways. First he couldn't get fights because he was bucking Daly and the Guild. Now he is ineligible in New York and co-operating states because he went back with Daly, whose license we took away. Daly and Martinez have been barnstorming around the country, taking fights in the areas that are still open to them.

Recently a big outdoor fight was arranged between Martinez and Tony DeMarco in Boston for June sixteenth. I appealed to Chairman Henry Lamar, of the Massachusetts State Athletic Commission, to back up our ban on Daly and Martinez by disapproving the match.

Well, Massachusetts let us down. As too often happens, they evidently placed more value on getting a big fight than they did on the reform issue involved. They allowed Martinez to sign his own contract, just as Illinois had done with Johnny Saxton earlier in the year. It is because of actions like these that boxing's future remains in doubt.

Another fighter who figured importantly in our inquiry was Ronnie Delaney, the middleweight from Akron, Ohio. Delaney testified that his Ohio manager had to cut in Daly in order for him to get a main-event booking in New York. That was in May of 1955. I am sorry to say that Delaney has not fought anywhere since. I am sure he could get fights now, but he evidently has decided to make his involuntary retirement permanent and get more education. He wrote me to that effect awhile ago.

And what about Frankie Carbo, the underworld figure whose name invariably is featured when newspapers or magazines undertake to "expose" the evils of the fight game? To be candid, I don't know all the answers on Mr. Carbo at this point. I have never seen or talked to him. It would accomplish nothing if I were to talk to him, since his record shows that he wouldn't talk to me.

I have heard all the lurid Carbo rumors. I have seen no adequate proof. So I am not in a position as yet to pass final judgment on Frankie Carbo. I do know this much: The extreme picture of Carbo as the behind-the-scenes boss of the whole boxing world is not true. The seamy underside of the fight game is more complex than that. It is no one-man show.

However, Carbo is surely an influential man in boxing circles. This is clear from facts which were brought out during our inquiry and afterward. It was Carbo with whom Blinky Palermo said he would have to check back in 1954 on the matter of whether Johnny Saxton would give Kid Gavilan a return match. It was Carbo whose visit to Benny Trotta and Angelo Munafo in Baltimore preceded the attempted flight from New York of the St. Nicholas Arena shows.

The most common rumor about Carbo is that he is the undercover manager of a number of prominent fighters, controlling them through various front men. Our hearings showed that Carbo was on familiar terms with certain managers, but no undercover relationships were established.

If we did get evidence that some manager was secretly sharing a fighter's earnings with Carbo, what could we do? First, of course, we would revoke the manager's license. And the manager would be subject to prosecution for perjury, since he had falsely sworn that no third party was involved when filing his contract with the fighter.

As for Carbo, he has no license to take away. And he commits no perjury—he doesn't testify at all. There is, however, one thing we could do to him. The laws of New York State make it a misdemeanor for a man to participate in professional boxing in any capacity, including that of manager, "without first having procured an appropriate license."

Thus Carbo, as an unlicensed manager, would be guilty of a misdemeanor. We would turn the case over to the proper district attorney's office for action, since we don't have the power to prosecute criminal offenses ourselves. If convicted of a misdemeanor, Carbo could draw a maximum prison sentence of three years.

This whole problem of undercover managers is one of the worst evils in boxing, and admittedly one of the most difficult to stamp out. But here, too, we are gaining ground in New York. We have kept intensifying commission procedures to weed out undercover deals.

For example, it is no mere formality today to get a boxer-manager contract approved by our State Athletic Commission. Each case comes in for the closest possible scrutiny. A preliminary investigation is made, and then the parties must appear before the commission. We ask them directly whether there is any secret agreement in addition to the contract they have filed. We warn them that they are under oath, and that if they lie about this, they may wind up going to jail for perjury.

Under this kind of questioning at one hearing last fall, a Boston light heavyweight named Don McCray admitted that he had signed a second contract with his manager, Johnny Buckley. The contract they were submitting for approval in New York gave Buckley the legal one-third cut; the other one gave Buckley 50 per cent. Naturally the contract application was disapproved.

At another hearing last March we found that Charley Johnston, an old-line fight man who has the title of president in the International Boxing Guild, held an undisclosed 10 per cent interest in three fighters from Italy who were supposedly under the sole management of one Carmine Tarantino. Johnston freely admitted this. He conceded that he had been guilty of negligence in failing to have these arrangements approved by the commission, but denied that he had been trying to cover up anything. He said that he had been participating in the management of foreign fighters for years and had never made any secret of it. We decided that this was not a case of willful concealment of undercover manipulations, and let Johnston off with a fine of $500.

Another thing we did recently was to institute a new rule requiring managers to file sworn statements with us on the distribution of their fighters' purses in all main-event bouts. This will make it still tougher for a manager to engage in secret kickbacks or to shortchange his fighter. In addition, we have made it compulsory for managers to maintain financial records. It was significant that during our inquiry some of the managers we suspected of undercover dealings told us they kept no books.

People have been able to get away with things like that because for years the fight game operated almost everywhere with only the laxest sort of supervision by state athletic commissions. It was inevitable that abuses should begin to flourish and the undesirable element to take over. Now the tide is beginning to turn. The most encouraging sign today is that in some states, governors are becoming aware of the boxing mess and are taking action, as Governor Harriman did in New York in launching me on our pioneering cleanup program.

For instance, I might have lost my crucial battle with the Guild ringleaders last January if Governor McKeldin, of Maryland, had not stepped in to overrule his boxing commission's approval of the Baltimore move.

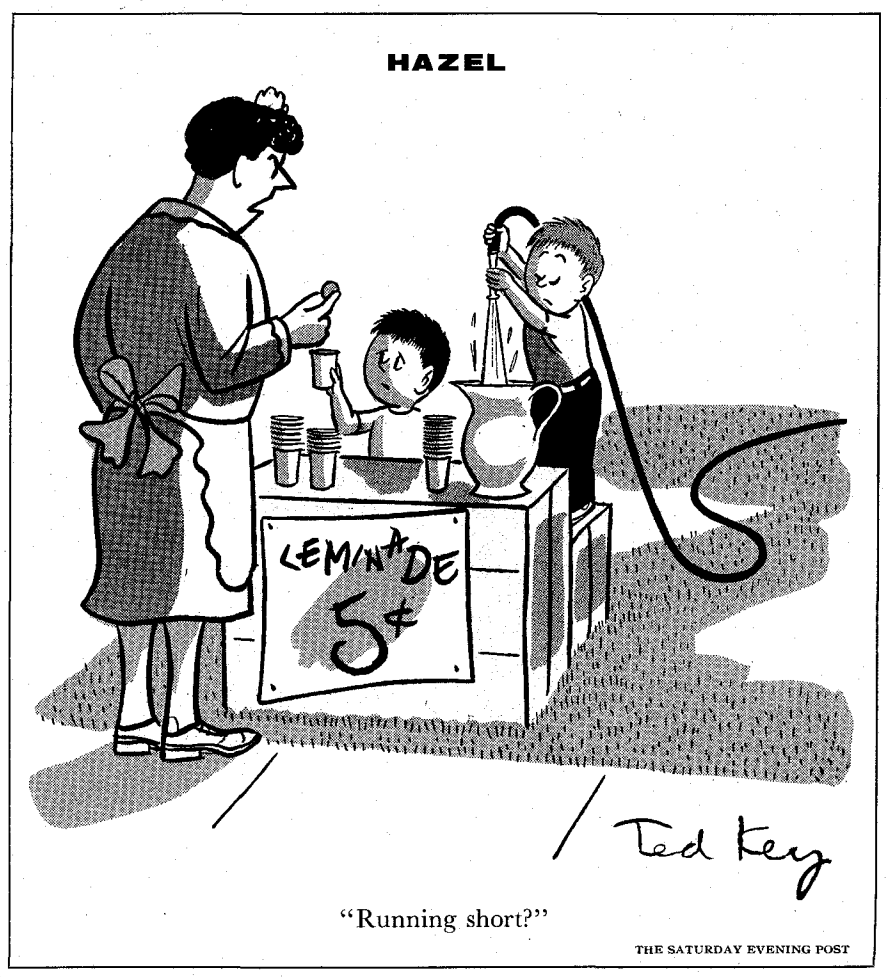
I hoped something similar would happen after New Jersey's boxing commissioner, Joseph F. Walker, approved a matchmaker's license in April for Willie Gilzenberg, of the London Sporting Club, despite the fact that New Jersey has a reciprocal agreement with us, and we had taken away Gilzenberg's license for his part in the Baltimore situation. Gov. Robert Meyner directed his State Attorney General's office to investigate the matter. At this writing there has been no further action.

Gov. George Leader, of Pennsylvania, has been pushing various boxing-reform measures. Gov. Goodwin J. Knight, of California, appointed a special investigating committee under James Cox which heard some sensational charges this spring about fixed fights and other wrongdoing. During an April visit to New York, Governor Knight paid me the honor of coming to see me. He thanked us for our co-operation in supplying background information to his investigating committee, and he asked for a briefing on the operations of our commission—its structure, its rules and its enforcement methods. Governor Knight indicated that he would try to install a comparable setup in California. Then last month he invited me to come out and consult with Mr. Cox on the matter.

So by and large, the fight for clean boxing is advancing. In giving this account, I have said a great deal about the seedy people in the business. But they're not the most important men in it. The heart of the fight game is the fighters. In the final analysis, everything we do is directed toward improving conditions for them.

When I came on the job, New York already had established a fine program of medical safeguards for the boxers. We have not had a ring fatality or serious injury since I took office. But it isn't enough to safeguard the boxers physically. We must also safeguard them morally, by keeping them out of the hands of evil men. This should be the ultimate goal of all our efforts: to make boxing a decent business for decent young men.

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Helfand.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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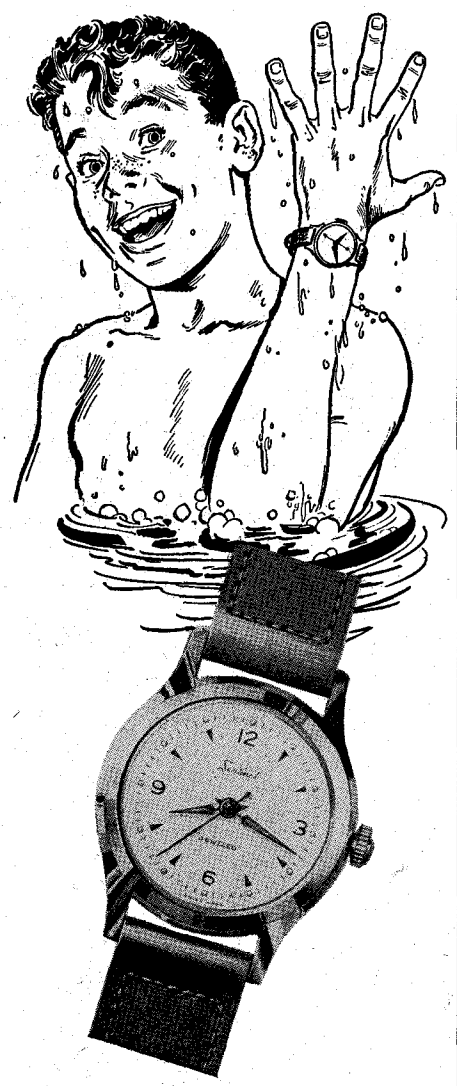

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Keeping Posted

Life Among the Editors: The Cooks' Tour

Several Post editors, including Harley Cook, have the weird custom of walking ten blocks from the office to the railroad depot together, instead of resorting to

Harley and Dorothy Cook.

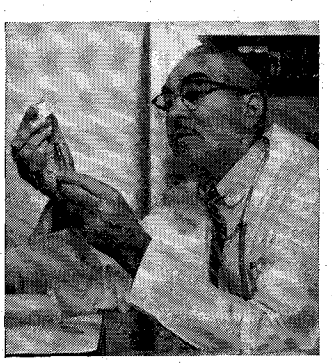
subways, tramcars, omnibuses or hacks. One Friday evening at the depot the pedestrians said good night, expecting later to see each other's blue-Monday faces as usual, but on Monday Cook's associate exercisers were astounded to learn that he and his wife, Dorothy, had flown to Europe on Saturday, on vacation. Cook's silence about his plans is inexplicable, including inexplicable explanations on his return. Maybe it has something to do with his being a down-East Yankee from around Bahston; he never lacks for words when necessary, but if he feels there is nothing important to say, he tends to be succinct or soundless. Like the way he doesn't waste two syllables saying hello when answering the telephone, just explodes, "COOK!"

Well, on Cook's second day in merry Paree he got a cable from walk-mates Pete Martin and Frank Kilker saying, *in toto*, "Blabbermouth." The misconception still prevails around the office that Cook cabled back "Nosey," but he didn't; Martin just happened to remark he thought Cook *would* cable that, and somebody heard him too fast, and when Martin tried to correct the spreading rumor, nobody would listen to him. Presently Martin got a post card from Cook containing, *in toto*, two foreign words, which when translated meant nothing. Days later Frank Kilker got a card with two different words meaning the same. Later, when the four words were put together, they came brilliantly to life. A succinct translation is "Nosey."

The Cooks had great fun in various European nations, and it is not true, as an unstoppable rumor has it, that Harley, while in Paris, ate all his meals at the U. S. Embassy restaurant because he did not like French cooking. He ate only 85 per cent of them there for that reason. Cook's only gripe about Europe is that its money is senseless; he got into the habit of just holding out a fistful of paper and letting a creditor scoop up a few thousand somethings. However, on his last hotel bill he thought he was being shortchanged five francs (about a cent and a half), and the hotel, finding him right, apologized abjectly. So he flew home in high spirits.

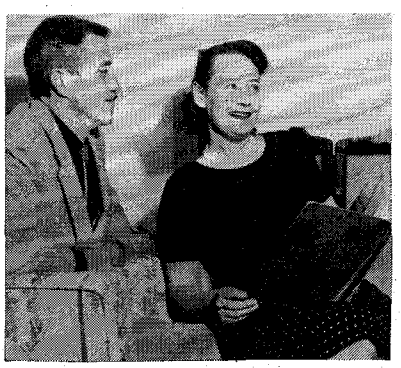
NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Doctors Should Tell the Truth"



Dr. I. Phillips Frohman asserts, "It's time for doctors to stop treating patients like backward children." Don't miss this physician's exposition of the way lives could be saved by candor.

Live and Let Live is Her Attitude



The lady in the photo is Georgie Starbuck Galbraith, who lives in a Bakersfield, California, cottage with twenty-six house spiders. The spiders seem to inspire or somehow agitate her to compose verse, for she has been in the Post 255 times, including page 141. She also has numerous snails around her place, but her neighbors shouldn't mutter that she deliberately breeds them. Her trouble is that she just doesn't like to slay anything.

The gentleman in the picture is pianist-composer Ralph Yaw, also of Bakersfield, and lately he and poetess Galbraith have been going to town in collaborating on popular songs—have you heard Fred Baker, on a Capitol record, carol You Never Know Till You Try? Soon to delight record players' ears is clarinetist Drew Page's album (Accent label) featuring their Lonesome Horn. The lyricist says she's always sweeping up pieces of paper in her home, covered with moon-June, love-above and tender-surrender.

Georgie Galbraith thinks life is very interesting, and gives this sample: once she persuaded a doctor, who seemed run down, to go see another doctor, and later discovered that the other doctor was being treated by a third doctor. No other free samples; she has either written them up, or will.

Tender Story of a Man and a Bird

Small things can certainly foul up human affairs. Recently a visitor to the New York studio of Post cover artist Alajálov was astonished to find a bird crawling around on a small, precarious balcony thirteen stories above 57th Street. He was trying to feed a small bird some of his own breakfast food, and the bird, an immature pigeon, was saying the heck with it. Alajálov, a bachelor, was emotionally devastated, for he had adopted the apparently motherless waif as a sort of foster-grandchild. The waif had come from wherever waifs originate and was too young to operate its wings.

Later, bulletins from the harassed painter reported that his protégé had turned down many delicious foods, but at last had munched a little fried rice. Then one day the young one's mother blew in, ate up all the varieties of food Alajálov had set out in pans, flew away, returned with a large kernel of corn and popped it into the grandchild's mouth. As Alajálov, who lives near Carnegie Hall, could find no corn, he spent the next fortnight inserting breakfast food into the ma-dove to encourage her to fetch and drop corn into the offspring, which meanwhile matured rapidly.

As this page went to press, a phone call to Alajálov found him shattered; his foster-bird had just flown the balcony. He said that unfamiliar pigeons had been dropping around lately, that they had seemed to be wooing his dove even at her tender age, and that, with foster-great-grandchildren in mind, he had planned to build her a charming little dovecote. He said he would sit by the window that evening, and he just knew the mother would return for breakfast food and the daughter return to be brought corn to. Let's hope Alajálov thought to put a candle in the window.

Nearly All Musical

Henry Lee, of the New York News and page 49, introduces his family: "My wife has two degrees in music; my daughters are pianists; my son plays trumpet, saxophone and glockenspiel; I am tone-deaf and sing in a monotone."

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